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THE TRAMP AT HOME

BY

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AUTHOR OF "A TRAMP TRIP; OR, HOW TO SEE EUROPE
ON FIFTY CENTS A DAY"

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
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1889

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PREFACE.

HERBERT SPENCER argues that if left to themselves private individuals would perceive what measures are desirable for their welfare, and would carry out such measures without the intervention of Government. This will not always hold. Certainly, were the collection of statistics left to private enterprise, few would be collected. An enthusiastic individual might be found here and there hunting data concerning his particular hobby; there might be enthusiasts upon all questions of public importance, but their efforts would be desultory, would lack combination, and the results, as far as the public is concerned, would be almost nothing.

The importance which the "Labor Question" has attained is evidenced in no more striking way than by the establishment of labor bureaus for the collection of statistics bearing especially upon labor. Massachusetts was the first State to establish such a bureau. Her example has been generally followed, until now more than half the States in the Union, and also the General Government at Washington, have departments engaged in the special work of gathering data concerning labor.

That such information, if accurate, is valuable, will not be denied. If data be obtained for a number of years showing, for instance, the direct and indirect effect of strikes—whether they are followed, directly or indirectly, by gain or loss—such data would afford material for valuable deductions, and would probably have an effect on the frequency or infrequency of strikes.

I spent upwards of a year in the kingdoms of the Old World studying the condition of working-men. After submitting a report to the Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington, embodying the results of my observations in Europe, the Secretary of the Interior appointed me as a special agent to obtain similar information in America.

The dry statistics gathered in my travels as special agent have been submitted to the Department. The following pages contain, not the dry figures, but a few of the incidents—amusing and otherwise—that befell me in my intercourse with the working-classes of America, together with a brief account of a journey to the Sandwich Islands undertaken in connection with an investigation into the condition of sailors.

One or two chapters of the present matter have already appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The rest is now in print for the first time.

LEE MERIWETHER.

ST. LOUIS, *December*, 1888.

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THE TRAMP AT HOME.

CHAPTER I.

ADVENTURES IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

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UPON completing my report on the condition of workingmen in Europe, I was deputed by the Bureau of Labor Statistics at Washington to examine into the condition of working-women in large American cities. Brooklyn was the first city selected. Before beginning the investigation I delivered to the Knights of Labor in Brooklyn several letters of introduction that had been given me by members of the order in Washington. An appointment was made for me to attend an open meeting at the Knights of Labor hall on Fulton Street. I went, and found that the introductory letters had been unfavorably received. My arrival was the signal for hoots and jeers.

"We want no Government spies!" cried one man.

"You can't come in here!" cried another.

"They sneaked one man in on us last year; it can't be done again, though!" shouted a third.

"There is some mistake," I said, as soon as the excitement abated enough to let me be heard. "I supposed your order was friendly to the Labor Bureau. The commissioner did not send me to you. He knows nothing of my purpose of coming here—"

"You haven't told Carroll Wright, eh?" interrupted one of the men. "Well, you can tell that to the marines. We have no more faith in Carroll Wright than in any other Massachusetts man, and that is saying we have mighty little."

I endeavored to explain that all I wanted were suggestions as to where I had better begin the investigation—where I would find most working-girls. The Knights would not listen.

I fear labor investigations will be attended with more serious obstacles in the United States than in Europe. In Europe the men always seemed willing, even anxious, to talk with me. They freely told of their low wages, of their hard struggle, and in return listened to the stories I related of America. At home I have often found it difficult to win their confidence. American laborers are suspicious of anything connected with the Government, which they seem to believe is run entirely in the interest of the rich. Once, as I was leaving a large New England cotton-mill, whither I had gone to secure the names of some of the operatives with the purpose of interviewing them at their homes, an old woman who had given me her name and residence came running up.

"If you please, sir, I think I would like to have my name back."

I was a Government agent, and some one had cautioned her not to trust a Government agent. I gravely read from my note-book the name and address she had given me; whereupon she returned to her loom apparently satisfied. Afterwards, when I called upon this same woman, she evinced surprise that I remembered her, and knew where to find her house after I had given back her name! She seemed to think it vain to attempt to further evade so acute an investigator, and answered my questions quite freely.

The possessor of moderate intelligence is the hardest to deal with. A workman of first-class intelligence understands the value of statistics, and to assist in throwing light on the "labor question" will submit to what ordinarily might seem an impertinent examination into private affairs. On the other hand, laborers of very limited intelligence—men and women who, through drudgery, have become mere machines—will answer questions as they will do anything else they are bidden. But from that portion of the community with just enough sense and schooling not to be automatic machines, yet not quite enough to comprehend the purpose of statistical inquiries—from this class it is difficult to extract any trustworthy information whatever. The flippant evasions, the would-be witty replies I received from this class would fill a volume.

"What is it all for?" one will ask. I explain. "Well, what does the Government want to know my wages for? It ain't the Government's business if my work ain't healthy."

"It will not harm, it may benefit, you to tell me about your work."

"I believe I would as lief not," they reply, glancing at me furtively, as if taking me to be the emissary of an enemy.

Experience made me expert in distinguishing this class. Often I could tell at a glance whether a man or woman would be willing to give information. I left with some of the working-girls printed forms with questions as to the effect of their work on the health, the average of wages, hours, etc. Here are a few specimens of the written replies made by shop-girls to those questions:

> "Work makes me feeble, and troubled with corns."
>
> "Very injurious work. Gives me toothache, and rheumatism in my left ankle. I have to support my entire family consisting of twelve persons, not including my future husband."
>
> "Weakly. Diagnosis of my case most miserable. Very weak around the ankles."
>
> "Don't get any wages—live on love and fresh air. You forgot to ask what number of shoes I wear. Well, I will tell you. I am noted for my very small feet. I wear my father's old socks and my mother's shoes. It is below my dignity to wash dishes. I mind the baby instead, who is a darling boy with a beautiful mustache, and kisses too nicely for anything."
>
> "If you want any information about me, come around some time when I'm out, and get all you can. It's none of the Government's business what wages I get."

"Sanitary condition very bad, a young man being across the way resulting in my having palpitation of the heart. Make the Government pass a law to remove that young man, or else make him shave off his mustache. Otherwise I shall die of heart disease."

"Can't fool me. The Government ain't going to help us working-girls. It never did."

"My entire family belong to the Salvation Army. Call to see my pa and he will tell you the rest, and set the bull-dog on you besides."

"Work is injurious to the rotary motions of my interior organs. My left eye has a fixed look, owing, no doubt, to my habit of squinting at the young man across the way. Am also afflicted with bandy-leggedness in pedal extremities, which I attribute to standing on one foot. Am gradually growing one-sided. To keep a straight appearance, am forced to stand on an oyster-can."

"If you want any information call some time when I am not in. I would be delighted to improve an acquaintance so agreeably begun; likewise my pa, whose shot-gun is not yet out of order, and who is considered the best shot for miles around."

Such instances could be multiplied indefinitely, but the above suffice to illustrate the point. Those girls doubtless giggled and were highly amused at the wit they imagined they were displaying. At the same time, if there really was anything injurious in their work, or if there were any evils capable of legislative remedy, no more effectual way could have been taken to choke off inquiry and prevent the probable benefits that might follow an accurate and complete knowledge of their condition. I believe I had less difficulty in Europe, because there I adopted the dress of a workman and lived with the working-class. Doubtless, had I gone to them as an agent of the Government, they also would have been suspicious and churlish. In Italy, where I began my tramp trip, I used frequently to fall in with strolling peddlers and mechanics. In answer to their questions I told them frankly that I was tramping merely to see the people. An itinerant umbrella-vender, whom I met on the way from Palermo to Rome, required to be told several times before he would believe that I was doing for pleasure the very thing he considered the hardest sort of work. Said he:

"Amico mio—my friend—you are not crazy. You wish not the people to think you crazy. Well, do not tell that you walk from Palermo to Rome for love to walk and see people. You have a pack on your back; say you sell umbrellas, but that they are all gone. Then people will not think you mad."

It may be that truth is not, like honesty, always the best policy. Certainly sometimes in Italy, when the peasants crowded too close to stare at the "mad American who walked about in the sun for nothing," it would have been more agreeable to have sought shelter under the humble but honest occupation of an itinerant umbrella-vender.

A great deal is said about woman's sphere. One declares it is in the kitchen; another, that it is in the nursery; another, in the parlor. It is in a dozen different places, according to the classifier's taste and imagination. Careful investigation in many lands has led me to the conclusion that whatever woman's sphere should be, it actually is about the same as man's; and that is in the very front rank of the hard battle of life. That small class of idle, daintily dressed fine ladies to whom men pay most homage only furnishes an exception to the general rule. The aristocratic American feels disgraced if his sister or daughter engages in manual labor. In Europe the upper classes look down on men as well as women who work for a living. The Turkish gentleman owns his wives as he owns his dogs or horses, and, if rich enough, keeps them in idle luxury These idle and pampered women, however, are few in number in comparison with the women workers of the world. In America, in Europe, even in Turkey, where it is pretended women are so highly esteemed—where it is sacrilege for men to even look at their faces—the labor investigator will find that the great majority of women work for their daily bread, often working side by side with men. More than that, he will see woman, gentle woman, whose "sphere" is in the home, in the kitchen, in the nursery, doing hard and coarsening work, while her lord and master does some softer service, or perhaps lounges idle by her side.

I can never forget the astonishment, mingled with shame, which I felt the first time I gazed upon a woman harnessed by the side of an ox. It was on a lonely road in Switzerland, near the Italian frontier. Night had already set in, and the bonfires lighted by woodsmen hundreds of feet above my head gave scarcely enough light to pick my way over the rough, rocky road. I hurried on to reach the next village. In my hurry, and in the darkness, I almost ran into a huge mass of moving hay. A woman was pulling that hay, and an ox, not a man, was helping her. On that same road I overtook a number of women who looked like walking hay-stacks. Strapped to their backs were funnel-like contrivances, into which hay was stacked to a height of five or six feet. The husbands piled the hay into the funnels; the wives carried it. It is to be hoped such shameful sights will never be seen on American soil.

I secured the names of a number of the employés of a large Brooklyn rope factory, and on Sunday one of my assistants, a lady, went to interview them.

"When I called at the first house," said the assistant, "the girl seemed surprised.

"'Where is the young man?' she asked.

"She was dressed in all her finery, as if expecting a beau instead of a Government agent. At another place the girl's mother opened the door.

"'Pshaw!' she exclaimed, 'isn't *he* coming? I stayed on purpose to see him. I was going to a funeral to-day; but when I heard the Government was sending young men around to talk with my girl I thought I'd better stay to home and see what was up.'

"She was very friendly, however, and insisted on my taking a chair and writing comfortably at the table. I did so. Very good. But when I arose to go it was very bad. The chair arose too. It had been freshly varnished, and stuck to my dress. The good woman was greatly put out. She scrubbed and rubbed my dress, pinned up the rents, and insisted on my staying to dinner by way of making amends for my torn dress.

I remained, and had a working-family's Sunday dinner: soup, ham, potatoes, coffee, bread and butter, and pie.

"A poor rope-maker, after she had read my credentials stating that 'any assistance rendered would be valued as adding to the statistical information of the bureau,' looked a little troubled.

"'I am right hard up,' she said, hesitatingly, 'but I am willing to help what I can. Will twenty-five cents do any good?'"

The poor woman thought the great, big, rich United States Government was soliciting financial assistance. It was perhaps comical, but also a little pathetic, her willingness to drop into its overflowing coffers her little mite of twenty-five cents. When she understood that information, not money, was solicited, she cheerfully answered the questions necessary to fill the blanks.

An old woman whom I met on the streets was carrying a mountain of cheap "pants" on her back. I spoke to her.

"Kann kein Englisch," said the old woman.

"Also, wir wollen Deutsch sprechen," I answered, addressing her in German, and told her I wanted to visit her and inquire about her work.

"Wollen mich besuchen?"—(Want to come to see me?)—her eyes opening wide with astonishment. "Was soll das heissen?"—(What does that mean?) "I don't know you."

"But I want to know *you*. I want you to tell me about your work, your wages. It is for the Government."

"For the Government! Where, then, is your uniform?"

In Germany every official, however lowly and humble, wears a uniform decorated with brass buttons. The old German lady refused to believe I was a Government agent, and marched off eying me suspiciously, and muttering, "Der naseweise Junge, eine alte Frau so anzureden!"—(The impudent rascal, to bother an old woman like me!)

However, it is not difficult to find the homes of the "pants" makers. Passing along the streets, one knows their places by the clattering of the sewing-machines. Here is the table of a Brooklyn "pants" and coat maker:

Condition.—Family of seven: mother and six daughters. Occupy four small rooms on the third floor of a tenement-house, paying $10 a month rent. Two of the rooms are very plainly furnished, the other two are mere closets. The mother works at home finishing "pants," cooking, and keeping house. Two sisters work out, the others go to the public schools. By working from six o'clock in the morning until half-past six in the evening, one girl has made as much as $11.70 in a week. Ordinarily she earns from $6 to $9 a week. The higher figure, however, is made only when the mother helps.

Diet.—Breakfast: Tea or coffee and bread. Dinner: Bread and butter, fresh meat of some kind, potatoes, occasionally pie or pudding. Supper: Same as breakfast.

Amount earned by the two girls making "pants," per week, $16.

Cost of living for family of seven, per week:

Rent	$2 50
Meats, salt and fresh	3 00
Potatoes	56
Butter	30
Flour and bread	1 30
Tea and coffee	50
Clothing	2 30
Fuel and light	1 00
All other expenses, religion, repairing furniture, etc.	4 00
Total weekly expenses	$15 46
Total weekly income	16 00
Total weekly savings	$ 54

This would make the savings of this Brooklyn family amount to $28.08 a year—a small sum with which to meet sickness or other misfortune.

In the large cities, as New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, etc., wages appear to be higher than in small towns, though not sufficiently so to compensate for the greatly increased cost of living. In New York it is impossible for the average workman or woman to live in anything like comfort. Rents are high, provisions are high, every necessity is high. Few working-men get off with less than ten dollars a month rent, and it may safely be said that any habitation in New York City at that figure would be of the most miserable and squalid description. I have visited many tenement-houses, and found not a few cases where the children of a family, grown sons and daughters, occupied the same sleeping apartments. Not only will such crowding create physical disease, but it must necessarily destroy all natural delicacy and possibly deprave the morals. Still, there is nothing as bad in New York as the lodging-houses I have seen in Italian cities, where men and women, strangers to each other, often bunk together. The philanthropist who studies tenement life in large American cities will readily perceive the evils resulting from overcrowding, and seek some remedy therefor. Take, for instance, the Tenth Police Precinct in New York. In that precinct a large proportion* of the population dwell in a poor class of tenement-houses, and New York statistics of crime show a figure ten per cent. greater in proportion to population in the Tenth than in any other precinct where the number of tenement-houses is smaller. This of itself might not mean much; but when careful inquiry in several large cities shows that there is uniformly a much larger per cent. of crime in districts where great numbers of people crowd in tenement-houses than in districts not so crowded, the fact, to say the least, is significant. I was unable to get the statistics of crime in European cities in this connection. Had they been obtainable, doubtless the same story would have been told. The poorer class of tenement-houses are usually filled by the lowest classes of society. It may be said that these low classes furnish a fertile soil for crimes and vices. Overcrowding in dark attics and damp cellars certainly will afford these unfortunates no chance to improve their condition mentally, morally, or physically; on the contrary, a perpetuity of vice and crime is assured. One hundred years ago less than a thirtieth of the population of the United States lived in cities of eight thousand and over. The census of 1880 showed that the urban population constituted 22.5 per cent. (or nearly a fourth) of the entire population. The tendency to crowd into cities still continues, and, if not checked, will result in producing the same squalid poverty that may be said to be the rule in Europe, but as yet is only "sporadic" in America.

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* The Registrar of the New York Board of Health writes, March, 1888: "A tenement-house, as legally defined, is one in which more than two families live independently; but in this census no cognizance has been taken of what are called 'apartment-houses' or 'flats,' but only of the poorer class—the houses commonly known as 'tenements'—front door never closed. Total number of such houses, 31,534; total number of families, 250,105; total number of occupants, 1,016,135."

Considering its size and proximity to New York, rents in Brooklyn are surprisingly low—low even as compared with smaller cities. I found a skirt and lace embroiderer on Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn, in a brown-stone-front house which might easily be mistaken for the residence of a well-to-do merchant or banker. The lace-embroiderer paid fifty dollars a month for this three-story stone-front house. She sublet the first floor for twenty dollars, and the third for fourteen dollars, making the rent of the second floor, which she occupied with her grandmother and cousin, sixteen dollars a month. The front room, overlooking the elevated railroad, was handsomely furnished—pictures, piano, carpet, etc. The cousin paid four dollars a week on this, and on her wages of ten dollars a week the lace-embroiderer supported herself and grandmother in comfort.

A comfortable two-story frame house can be rented in Brooklyn for $20 a month. I called on the family of a carpenter living in such a house. There were double parlors, a bath-room, closets, and other conveniences. The house was nicely furnished, and the family were intelligent and well dressed. The father, a master carpenter, earns $900 a year. Two daughters in a straw-hat factory make, the one $400, the other $312 a year. A son twenty-two years old receives $21 a week as clerk in a wholesale house in New York. The total income of the family of eight is $2854 a year. Their annual expenses fall short of this amount by about $600, leaving a snug sum to lay aside for a rainy day.

A few days after my call on this family I was at one of the New Jersey sea-shore resorts. To my surprise, upon entering the parlors of the hotel, there was the hat-maker, daughter of the carpenter, in a pretty white dress, her cheeks round and rosy.

"I am taking my vacation," she explained. "I have something to ask you," hesitating. "You will not tell how you came to know me, not tell that I am a factory girl; they do not know it here. They think perhaps that I am a school-teacher. They would be unpleasant to me if they knew I was a factory girl."

She was not ashamed of her work, but she knew the snobbishness of the world. I observed her with considerable interest during my stay. Several of her friends came up from the city. One, a musician of no mean ability, was the son of a judge; another was a book-keeper; another a medical student. The hat-maker sang well. Accompanied by the judge's son, she treated the hotel to an excellent amateur concert.

It is gratifying to be able to note such cases as the lace-embroiderer and the carpenter's family, because they indicate the possibilities of thrift and industry in this country. Such cases can scarcely be paralleled in Europe, even among the exceptions. The reader, however, who imagines that even in America any large number of working men or women live in as comfortable a style as the two families just described will make a mistake. As far as I have observed, they are the pleasant exceptions to a very unpleasant rule.

From the cosey home of the carpenter I called on a tobacco-stripper's family. Six persons inhabited two fifth-story rooms. The parents both worked in the tobacco factory, earning together nine dollars a week. They stand at long tables, side by side with men and women of all colors—white, black, and yellow—stripping the leaf tobacco from the stems. For each pound of stems the stripper is paid three cents. Two dollars a week goes for rent; on the remaining seven dollars the family of six clothe and feed themselves. Their diet consists of little else than bread, coffee, and potatoes.

Some of the girls whom I approached affected indifference, and would hardly condescend to answer my questions. I called one evening on a twine-spinner, daughter of an Irish laborer. The old father was present.

"What is it, Mary?" he asked.

"The census-taker," replied Mary.

"Humph!" said the old man. "A great nuisance, this census business. I suppose, though, we must stand it."

Stretching himself out in his chair, he assumed an important air, and continued:

"I was born forty-nine years ago, in—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," I interrupted. "The present investigation does not require me to bother you with questions. It is your daughter I wish to interview."

"What? You don't want my name? How is this? Why do you take Mary's name and not mine? I'm the head of the family."

When he understood that I was deputed by the Government to investigate the condition and wages of working-women, he rather resented it as a slight put on masculine dignity.

"Can you tell me where Miss Aggie Williams lives?" I asked a young woman leaning on a gate in Franklin Avenue.

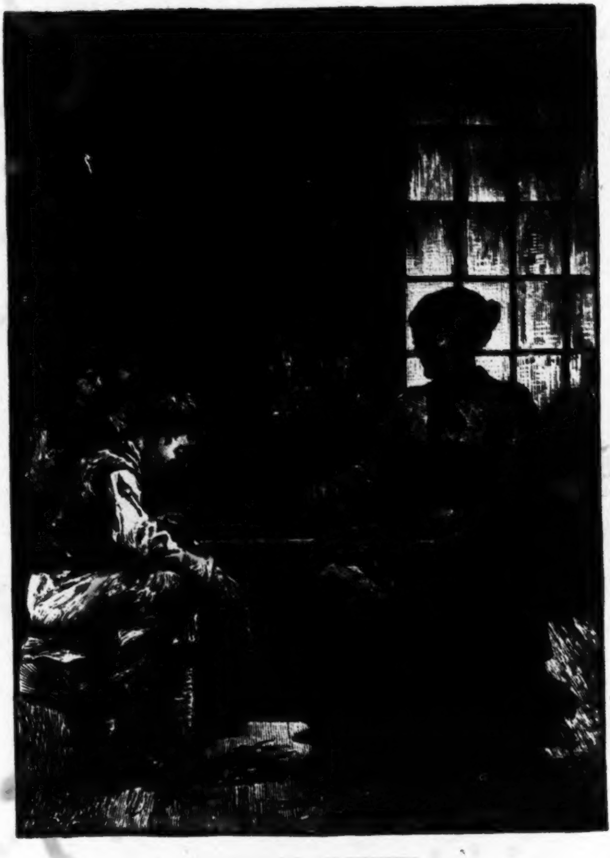
The young woman gave me a keen glance.

"Oh yes; she lives in the middle of the next block."

A little farther on I stopped a youngster blowing a mouth-organ, and put the same query.

"Miss Williams?" repeated the youngster. "Why, you've passed the house. See that lady there? That's her."

The lady indicated was the very one who had directed me to the middle of the next block. She was still leaning on the gate, looking daggers at the little boy. When I started back she hurried into the house and slammed the door. A special agent cannot afford to stand on trifles. It was necessary to investigate the condition of Miss Aggie Williams. I deter-



BROOKLYN TOBACCO-STRIPPERS.

mined to do it, and pounded on the door until it seemed about to fall in. Finally it opened six inches, and an elderly woman cried through the crack,

"Go away from here! Go away! She don't want to be insured. That's all there is about it. Go away!"

"Insured? Who wants to insure you?"

"Ain't you the insurance agent?"

"Decidedly not. I am an agent of the United States," and proceeded to explain the object of my visit.

"Well, I do declare! Not an insurance agent, after all! These insurance fellows have been bothering Aggie more'n a week to get herself insured. She thought you was one of 'em. You, Aggie"—raising her voice and calling up the steps—"come down here. It ain't him at all. It's somebody else. Come right down."

In a few minutes the young lady came down and apologized for slamming the door in my face. I put her at ease, and she told me of the hard struggle she had to keep body and soul together. She was a vest "finisher," and made on an average $3.90 a week.

"It is not as bad for me as for others," she said, cheerfully. "True, I have lost my parents, but I live with a widow lady who knew my mother. She helps me along a little, and does not treat me as she would a strange boarder. There's Fanny who sits next to me in the factory. She rents a little closet of a room for a dollar and a half a week, and lives by herself. She buys a loaf of bread and makes her own tea in the morning—that's her breakfast. At twelve o'clock she has a sandwich of bread and cheese, and when she can afford it, a piece of pie. At night she gets a fifteen-cent dinner at one of the cheap eating-houses. You know what that is?"

Yes, I knew what that was. I knew that cheap eating-house dinners and dyspepsia are closely related.

"It is hard enough," said Aggie, "when a girl is well and able to work. When she's sick it's worse; sometimes as bad as can be. One day last winter Fanny didn't come up to the factory. I went around Sunday to see what was the matter. She was sick in bed, and looked like a skeleton. Nobody had been near her. You see, all her friends are working-girls, and couldn't stop a minute in the day, and at night we are that tired we want to rest. If I had come a day later Fanny would have been dead. They took her to the hospital, and she wasn't able to work for six weeks."

"Why do you not tell your employers you cannot live on $3.90 a week?"

The girl gave me a strange look.

"Tell them? Well, you ought to be a working-girl, and find that out for yourself."

"As I cannot be a working-girl perhaps you will tell me?"

"Molly Smith tried that, and—well, she goes on the Bowery now. That's what comes of following our employer's advice."

"What was that advice?"

"Well, we all know they get twelve cents for what they pay us six cents. Molly Smith went and told our boss she couldn't live on her wages, she was all the time hungry, and in the winter all the time cold. He said to Molly, 'You are a pretty girl; why don't you get a young gentleman friend to help you?' That made Molly mad. She flew up and talked back, and got turned off. It was dead of winter. She was took sick because she had no fire, and—well, I don't know just how it happened. All I know is, most any night, they say, you can see Molly on the Bowery. She never comes nigh us any more."

This case was not an isolated one. In Philadelphia I sent my lady assistant to the dry-goods stores and other places employing women, and instructed her to ask for work.

"In some places," said this agent in her report, "the managers bluntly said, 'You are not good-looking enough.' At other places where the need of new hands was more pressing, I was offered three dollars a week. 'But I cannot live on three dollars. My car-fare will be sixty cents. I live four miles from your factory.' The answer to this objection was too often, 'We can't help that. You must get a friend to help you.'"

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising to learn by actual inquiry that a large per cent. of the fallen women in large American cities are graduated from the shop-girl class. The shameful responsibility rests on the shoulders of employers who, as was demonstrated in Philadelphia, actually tell young girls applying for work that they must not expect to receive living wages, but must get a "friend" to furnish them with the necessities of life—in other words, must sell themselves in order to live. We should cease to boast of our civilization while such things are; should stop sending missionaries to Christianize heathens while our own Christian girls are daily drawn to destruction. That a still larger number of poor working-girls do not yield to the tempter and succumb to the severity of the situation, speaks well for the natural inclination of women to lead lives of honesty and purity.

A few nights after my visit to Aggie Williams I went to a low dancing-den on a little street running into the Bowery. The coarsest and most degraded women, the most brutal men are to be found in these dens off the Bowery. The women I saw were all young. The oldest did not appear more than twenty-five, the youngest seemed scarcely sixteen. A physician told me that these poor creatures almost always die young in years, though old in vice and the suffering which vice brings. On the walls were legends in big letters:

NOTICE.

"No excuse if caught with another man's hat."
"Gospel meetings in this place on Sundays, for women only."

Written under this last sign were the words, "For fools and women. Who wants your d——d old meeting?"

Hopeless as it may seem to hold Christian meetings in such foul places, the effort to do so is in the right direction.

These wretched girls skipped about and chasseed to the right and to the left, now and then varying the performance by kicking their partner's or some by-stander's hat off, and screaming with hysterical laughter as the men scurried over the floor to pick up their property. The highest kicker seemed to be the greatest favorite.

While sitting in the gallery looking at the mad scene, wondering if among any of those reckless women was the once modest and honest working-girl friend of the vest-finisher, a young woman came and seated herself opposite me. In the most free and easy way she opened up a conversation.

"Hello, Billy! Treat. I want a warmer;" and without waiting my assent or dissent, she beckoned to a waiter and ordered a whiskey straight.

"What'll you take?" she asked me.

"A glass of lemonade, if you please."

"Oh, you are one of those preacher fellows what come to see us, and then shows us up on Sundays. All right, then. Just one whiskey straight, Johnny, and hurry up, will you."

The whiskey was brought and drunk, and my self-invited companion grew more sociable and confiding.

"Don't you know," she said, "I rather like you preachers; makes me think when I was kinder good myself, and went to Sunday-school and all that."

"I am not a preacher."

"What then? Newspaper fellow? Nobody else ever comes to look at us but the preacher and newspaper chaps. Want to write us up? Well, give us a good send-off."

"Do you like this rapid sort of life?" I asked, looking at the dancers, who grew more and more uproarious.

"Well, it's about the best I can do now. It's harder on them that can't get here. There's Moll Smith got turned off Thursday for cussing a fellow too much, and now she's a-walking the street. She would give her eye-teeth to get back again."

At this moment who should loom up but Moll herself, accompanied by a "friend." My acquaintance greeted her joyously.

"How did you make it, Moll?"

"He fixed it," with a jerk of her thumb towards her companion. "Gus made it all right. Sit down, Gus, and treat."

Gus seated himself, and called for three whiskeys and gin.

"We've just come over from Brooklyn," said the woman, "and a jolly time we had too. Gus licked one of his best friends in Tony's bar-room—gave him a black eye he'll carry for a month. Coming over the bridge we got into another row, and Gus licked another friend of his."

Gus, highly pleased at this account of his valor, frowned surlily, and drank his whiskey with a gloomy face.

I looked at Gus's burly form and big fists, and decided I did not care to possess his friendship. I thought something of asking his companion if she was the Molly Smith who had been the little vest-finisher's friend, but, on second thought, decided not to do so.

After disposing of their drinks, Gus and Molly and the woman who had first spoken to me repaired to the floor below. The last I saw of them they were in the thick of the crowd, the two girls kicking their heels high in the air, and the redoubtable Gus rolling up his trousers to take part in the nimble can-can. About three o'clock in the morning, a man in blue uniform and brass buttons, whom I at first thought was a policeman, elbowed his way through the dancers and drinkers, with a pile of *Police Gazettes* on his arm. He was a special agent of that journal, selling copies of the last number as they came hot from the press.

Painful as is the picture here drawn of the degradation of women, it is well the world should see it, to fully understand the consequence of that advice to working-girls to "take a friend." I left that Hester Street dance-house feeling something as Macbeth did when he thought it would take an ocean to make him clean. As the ocean was not convenient, I went to a Turkish-bath establishment, where, after melting off a pound or two of flesh in a sweat-box, I witnessed a comical scene. A German and a bald-headed man, who were taking sitz-baths, began a discussion of the tariff. It was funny to hear political economy discussed by men wrapped in sheets and sitting in tubs of water. The bald-headed man kept nervously twitching about.

"You want to ruin American industry, that's what you want. You want our country to be dependent."

"Dummes zeug! verrueckt!" grunted the German. "Vat you dink somebody makes you buy all your fleisch from my store, ven you get dot same fleisch next door half so scheap? Hey, vat you say? Don't you vant dot fleisch from dot bootscher vat sells scheapest?"

"I tell you," the bald-headed man exclaimed, excitedly, "it is better to pay twice as much, and patronize your own institutions. It is more patriotic."

"Ya, dot is so—more patriotic for dot man you buys from; but vat you say 'bout dot man vat buys—hey? I vill get my dings where I gets 'em scheapest—dot's my patriotism."

"You don't know what patriotism is!" shrieked the shiny-pated man, jumping out of his tub and dragging the tail-end of his sheet in the water. "You want to throw American working-men out of employment. You look here, and I will show you the whole thing. There are four million five hundred thousand—"

But I stayed to hear no more.

CHAPTER II.

FACTORY LIFE.

THREAD A THOUSAND MILES LONG.—HOW LACE IS MADE.—GIRLS AT A COOKING-SCHOOL.—ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY GIRL-PRISONERS IN THE BROOKLYN PENITENTIARY.—A BROOKLYN TAPESTRY-WEAVER.—WHY A BAGGING MANUFACTURER WANTS PROTECTION.

THE labor investigator, in searching for information, has difficulty with employer as well as with employé.

"See here," said the proprietor of a Brooklyn hide-cleaning establishment; "what's this mean? Going to boycott us, eh? You can't come around here talking that way!"

"First I've heard of such a thing. Who has been talking of boycotts?"

"Why, your agents have been around to see some of my girls. They said the Government is going to boycott us for not paying wages on the Fourth of July and on Christmas."

This boycott idea came from the fact that my assistants had expressed surprise when the girls said they were docked for time lost on the Fourth of July and on Christmas. Said one of the girls,

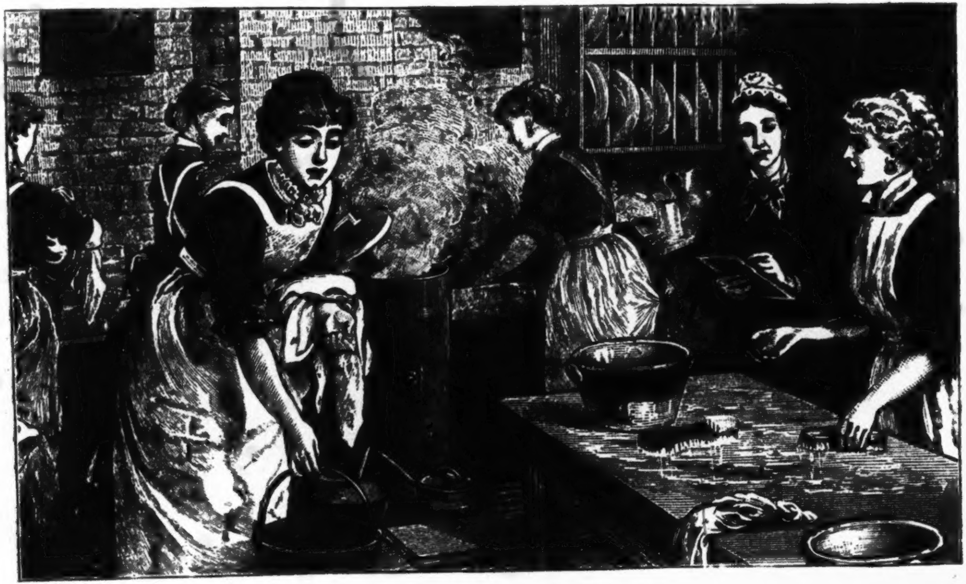
"Of course I told the superintendent the Government was going to put the boycott on him. Isn't that why they ask us so many questions about our wages, and whether we are paid, vacations or not?"

In the Jennings Lace-works I saw thread so fine, 850,000 yards weighs only one pound. A ball of this thread long enough to reach from New York to Philadelphia and back could be carried in a man's pocket. Upwards of nine thousand different sorts of thread are used in the manufacture of a single pattern. Weeks of patient work are required to adjust these thousands of threads. The expert workman who arranges the new pattern keeps a sharp eye on the maze of silk before him. If a single thread out of that wilderness becomes tangled or out of place, it must be seen and remedied. The workman who does this adjusting gets twenty-five dollars a week. The designer of the pattern generally stands by the machine until it is made perfect. Of new designs in lace seldom more than a thousand yards are made at first; for it often happens that even a very pretty pattern fails to strike the popular fancy, and so the entire lot is returned to the factory. Said the manager of the Jennings Lace-works:

"What may seem commonplace to our artist may meet great favor with the public. On the other hand, the artist's pet design may, every yard, be returned to us. We calculate that the public taste changes completely in seven years. Those twenty-four machines there in the next building have been idle four years. It is too expensive to remove them, or to change the patterns to which they are adjusted. Come back in three years, though, and I dare say you will see those machines busy again, while the machines now at work will by that time be old-fashioned and idle."

When the lace leaves the machines it is finished just as the purchaser sees it, with this exception: the threads are not cut.

A rose or a lily is made; next comes a bird or a vase. The fine silk or linen thread, a million yards long, is not broken; it is carried over the space intervening between the flower and the vase, and there taken up by the innumerable needles and formed into the next design. The loose threads over these intervening spaces must be cut away. The girls who do this are called "clippers." They are paid so much per hundred clips. In very fine lace, where the designs are small and the threads numerous, as high as a dollar is paid for clipping the loose threads on one yard. In less costly designs the figures are large and coarse, the number of loose threads are fewer, and it sometimes costs only three cents to clip a yard.



THE BROOKLYN COOKING-SCHOOL.

To a casual observer the business of clipping seems wonderful. I saw a deft girl run her scissors down a strip of lace six inches wide, shaving it clean of every loose thread, and not injuring the lace itself; all the time she was talking away to me, apparently paying no attention to the fine lace or the sharp scissors that, by a slight mishit, would have lost her a week's wages. The girl said she was only sixteen, and not married, "Though," she added, "it won't be long before I shall be. I don't intend to work all my life."

"Suppose you marry a worthless man? Then you will have to support him and yourself too."

"Humph!" was the young lace-clipper's reply, "you'll never catch me supporting a husband. When I marry he will have to take care of me."

She was quite serious in her purpose to marry early, and was preparing herself for the event in what I thought a very practical way. She was member of a woman's club, the object of which was to learn dress-making, cooking, carving, and other household arts. I attended one of the classes, and saw the young misses deeply absorbed in the contemplation of juicy beefsteaks and roasts. On a table was a chart with diagrams of beef, a turkey, and a chicken. Porter-house and tenderloin steaks, the spareribs, the sirloin steaks, and other choice portions of a beef were all clearly defined. With a knowledge of how to select as well as to prepare good food, the young housewife is certainly on the high-road to the favor of her dear lord. To cook well is an accomplishment far too rare in America. Having lived to a great extent in hotels and restaurants, and having observed the diet of families in every State in the Union, I am able to speak knowingly on this subject, and to speak feelingly. In the New England and in the Eastern States plain cooking is often pretty well understood; but in the West and South-west good bread or well-cooked food of any kind among laboring people is so seldom found that he who is unfortunate enough to have to travel there must make up his mind to get dyspepsia.

The little lace-clipper was very sensible to learn cooking before marrying. She had paid a dollar for the course of twelve lessons, and could already cook a steak to a turn.

"And next week," she said, proudly, "I am to take up roasts and carving."

Although she looks upon marriage rather prosaically as a means of stepping out of the factory, I predict that her future spouse will be able to content himself with the substantial, if not romantic, blessings with which she is preparing to provide him. The condition of her family is thus shown by my notebook:

Table of Brooklyn Lace-clipper's Family.

Condition.—Six in family: parents, two small children, and two grown daughters. The father is a printer, earning eighteen dollars a week when work is steady; owing to strikes, union assessments, and dull times, has for some months averaged only eight dollars a week. One daughter is an invalid, the other clips lace; family live in four rooms on second floor of tenement-house; front room is used as bedroom, parlor, and dining-room; place poorly furnished; a few cheap chromos on the walls; bare rough floors; ventilation bad.

Diet.—Breakfast: Bread and butter, pork or ham, tea. Dinner: Fresh meat, potatoes, sometimes cabbage, pie. Supper: Same as breakfast, with occasionally part of dinner left over.

Cost of Living:

Bread, and flour for pies, per day		25 cents.	
Meats, salt and fresh,	"	20 "	
Coffee,	"	10 "	
Sugar,	"	05 "	
Potatoes,	"	10 "	
Food of all other kinds,	"	30 "	
Total daily cost of food for six persons, $1 00; per year,			$365 00
Rent, per month, $8 00			96 00
Clothing			76 00
Doctor's bills			36 00
Incidentals, including fuel, lights, religion, etc.			42 00
Total annual expenses of family of six			$615 00

Earnings of father per week	$8 00;	per year, $400 00	
" lace-clipper, per week	3 50;	" 175 00	
" mother by odd jobs,		" 60 00	
Total yearly earnings			$635 00

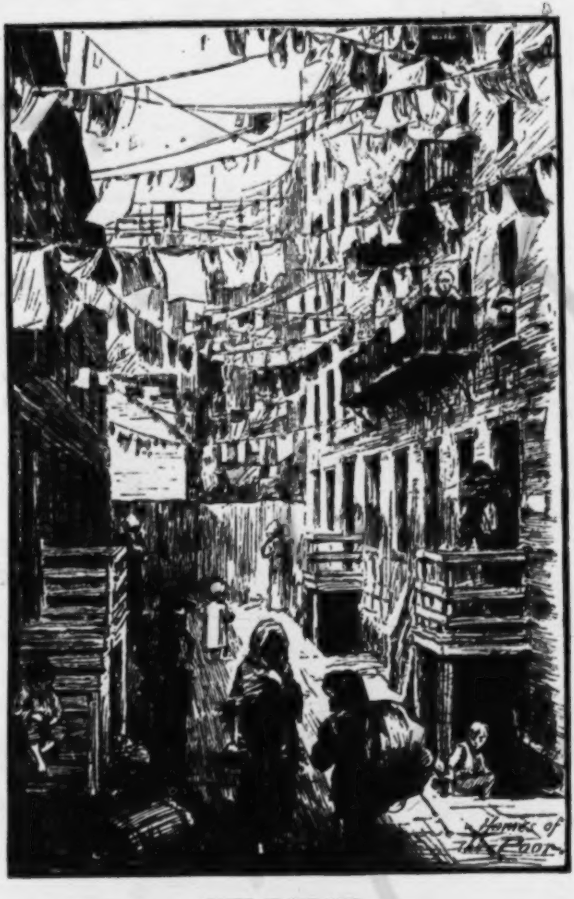
Balance left, $20.

The majority of people who go to the penitentiary think they get there quite fast enough. It was otherwise with me when I started on a Nostrand Avenue car for the Brooklyn Penitentiary. A stingy man spreads a little bit of butter over a big bit of bread; in the same way the houses are spread thinly over the long blocks in the suburbs of Brooklyn. A full hour elapsed before the car stopped and let me out at the warden's gate. The gate-keeper at first refused to admit me without a permit; but upon showing my credentials and explaining the official nature of my call, he swung open the heavy iron gates and let me in. Passing through a long corridor and through a large court-yard about an eighth of a mile across, I entered the wing where are employed one hundred and eighty women at shoemaking. The "Bay State Shoe and Leather Company" leases the convict labor, and employs the one hundred and eighty women from without the walls. Except for the stigma that attaches to the word "convict," it might be said that the prisoners' condition is better than that of the paid girls. The girls are almost as much deprived of their liberty as the convicts. They come to the prison early in the morning, and are not allowed to leave until work is over in the evening. The convict, when he finishes his day's labor, is furnished by the State with plain but abundant and wholesome food and lodging. The so-called free girls get, on an average, a dollar a day. Then they trudge, often through rain and snow, to small, crowded tenement-houses, and work at night sewing either on their own garments or doing other people's sewing, to pay rent, buy food, clothing, medicines, etc., which they cannot purchase with the wages received from the shoe factory alone.

The girls in this penitentiary are better off than the average; first, because they are paid a slight advance over the market rate of wages (otherwise the lessees of the prison would be unable to get them); and secondly, because the work is steady. There are no strikes, no two or three months' stoppages on account of dull seasons. Notwithstanding these advantages which they have over the average working-girl, many of the one hundred and eighty girls who every morning voluntarily enter the Brooklyn Penitentiary to make shoes enjoy fewer comforts than the criminals who go there involuntarily.

The girls are not thrown in contact with the convicts. They work in a large hall in the top of the building, with numerous windows and an abundance of fresh air. Five tables, each one hundred and forty feet long, run the entire length of the room. On each side of these tables the women sit bending over and manipulating the various parts of a shoe. The clatter is deafening. An eager, strained look is on the girls' faces. Here a young miss seventeen years old is putting buttons by the handsful into a sort of hopper. The buttons come out of the other end of the hopper sewed on the shoe. Another girl is making button-holes. The machine goes tearing away, turns at the right place, and almost before you know it the button-hole is cut and finished as one sees it in the finished shoe. Most of the women are members of a society, to which they pay ten cents a week. In case of illness, members receive a benefit of twenty dollars a month. Some had been paying dues for years, and said they almost felt as if they were being cheated in not getting sick and receiving a return for their long subscription.

The five hundred convicts and one hundred and eighty women make three thousand four hundred pair of shoes a day. The division of labor is reduced to the finest point. This convict here, a gray-haired old man, with a sad face and hopeless expression, stands ten hours a day by a machine feeding the knife with leather. The knife is made in the shape of the sole of a shoe. The hopeless-looking convict puts the leather under the knife, touches a lever, and a shoe-sole drops into a basket. This operation he repeats without variation hundreds of times in succession. At the next machine stands a prisoner whose only business is to place the leather sole on a mould; the machine presses the sole in shape. The convict puts another sole in, that is pressed, and so on through ten long hours. There is no exertion, no strain, but the monotony is terrible.


Homes of
The Poor

HOMES OF THE POOR.

Formerly a shoemaker's brain was called at least to a slight extent into play, but now little more intellect is required by the man who attends to the different parts of shoemaking than is required by a wooden automaton. Brain power seems to have been transferred to the machines. The sewing apparatus sews shoes together almost like a thing of life. All the convict has to do is to set the leather in the right place; the thread is on a large spindle, a small lighted lamp revolves with the thread to keep it warm, a revolution is made every minute or less, and at each revolution a sole is sewed on a shoe-top. A dial registers the number of stitches to the sole. Before the patent expired, the inventor of this machine received two cents on every shoe. All he had to do was to drop around occasionally, look at the register to see how many stitches had been recorded, and collect his royalty. The inventor had put in the brains, and so got the money. The operators, who watch the machines do the work, put little or no brains in the operation, and so do not receive much money. They are glad to make two dollars a day.

There is a keeper to every forty workmen in the Brooklyn Penitentiary. This keeper sits on a raised platform, whence he can see every man of his gang. The convict who violates any of the rules which forbid talking, or lagging at work, is sharply reprimanded, and is punished if the offence is repeated. Above, in the hall where the free girls work, the rules are equally strict. A girl who talks is reprimanded by the foreman. If she speaks to her neighbor at the work-bench she is punished by being discharged or fined. At twelve o'clock the girls eat the cold luncheon they bring from home. At the same hour the convicts form long lines and march in close lock-step across the wide court. As they pass the window of the great kitchen, each man, without stopping, is handed a bucket containing his dinner. He is locked up alone in his cell thirty minutes. At the end of that time the lock-step is reformed, the prisoners file back to the shops and begin work again. It was a pitiable sight on either hand—the convicts, with their sad faces and shameful stripes, the girls, in their shabby clothing, looking care-worn, overworked, and underfed.

Notwithstanding the low wages and high cost of living of the vast majority of American working men and women, the claim is still made that protective tariffs bring to the laborer wealth and good wages. I asked F. Coit Johnson, head of a weaving and bagging mill in Brooklyn, if he favored protection.

"Every and all the time," was the emphatic reply.

During the course of the conversation he informed me that his factory was selling goods in England.

"How do you manage to compete with pauper labor?"

"Oh," replied Mr. F. Coit Johnson, "it is very simple. We sell goods twelve per cent. cheaper in London than in Brooklyn."

"Is there a profit when you sell at that reduced rate."

"Of course there is."

"Why, then, is a tariff necessary to make your business pay?"

"In this business," replied Mr. F. Coit Johnson, "it is not to make a profit, but make all you can. The tariff enables us to charge more, and we do it. We would be fools not to charge all we can get."

Mr. F. Coit Johnson may be right; it may be unwise not to charge all he can get for his goods, but the American people are unwise to give more than they are obliged to give, are unwise to permit a system that enables men like Mr. F. Coit Johnson to "get all they can," to sell goods cheaper to strangers three thousand miles away in England than to next door neighbors in Brooklyn.

Mr. Johnson's weavers, who average six dollars a week, mind three looms each, each loom~~-turning~~ out from fifteen to twenty yards of bagging per day, according to the quality. An Italian weaver earning thirty cents a day makes, with his old-fashioned machine, ten, or, at most, fifteen yards. Summary: In Italy a thirty-cent weaver produces ten yards of cloth. In Brooklyn a dollar weaver produces sixty yards. It does not take half an eye to see that even if Mr. F. Coit Johnson does pay higher wages per day, he does not pay higher wages *per yard*, and that therefore the advantage is with him, not with the "pauper labor" of Europe.

At No. 239 Meserole Street, Brooklyn, I found a tapestry-weaver who earned the highest wages paid in the factory. What were the highest wages? Ten dollars a week! This was the only woman I found earning so much. The average was only six dollars.

The tapestry-weaver and her sister, who worked in the same place, earned together $816 a year. They live, with their widowed mother, in three rooms on the third floor of a frame house. On their combined wages, $816, the three women and a young brother live plainly and comfortably. The floors were scrubbed clean; everything bore an appearance of thrift and neatness. The girls subscribed for the New York *Sun*, and were posted as to current events. Their diet for breakfast consisted of bread and butter, coffee, and occasionally a piece of sausage or cold meat left over from the preceding day's dinner. Luncheon, at twelve o'clock, was bread and butter, cheese, or cold meat. Dinner, at half-past six, prepared by the old mother, consisted of bread, potatoes, pork, sometimes roast-beef, coffee in winter and beer in summer. The cost of food for the four was eight dollars a week, or a fraction less than ten cents per meal per person. Here is a leaf from the family expense-book for one week:

Meats, salt and fresh	$2 00
Potatoes and other vegetables, sugar, eggs, etc.	3 00
Bread, and flour for pies	75
Beer, during three or four months in the year	49
Tea and coffee	45
Other food	1 03
Butter	28
Total weekly cost of food for four persons	$8 00
Total yearly " " "	$416 00

Brought forward		$416 00
Clothing of eldest daughter, per year	$40 00	
Clothing of younger " "	35 00	
Clothing of mother and small brother	40 00	
Total yearly cost of clothing for four persons		115 00
Fuel and light, per year		75 00
Rent, per year		72 00
Other expenses		30 00
Total yearly expenses		$708 00
Total yearly income		816 00
Annual savings		$108 00

The work-room in which the girls weave is large and airy. A tapestry-weaver requires strength.

"Even the best ones," said the girl on Meserole Street, "turn out only six or eight yards fifty-two inches wide in one day. The cheap grade of tapestry is more easily made, ten to twelve yards being an ordinary day's work. In summer there is a half-holiday on Saturdays; the rest of the year we must be at the mill from seven in the morning until six at night."

"Are there many girls at the factory who have no friends or parents, and live in boarding or lodging houses?"

"Not many," answered the weaver. "Most all stay at home, or board with friends who don't charge much. They couldn't very well do any other way on four or five dollars a week. A friend of mine tried it once, but she couldn't pay board and clothe herself on her wages. She was not very strong, and made only four dollars a week."

"What did she do?"

The tapestry-weaver hesitated.

"Well," she said in a low tone, "she went to the bad. She had a little sister to support. There was rent to pay and coal to buy, and four dollars a week wouldn't do it. She dropped away from work, and—I don't like to talk of it. Rich folks can't understand a poor girl's troubles."

"Perhaps not, but I am not rich. I can understand all you tell me."

But, with a natural delicacy, she refused to say any more about her unfortunate friend.

An intelligent sales-girl, Agnes S., of 264 Plymouth Street, Brooklyn, explains in a letter now in my possession why I frequently found it so hard to elicit information.

> "The girls in our store," writes Miss S., "are afraid to talk to you. They fear it will get back to the boss and hurt them—even cause their discharge. You ask about my expenses. Last year I spent exactly $108.50 for board. Nearly all the rest ($111.50) went for clothes, and I make my own dresses. But then the bosses make us dress nice, and it costs half our wages. I hope your work will help us, and that the Government will make the price of dress goods come down."

Here is a tariff reformer, though an unconscious one. This sales-girl probably does not understand ten lines of political economy, but forced by the nature of her occupation to spend a large portion of her meagre earnings on dress, she wants the Government to help her by making "the price of dress goods come down."

The principal way for the Government to accomplish this is to abolish the high tariff taxes; that is the first step that is being demanded by wage-earners, both men and women, the more they reflect upon the way "protection" protects them by raising prices on all the necessities of life.

CHAPTER III.

IN NEW ENGLAND.

HOW FACTORY OPERATIVES LIVE AND WORK; THEIR HOME LIFE.—AN ITALIAN AND AN AMERICAN FAMILY COMPARED.—SMALL ECONOMIES.—A ONE-CENT ICE-CREAM SALOON.—CRUEL RESULTS OF CHILD-LABOR.—CONSUMPTION AND INSANITY ON THE INCREASE.

The Riverside Mills, in Olneyville, Rhode Island, are on the Woonasquatucket River. I crossed over this very small river with the very big name, and went through the mills, where are used every year four million pounds of wool, or the product of about a million sheep. The gas-bill of these mills was formerly $40,000 a year: now electricity furnishes better light for $20,000. The great halls, crowded with machinery, are dark and gloomy. Operatives on the inside aisles seldom see the light of God's day, seldom feel the rays of the glorious sun. It is dark when they go to the mills at six in the morning, it is dark when they quit at night. During the day the only light they see is that artificially supplied by electricity. Weavers near the windows are more fortunate. They require artificial light only early in the morning, and for the last hour or so in the evening.

Prior to January, 1886, the hours of labor were from half-past six in the morning until half-past six in the evening. The law limiting hours of labor to not more than sixty a week went into effect in the beginning of 1886, since which time work at the Riverside Mills begins at seven and ceases at six, with an hour at noon for dinner. Children under ten are forbidden by law to work. Between ten and fourteen they are required to attend school three months each year. The remainder of the time they may work if they wish, and if their parents compel them. Such is the law, but it is often evaded. Some parents do not hesitate to perjure themselves, and declare their children of the legal age for work in factories; and some employers do not hesitate to nullify the law by affecting to believe the parents' falsehood. On my visits to the homes of operatives I often asked the ages of their children in the factories.

"Do you want their real age or their factory age?" these mothers would reply, laughing at their own deception.

The difference between the real and the factory age was anywhere from one to four years. These mothers seemed utterly unconscious of the cruelty of making such young children work; the manufacturers seemed equally callous on the subject, selfishly preferring to hire child-labor rather than pay the few cents extra demanded by adults. The births of children should be registered, and both parent and manufacturer be punished if found working a child under age.

I met a group of girls, some of them mere children, on their way to work one morning. Their homes ought to be in the fields by the road-side, with the green hills around, and those girls should play in the open air, the blue sky above them, the sunlight on them. It is cruel to permit such little creatures, undeveloped in brain and muscle, to spend ten hours a day amid the rattle and roar of machinery, breathing the foul air of close rooms filled with flying particles of wool or cotton fibres. It would be more merciful to drown these children at birth, than thus by premature labor dwarf and disease them, body, mind, and soul. Under this labor-torture the little things grow pale and thin, pinched and rickety. More children are employed in the woollen-mills of Massachusetts than in those of any other State except Pennsylvania. The average weekly wages of the operatives, counting men, women, and children, is $6.40; in paper-mills, where few children are employed, the average is $6.60. The small advantage in pay is doubtless owing to lack of competition with children; yet to save this sum, this pittance of twenty cents, manufacturers of woollen and cotton goods will see the children of the State slowly murdered by work in their mills. The increase of consumption is directly traceable to the enfeeblement of the constitution of children by work unsuited to their years. According to the census, there are 5207 deaths a year in Massachusetts from consumption. In Illinois, with double the population, there are only 4653; in Indiana, 3943; in Mississippi, 1287. In Mississippi, during the short season of cotton-picking, many negro children work, but not in factories. The negro children in Mississippi pick cotton in the open fields; the white children in Massachusetts pick it in heated rooms. They stoop over buzzing looms, they smell the grease, breathe fibres, and die early of consumption and other diseases.

In 1880 the Pacific Mills paid a dividend of twenty-two per cent. on a capital of $2,500,000. The Merrimac Mills paid ten per cent.; the Middlesex Mills, twenty per cent.; the Boston Belting Company paid eleven per cent. These immense profits are made by working children ten hours a day, by working men and women at wages ranging from $4.35 to $6.00 a week, and by increasing the price of the necessaries of life by the imposition of a tariff tax on every article the factory hand uses. How the arch enemy of mankind must grin in gratified derision at this destructive policy! Those very mills, which were paying twenty-two per cent. dividends, and sending cards to their employés virtually commanding them to vote for high tariffs, giving them to understand that free-trade would lose them their places—those very mills were paying the munificent wages of ninety cents a day! The Willimantic Linen Company pay the same liberal wages, and the Willimantic Company one year declared a dividend of eighty per cent.! There are in Massachusetts 5127 insane, 5423 paupers, and 5207 deaths from consumption. The number of criminals is proportionately large. Is it not probable that a close connection exists between this moral and financial bankruptcy of the people and the unhealthy increase of the wealth of manufacturers, and their cruel grinding down of the working-people?

While looking at the rows of joyless children stooping over the shuttles, the words of Mrs. Browning came to my mind:

"Do you hear the children weeping, oh, my brothers,
Ere the sorrows come with years?
They are leaning their young hearts against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in their nests,
The young fawns are playing with their shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west;
But the young, young children, oh, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free!"

We have no right to boast of freedom so long as we have slave children toiling in the mills, killing themselves by inches. As I saw them going to their work in the morning, it looked like a funeral procession to the grave; at night it was the same sad procession returning from the grave; and to what homes they returned!—mean, dirty quarters; miserable, close rooms in crowded tenement-houses. The negroes in the South, no matter how poor, are better off. They have space, air, light; they have the best gifts of God to man—the ground to walk on, the heavens above, pure air to breathe, and the health-giving light of the sun.

Of the 1900 persons employed in the Riverside Mills, 1020 are women and children. These 1900 persons produce yearly a million and a half yards of worsted cloth, worth from one dollar to three dollars a yard. The two huge 1100 horse-power engines that furnish the power to make this cloth consume ten thousand tons of coal a year.

I watched the warpers at work. Five hundred bobbins, or spools, of pink thread were on a stand. These five hundred pink threads pass through the teeth of a steel comb. A young girl, pale, thin, feeble-looking, sat on a stool watching the maze of threads as they slowly unwound from the spools, passing through the steel comb on to large bobbins below.

When the quick eye of this girl detects an imperfection in the thread, she stops the machinery, corrects the imperfection, then touches a lever, and starts the threads on their endless journey again. Nine-tenths of her waking life are spent on that stool, intently gazing at the maze of threads—a life well calculated to bring on softening of the brain. The pay for this dismal work is from $4.85 to $5.00 a week.

"The work is very exacting," said one of the burlers. "The tiniest knots in the thread must be straightened out. After the cloth leaves our hands it is passed over a roller. An inspector stands facing it, slowly pulling the cloth over the roller. When he sees a place where the thread has been broken and left unmended, he makes a dash at the cloth with his blue pencil and marks the place. These marks are counted, and when there are more than forty to a yard we are fined twenty-five cents."

The constant dread of these fines helps on the brain-softening process.

Adjoining the mills are two large dining-halls, furnished with plain tables and benches. At twelve o'clock the army of men, women, and children file into these halls, each individual carrying a bucket with luncheon, generally of beans, pork, bread and butter, and pie. In pleasant weather they eat rapidly, and in fifteen minutes the greater number are through and out on the grounds, to pass the remainder of the dinner-hour in walking, chatting, and breathing the fresh air. Five minutes before one the whistle blows, and the operatives scamper back to the door-ways, hurry up the steep flights of stairs, and precisely at one are at their looms and spindles.

Of eleven girls whom I interviewed there was one earning eight dollars a week; two earned six dollars; two earned nine dollars; and six earned four dollars and fifty cents. Of these eleven girls, selected at random, all but one lived at home; some paid their mothers three dollars a week board; the majority, however, gave in all their wages, and the family expenditures were made in common. The one girl who did not live at home was from Ireland. She earned six dollars a week, five of which she spent on herself, saving the remaining dollar to send to her parents in the Old Country.

A number of the operatives in Providence and Olneyville live in tenement-houses owned by the mills, and rented a little cheaper than the market rate. These tenements are all built on the same plan—a basement, divided in the centre by a narrow hall, with rooms on each side let to different families. The first floor, reached by a fourteen-foot stair-way, is divided, like the basement, into two distinct homes by a narrow hall. The second floor is the same as the first. The halls are common to all the tenants of the house. I called one night on the family of a coal-heaver who lived somewhere in the tenement, but whether in top or bottom I did not know.

"Non parlo Englese," said a woman, when I inquired at a door in the basement.

"Bene, signorina, parliamo Italiano?" and proceeded to talk to her in the remnants of the pigeon Italian I had brought back with me from Italy. She was delighted to find an American who could even make an attempt to speak her beloved language, and chatted most volubly. She had not been long from Italy, and thought the wages she was making (sixty cents a day) quite princely. In Italy she had made but a lira and a half (thirty cents) a day for even harder work.

"But, signore, in America everything is so dear. I make more money, but, of a verity, I must spend more."

There were eight in her family, from the husband down to a "bambino" two months old. Three miserable rooms in the cellar or basement, renting for five dollars a month, constituted the Italian family's home. The coal-heaver's family, for whom I was looking, occupied five rooms on the floor above the Italians. The sitting-room was about twelve feet square, cheaply carpeted and plainly furnished. Another room, fourteen feet long by twelve wide, was used as kitchen and dining-room. The other three apartments were mere closets, with little or no furniture save beds and chairs.

"Mother does the cooking and house-work," said one of the girls, in answer to my questions. "Sal and Dorothy and me works in the Atlantic Woollen-mills, weaving. They are awful strict. If I was to come a minute after a quarter to seven I wouldn't be allowed to enter, and would have to lose the whole day. If a little oil is spilled, or a thread is broken, we are fined from ten to forty cents. Some weeks, when luck is bad, the fines eat up almost half our wages. Ma cooks breakfast by six o'clock, and we never leave home later than half-past six. There is an hour at noon, but it is too far to come home, so we carry a lunch, and get dinner at seven o'clock when we get home."

The condition of this family is shown by the following table, prepared from answers to numerous questions put to the mother and daughter:

Table of a Typical New England Factory Family.

Condition.—Family numbers nine: parents, three daughters, aged 21, 18, and 14; a boy, aged 9, girl, aged 7, and two babies; rooms poorly furnished; bad light and bad ventilation; no privacy. The father is a day laborer in a coal-yard; the mother tends the babies, cooks, and sews; the three oldest children work in woollen-mills.

Earnings of Family:

Of the father	$7 00	
" eldest girl	5 00	
" 18-year-old daughter	4 00	
" 14-year-old daughter	3 25	
Total income per week	$19 25	
Yearly (48 weeks)		$924 00

Diet.—Breakfast: Bread and butter and coffee. Dinner: Pork and beans; sometimes beef, potatoes, coffee; sometimes pie or pudding. Supper: Bread and butter, coffee, and occasionally portion of dinner warmed over.

Cost of Living:

Bread and flour, per month	$6 00	
Sugar, vegetables, soap, and other groceries	40 00	
Meats, salt and fresh	14 00	
Milk	1 50	
Total cost of food per month for family of nine	$61 50	
Yearly ditto		$738 00
Rent per month, $6; per year		72 00

Brought forward	$810 00
Clothing	100 00
Incidentals	11 00
Total yearly cost of living	$921 00
Total yearly earnings	924 00
Balance	$ 3 00

This is a gain of thirty-three and a third cents a year for each member of the family. How long, at this rate, will it take a New England factory family to lay something by for a rainy day?

Table of another New England Factory Family.

Condition.—Five in family; widowed mother, two sons, and two daughters. The mother cooks and works at home, the two girls work in worsted-mills; both sons are laborers at odd jobs, and do not have steady work; the girls look faded and tired; they are at the mills twelve hours a day five days in the week, on Saturdays work only seven hours and a half.

Earnings of the two daughters, $5 each per week: $480 per year.

Potatoes cost 23 cents a peck; butter, 25 to 30 cents a pound; rump steak, 12 cents a pound; pork steak, 13 cents a pound.

Cost of Living:

Potatoes	per week	$0 46	
Butter	"	75	
Steak, four days in the week	"	78	
Eggs	"	75	
Flour for bread and pies	"	1 00	
Food of all other kinds	"	1 76	
Weekly cost of food for five persons		$5 50; per year,	$286 00
Wood and coal	per year		19 00
Kerosene at 15 cents a gallon	"		20 00
Rent at $5 60 a month	"		67 20
Clothing	"		75 00
Incidentals	"		12 80
Total yearly cost of living			$480 00

In the above table no account is taken of the earnings of the two sons. They were drunk half the time and idle half the other, making it impossible to estimate with any accuracy the amount of their earnings. Here the gain is nothing, and the operatives seem absolutely without a chance to save and prepare themselves against sickness or other unforeseen emergency.

It will be interesting to compare these New England factory families with the life of factory operatives in Europe. Here is a table taken from "A Tramp Trip," p. 60, showing the condition of a family of Italian woollen-weavers:

"*Condition.*—Family of five: parents, two children five and six years of age, and mother of the father. Parents work at hand-looms; the grandmother spins (at home), attends to the children and to two goats, the milk of the goats being sold at four cents per quart. Occupy a room with earth floor on a level with the ground; room divided into two compartments. Weaving-room on same street, up a steep hill; only six looms; level of room three feet below level of street; no windows, lighted by the door. Each weaver has a small bucket or jug of hot ashes or coals. This the women put under their dresses; the men place them at their feet. In unusually cold weather a large pan of coals is set in the middle of the room. The weavers quit their work occasionally to sit for a few minutes around this pan and warm their hands and feet.

"The fuel for this primitive heating arrangement consists to some extent of brushwood, clippings from old grape-vines, etc. Coal is imported from England. Price per ton at West Mediterranean ports, $5 to $6; price in interior, $7 to $10.

"*Diet.*—Breakfast: Bread, coffee or wine. Dinner: Macaroni or cheese, finnochio, bread, sometimes tripe, wine. Supper: Bread, wine or coffee.

Amount earned by Family:

Earnings of father, per year	$126 00	
" " mother, "	97 50	
" " grandmother (spinning)	48 75	
" " " (sale of milk)	43 80	
Total yearly earnings		$316 05

Cost of Living:

Rent	$14 40	
Bread	53 00	
Macaroni	69 40	
Groceries, finnochio, olives, eggs, oil, etc.	72 50	
Wine	51 00	
Coffee and milk	17 25	
Wooden clogs and leather shoes	7 50	
Clothing	19 65	
Iron bedstead, chairs, etc.	8 70	
Total yearly expenditures		$313 40
Balance		$ 2 65"

The investigator, who knows how small are their wages, and sees their uninviting surroundings, may be surprised to learn that wage-earners of this class are quite particular as to the quality of food they buy. They will go in threadbare clothing, and live in dark closets, may even limit themselves in the quantity of their food, but it must be of *good* quality.

"No one can say that I do not give my family the best of flour, the finest sugar, the very best quality of meat."

This is the boast of the coal-laborer earning seven dollars a week. The families of lawyers, of book-keepers with incomes of two thousand dollars or less a year, will often be content with a cheaper grade of flour, a cheaper sugar, and a cheaper meat. Economy in this line is scorned by the poorer workman. He wants the "best," and spends his last cent to get it. Quite good butter was selling in the market at twenty-five cents a pound, but the coal-laborer's family were using butter costing twenty-nine cents. No one wishes American workmen to adopt the unquestionably lower standard of living prevailing in Europe, yet it must be admitted that a study of economy would do no harm. The soldo (cent) which an Italian saves for his Sunday holiday is with us tossed aside or thrown away. It is too small to be appreciated, yet even a cent is not so small as to be despised, as I found when tramping over Europe. One cent a day, if put out at six per cent. interest, would in fifty years amount to nine hundred and fifty dollars; ten cents so saved and put out at interest would amount to nine thousand five hundred and four dollars. Half a dollar saved daily and put at six per cent. interest would amount in fifty years to the snug sum of forty-seven thousand five hundred and twenty dollars.

In Europe so hard is the struggle for life, the working-classes, though ever so thrifty, are barely able to support existence. They cannot even put by the modest sum of one cent. In Florence I had a good opportunity to study Italian economy. Within five minutes' walk of the celebrated Piazza Dei Signore is a narrow street, given up to working-men's stores, lodging-houses, and cheap restaurants. There was one place much frequented by the peasants who came to the city on Sundays to hear mass. A ladder reached from the stone floor to a kind of loft fifteen feet above. Up this climbed two fiddlers, pulled the ladder up after them, and scratched off Italian airs while the peasants in their gay costumes ate ice-cream below. The ice-cream, served in bowls scarcely larger than salt-cellars, cost one cent per bowl. How careful those poor people were with their tiny dishes of cream! How they nibbled at it, taking at a time only the smallest taste that it might last as long as possible, and that they might not have to get up too soon, and thus lose some of the music! These were occasions in their lives to look forward to, and, when over, to look back upon as pleasant to be remembered. In that Florentine restaurant when I laid down cinque soldi (five cents) and ordered five plates of cream at once, the good people stared. Such extravagance raised me one hundred per cent. in their estimation. They immediately jumped to the conclusion that I was the fortunate owner of a small shop, and possibly of two or three asses.

Even this extreme economy does not bring much reward in the densely populated and oppressed States of Europe. What it may accomplish in America is shown by those cases where Italians and Germans come to our land bringing with them nothing but their habits of industry, thrift, and economy, and become in a few years substantial, prosperous citizens.

I saw a man past the middle age board the steamer in Genoa for New York. He related with pride how he had worked for years carrying stone, how he had saved a few hundred lire, and how he intended to pass his remaining years in ease sitting on a box dozing and selling pea-nuts and candy. This was the goal of his ambition. He may go no farther in the road to wealth, but his children, with their thorough knowledge of economy, will probably bloom out into prosperous fruit merchants or dealers in Italian wines. I know two Italians who came to America in the steerage, with their worldly possessions done up in a red bandana handkerchief. They began life in

New York shoving a banana-cart. One of these Italians is now a wholesale fruit merchant; the other deals in imported wines and liquors, and is worth two hundred thousand dollars. These satisfactory results were achieved primarily because the two men had good business sense; but it is safe to say, except for their habits of economy learned in Italy, their prosperity would not be a quarter of what it now is. In their own country this rise would be next to impossible. Taxation is too high, population too dense, royalty and standing armies too dear.

Besides the one great cause at the bottom of all low wages, to which I shall refer at length in a future chapter, there is a cause which in some degree tends to lower New England factory wages in particular. I refer to the competition which New England factory operatives must undergo with French Canadians.

On the banks of the St. Lawrence, in Lower Canada, live a class of people closely resembling the French peasantry in habits of thrift and economy. The average farmer in this section owns sixty acres, worth four or five thousand dollars. He has his hay-field, his corn, his wheat, a small flock of sheep, a few cattle, and, in fact, a small supply of all the necessaries of life. The head of the house attends to the cultivation of every inch of his sixty acres; the wife sews, spins, weaves, and does housework; one daughter milks, one son does general farm-work. Now, if there are other sons and other daughters, they go to the "States," not to live, but to work a few years and see the world, while making what seems to them high wages. Accustomed to the frugal life of a Canadian farm, and to small wages, they are happy to work for the New England factory for ninety cents or a dollar a day. In a few years the Canadian returns to the St. Lawrence and, if a girl, marries one of her neighbors; or, if a man, gets his father to help him buy a farm, and settles down to a quiet, humdrum life, as his ancestors have done before him.

The native American operatives, who see these Canadians come in and undersell them in the labor market, are beginning to think a tariff on foreign *laborers*, not on foreign goods, is what would best protect American working-men.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW ENGLAND—*continued.*

THE KIND OF LITERATURE FACTORY PEOPLE READ.—BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPERS.—I FIND A BABY IN THE WEEDS.—SAINTS AND FOUNDLINGS.—LIFE OF THE NUNS.—AMONG THE SHAKERS.—THEIR CURIOUS WORSHIP AND DANCES.

THERE is a model New England village on the Connecticut River known as the "Paper City." In the immediate vicinity of that city, Holyoke, are manufactories employing a combined capital of $12,000,000. A great water company has built a dam across the river, has trimmed the banks with stone walls, and cut long canals out of solid rocks.

In 1845 there were only fourteen houses in this place. In 1850 the population was 3245; in 1880, 25,915. At first a single man, struck by the clearness of the water and the cheapness of power, started a mill here. In six years he was able to buy a new mill with the profits of the old one. To-day there are twenty-three paper-mills, making one-half of the writing paper used in the United States. They turn out 350,000 pounds of paper a day.

I was surprised to find the free-trade sentiment so strong in a manufacturing town like Holyoke. The *Paper World* said once:

"It is now time for the paper-makers to see more of foreign markets. A cutting down in the rate of tariffs will greatly assist in this, and would give the paper-makers a large part of the world for their domain."

Another paper, *The Manufacturer*, also published in Holyoke, advocates the same principles.

I asked at the library in Holyoke what class of books operatives usually call for.

"The boys and girls rarely read anything else than detective stories," was the librarian's reply.

"Do they read papers?"

"Not the large dailies. There are a few cheap evening sheets, filled with local news, which have a good circulation among factory employés."

I asked one of the girls if she ever went to lectures.

"Sometimes we go on Sundays," was the reply, "though most of us visit then. The bosses don't like us to go to lectures."

I remembered, then, that once when the Commissioner of Immigration from a Southern State had endeavored to get the young operatives together to hear him describe the climate and advantages of his State, they told him they dared not listen for fear they would be turned out of their places.

The life of a spinning-mill operative is bliss compared to the sickening, soul-killing occupation of the grinders, chemical-makers, and type-founders. In the large room where children grind the rough edge off knife-blades, imperceptible particles of dust will fly up in spite of the elaborate blowing apparatus. In the chemical works I saw a set of emaciated, wan-looking women with young yet wrinkled and yellow faces. Some were not over sixteen, but had been working in mercury several years. The average life in the mercury room does not exceed eight years.

Young men when advised by moralists to marry are often told that living is cheaper for two than for one. Whether or not this is always true I cannot say; I am of the opinion, however, that the married factory operative generally has the advantage over his unmarried brother. All the eligible members of his family will be employed at the mills, and if cottages are owned by the factory, the man of family will usually get his rent at a reduced rate. Then he will take one or two unmarried working-men as boarders, and thus eke out a living. I came across some families who kept as many as six or eight young men boarders, and almost made their expenses from that source alone. Sometimes I stopped with factory families myself. They afforded more opportunity to observe the characteristics of the people. The family with whom I boarded in Providence had a good breakfast every day in the week excepting Sunday. On that morning the fare invariably consisted of bread and butter, and pork and sweetened beans, which I found detestable, though the rest seemed to find them palatable enough.

The mistress of my boarding-house in Lowell was an unpleasant, sour-faced widow, who seemed to be suffering from a chronic case of dissatisfaction with the world and everybody in it. An old beggar knocked at the door one morning while we were at breakfast, and meekly asked for something to eat.

"Oh, these beggars!" muttered the sour-faced woman, shutting the door in the old man's face; "they are the bother of my life. When people get too old to work they ought to be killed."

Her father, an old, gray-haired man eighty-six years of age, sat at the table and received the full benefit of this amiable remark. As a rule, those who have experienced hard knocks in the battle of life are apt to have a kindly feeling for people who have to stand still harder knocks. Charity and sympathy for suffering is much more characteristic of the poor than of the rich, but the Lowell widow was a decided exception to this rule. She not only had no sympathy for beggars, but had little for her boarders, and I was glad to get away from her meagre table. My boarding-house keeper in Providence, Rhode Island, was of a different type—a round, fat, talkative person, entirely too social. She would bother me with friendly chatter even when I was writing in my room of a morning.

"*You* don't give me much trouble," she would say, with a view to making herself agreeable while making up my bed; "but the man in the next room is awful troublesome. He smokes in bed, and I have to shake the ashes off his sheets every morning. I never had any trouble with my tother lodger, Mr. Long, but his wife has. They're a funny couple. If he were only as long as his name, it mightn't be so bad, but he isn't. He's a little bit of a fellow—only up to his wife's shoulder. They're just married, but have quarrels all the same. He comes home tired, and wants to read the paper, but she is for going out to some place. Then they have a fuss. My girl Sal says she'd ruther never marry than carry on that way. However, I don't guess Sal 'll ever get married. She ain't but twenty-six, and she ain't got a sound tooth in her head. All her upper teeth are false, and the doctor says the others 'll have to come out this winter. Somehow we have bad luck in our family. My husband has been laid up with rheumatics half the year. I have dizziness in the head, until I'm that afeard I guess I'll tumble down-stairs some day."

Coming home one night from the houses of some factory operatives, I heard a sort of smothered, crying sound in the weeds near the sidewalk. It was in a poor part of the city, not closely built up. At the place where I heard the noise one side of the block was entirely vacant. I poked about in the weeds with my umbrella; it struck upon a soft bundle: the sound came from that bundle. I picked it up, and, to my amazement, found a wee specimen of humanity in it. Had it been an elephant I would not have been more nonplussed. I could not leave it there to perish, and to walk about the streets at midnight with a squalling infant in my arms was not pleasant. The situation was painful. An hour passed—I thought it a dozen—before I found a policeman and got rid of my wailing bundle. Not being a family man, I am not practised in the fine art of holding babies, and all the time I carried that unhappy infant I was trembling with fear lest I should let it fall and smash its little head open, and be held for murder in the first degree. The child was doubtless that of some poor girl who, barely able to support herself on factory wages, abandoned her babe in despair.

One does not find a baby in the streets every night. When safely rid of the burden, I was quite proud of the achievement, and soon after related the incident at a social gathering. An innocent young lady asked whether the infant were a boy or a girl. To my great confusion, I was compelled to admit total ignorance on that important point.

Three months afterwards I visited the foundling asylum to which the policeman had taken the baby. A Sister in sober costume of gray opened the door and conducted me to a large parlor, where, while awaiting the Mother Superior, I observed the stiff furniture: the rows of chairs ranged in precise lines around the walls, the pictures of saints and priests, and the image of the Virgin Mary in an alcove over the door.

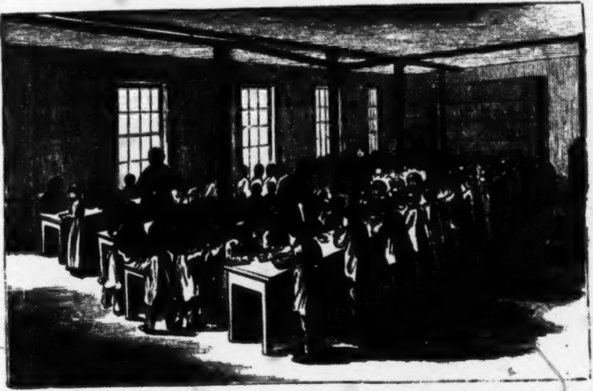
The Mother Superior consulted her books. Three foundlings had been admitted the same day my find had arrived. All three were living, and there was no way of distinguishing "my" baby from the other two.

I was permitted to go through the buildings and look at the score and more of infants—some lying on their little beds, some in baby-carriages, some crawling on the floor. A few were healthy, robust-looking; the majority had pinched faces; some looked wrinkled and old. This comes from want of mother's milk: artificial food is almost fatal to new-born babies. In the next hall I saw children from eighteen months to four years old. The moment we entered, the whole gang of them, some fifty or more, scrambled down from their seats and toddled up to me like a flock of chickens, caught hold of my hands, my coat-tail, my legs, all in a chorus crying "Howdy! howdy! howdy!" The Mother Superior looked on smiling a moment; then, with maternal command, she said,

"To your places, children!" and the fifty little chickens fluttered back to their little benches, and popped down and stared at me with their hundred little round eyes. They certainly were well trained, and seemed to be happy and healthy. The Mother Superior said if a child could be kept alive until past the teething-time, it has a fair chance to live and grow strong.

Painted on the polished floors were lines and circles. A girl, thirteen years old and blind in one eye, drummed a march on a piano, while the motley crew of infants in calico gowns marched around, following the figures indicated on the floor. One black-eyed little rascal of three years was rather untamable. Every time the line passed me he broke ranks and waddled to my chair, where he would stare at me with his wondering black eyes, until the Sister grabbed him by his fat arms and put him back in place again.

Overlooking this curious scene was a wooden figure of the Virgin, that sat on a bracket over the piano. When I arose to leave, the infants again clattered up to me to say good-by, every little fist stuck out in the friendliest way. It was with difficulty that I tore myself loose and made my escape. The dining-hall adjoined the kitchen; the tables and chairs were all on a miniature scale. The little toddlers, as they disposed of their soup and mashed potatoes, looked as solemn and dignified as judges. The oldest was just five; yet so well drilled were they that they fed themselves, and ate in peace and harmony with their neighbors.



FOUNDLING CHILDREN EATING DINNER.

A very saintly looking Sister in the laundry showed me how her wonderfully stiff, fly-away-looking bonnet was ironed and made to stand out. She took pride in the work, and was as pleased as a child at the compliments I bestowed. Speaking of the life they led, the Mother Superior said,

"We arise at four in the morning, and pray until five; then we eat breakfast; from half-past five to six we tell beads; then begin the duties of the day: some Sisters nurse, some cook, others work in the laundry, others sew. Dinner is at eleven, then prayers. From two to three is meditation hour. During that time we all sit together and silently meditate; not a word is spoken. Our prayer-books or some holy work of the fathers are in our laps to suggest pious thoughts. By nine o'clock, often by half-past eight, we are in bed. Such is our daily routine."

"Do you ever weary of the routine?"

The Mother Superior smiled gravely.

"We should never weary of well-doing," she said. "One of our Sisters has been blind twenty-two years. In all that time she has not missed a day in the chapel. Every morning she is up at four o'clock. For an hour she prays on her knees, then an hour standing. After breakfast she prays again. Her prayers are worth to us far more than any work she could do."

"She is a saint, then?"

"Yes, she is a saint," replied the Mother Superior, with perfect faith.

Before leaving the establishment I was shown an old, old-looking picture of the Virgin Mary.

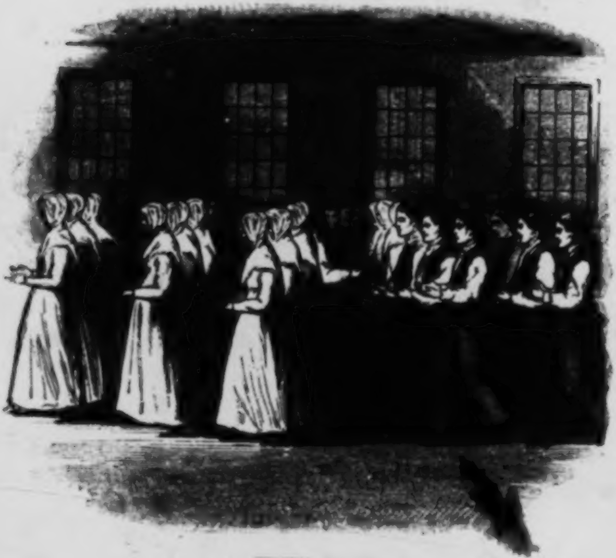
"See the wonderful sweetness of her expression," said the Mother Superior; "that painting has worked miracles. A woman who had been afflicted nine years with paralysis went to Father O——, and begged him to pray for her. He did so. Masses were said before this painting for nine consecutive mornings. On the ninth morning the woman arose from her bed, and walked two miles to Father O——'s church to return thanks to him and the blessed Virgin Mary for her miraculous cure."

As a contrast to this phase of religious feeling, I will picture another no less earnest in faith.

From Pittsfield, in the western edge of Massachusetts, I drove over the mountains to the Mount Lebanon Shaker settlement. It was Sunday, and, fortunately, the weather was fine, otherwise I would have missed seeing the Shakers' way of worshipping God. The Shakers do not consider cleanliness next to godliness — they consider it godliness itself. They will not hold services in rainy weather lest mud might be carried by the feet into their church, the floor of which is not carpeted, but always scrupulously polished and clean. The meeting-hall was crowded with Shakers, and perhaps thirty or forty "world's people" who went to see the curious, not to say fantastic, performance. When I went in, a tall slim woman who held herself so straight that she leaned backward, darted on me a sharp glance with her sharp, black eyes, and readily detecting that I was not a Shaker saint, but a poor "world's man," sent to me one of the Shaker brothers, who showed me where I was to sit, with the other world's people. The Shaker congregation did not sit down—they took their stands, the men in one row, the women in another, and began to sing at first in a slow, chanting way, each one keeping time with both hands waving up and down with a gentle motion as the two rows marched around in a wide circle, meeting, mingling, crossing, and turning in a wonderful way, moving faster and faster as the music of their song grew more and more exciting. I noticed that the tall woman who had eyed me so keenly every time she passed by the "world's people" darted at us warning glances which seemed to say, "Make no noise, or you'll catch it!"

The dress of these people is quaint and severely simple; the women's gowns, utterly destitute of frills and furbelows, hang straight down to the ankles; the men wear broad-brimmed hats and loose, home-made garments. The singing and dancing went on for an hour and a half, then all stood still, and one of the Sisters was moved to make an address, after which the exercises ended.

The first Shaker settlement was founded by an Englishwoman named Ann Lee. Being persecuted and called a lunatic, this woman came to New York in 1774. Six years later the settlement at Mount Lebanon was under way. The society is now wealthy, owning a good deal of land and valuable buildings. Recently they sold a large tract of land with barns, houses, etc., to a Mr. Burnham, who has opened an industrial school for homeless boys and girls. At the opening in September, 1887, twenty-five boys were booked ready to learn farming, or some one of the trades that are to be taught at this school. The town of New Lebanon, near which is situated this industrial school, seems to have imbibed the Shaker idea of celibacy. Shakers do not marry, and many of the people



SHAKER WORSHIP.

of New Lebanon also seem to prefer single blessedness. I do not know of a place with as large a proportion of old bachelors and old maids. It is not uncommon to find a brother and sister unmarried, and past the middle life, keeping up the homestead long after the old folks are dead. Samuel J. Tilden, who in his time was America's most prominent bachelor, came from New Lebanon. He now lies buried on a hill overlooking the town of his birth.

CHAPTER V.

IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE SNUFF-DRUMMER.—A MANUFACTURER WHO WAS "AGIN THE GOVERNMENT."—CONDITION OF LABORERS IN NEW ORLEANS.—A GLIMPSE OF ITALY AND THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.—WHY GIRLS DISLIKE DOMESTIC SERVICE.—MISERABLE PAY AND CONDITION OF SEWING-WOMEN.—INFLUENCE OF THE LOTTERY.—NO MONEY FOR BREAD, BUT ALWAYS A DOLLAR FOR THE LOTTERY.

FEW points of interest can be mentioned regarding the condition of labor in Philadelphia. Rents are cheaper, and there is not so much rush and hurry as in New York and Brooklyn; generally speaking, however, the conditions are similar to those already described in her two large neighbors, and a particular description would weary the reader as much as the six weeks' trudging through rain and snow, visiting factories, wearied me.

After six weeks of hard work and disagreeable weather, I finished the investigation in Philadelphia, and transferred the scene of my labors to a warmer clime. I started for New Orleans. One who has travelled on European railways will be struck, on taking a long journey on an American road, with the apparent utter lack of regard for human life in America. Wherever a wagon-road crosses a railroad in Europe there is a guard, who will permit none to pass if a train is near or due. I have seen these station-guards at little cross-roads in southern Russia hundreds of miles from any city. Whenever the train approached they closed the gates and stood at present arms until the last car had passed. In Heidelberg one morning I wanted a glass of water. There was a fountain on the platform on the other side of the depot. No train was near, so I started across the track to get my glass of water. A gendarme came running after me and grabbed me by the shoulder as if he thought I meant to steal the fountain, water and all.

"Sind sie verrückt?"—(Are you crazy?)—he said, "that you run such risks. Besides, it is five marks fine to cross the track."

He showed me steps that led down to a tunnel, through which I made my way, and up steps at the other end, to the fountain, where I got a glass of water; then I returned to the other side of the track by the same way I had come, down the steps and through the tunnel. All this may be over-caution; but on American roads they are over-careless. Even in entering large cities there is often only a sign-board telling you to look out for the train. The American railroad manager thinks he has done his duty when he has had such signs put up at the crossings. If you don't "look out," isn't it your fault? So, if you are run into and killed, the railroad men merely sigh, and wonder why people will be so careless. An acquaintance of mine has been confined to his bed for fourteen months, the result of being lifted into the air by one of the Iron Mountain Railroad's engines on the corner of Fourth and Poplar streets, St. Louis. My acquaintance was riding in a street-car, dreaming of no danger, when the engine turned the sharp curve and sent horses, street-car, passengers, and all into the air. Such an occurrence is an impossibility in Germany or Russia, where human life is held too dear to be sacrificed except in battle.

While flying over the bottom-lands of Louisiana, I overheard the conversation of two men in the seat behind me. The one a sleek, well-fed, self-satisfied-looking young man, had a long brown beard, which he stroked with great pride and affection. His companion was a mild-mannered, gray-haired old gentleman with an innocent face. Every time the train drew up at a depot, or passed through or in sight of a village, the younger of these two men made disparaging remarks on the general appearance of things and people.

"Look at the poverty," he would say; "look at the squalor. What an indolent way the people have!"

The scene was not particularly prosperous or brilliant, still

I did not see any squalor. The houses were small, the barns roughly built, but were good enough for that mild climate.

"They ought to prosper down here," said the mild-eyed old gentleman. "The soil is rich, the climate genial; what's the matter—laziness?"

"Snuff's the matter," said the younger man, with a self-complacent smirk.

"Snuff?" repeated the mild-eyed old man.

"Yes; they've got the climate, and they've got the soil. It's all the women's fault they are kept so poor."

"How so?"

"The women spend all their money on snuff: they eat snuff from morning until night. That's what makes 'em so lazy and shiftless and sallow."

The astonishment of the innocent-eyed old gentleman was a triumph enjoyed by the other. The train drew up at a station soon after, and I took the seat the old gentleman vacated, and fell into conversation with the complacent young man with the long brown beard. It was not long before he told me that he "hailed" from Wisconsin, and that his mission was to travel and "minister to the depraved taste of Southern women;" in other words, he was a snuff-drummer.

"I travel all over the South and sell the merchants snuff. They sell it to the women, and the women eat it."

"Do you sell much in the South?"

"Much? I should smile!" answered the snuff-drummer, with an exultant grin. "I sell millions of dollars' worth a year."

"Millions!" I gasped, aghast at the awful picture conjured up of my countrywomen gobbling so many tons and tons of the despicable weed.

"Southern women buy every year four million dollars' worth of snuff."

"And Northern women?"

"Oh, Northern women seldom use it; although the factory women of New England eat a good deal. There is a snuff factory at Byfield, Massachusetts. The factory women eat twelve tons of snuff a year. They do not use sticks in snuffing, as do the Southern women; they use little wads of cotton, which they sop in the snuff-box and cram in their jaws."

The snuff-drummer, who had just left Memphis, Tennessee, said that city was not in good favor with drummers.

"Why not?"

"Memphis puts a tax on drummers; consequently drummers ain't fond of Memphis."

Of course I deeply sympathized with the wrongs of the noble snuff-drummer class. I told that young man that Memphis acted badly when she put a tax on snuff-drummers. A snuff-drummer who came all the way from Wisconsin to "minister to the depraved taste of Southern women" ought to be received by a deputation of society belles, the prettiest of whom ought to carry his sack containing snuff samples. At night they ought to serenade him, so that he might sleep sweetly after drumming during the day to minister to their depraved taste.

The snuff-drummer gazed at me reflectively a moment, then picked up his satchel containing snuff samples and went over and sat at the other end of the car near the water-tank.

In New Orleans a new difficulty altogether was encountered. A number of the manufacturers and employers were like the proverbial Irishman, "agin the Government." One shoe manufacturer declared no Government agent should go through his factory. I explained that, although an agent of the General Government at Washington, it was a State law that required factories to open their doors for inspection. This altered matters. He did not want any "big nation agents" about, but if the State of Louisiana wanted a man to go through his place, all right. He respected the State, and would obey its laws. I was surprised and also a little embarrassed, the next day, to find that the manufacturer with whom I had had the wordy war, and who was compelled to admit me into his place, was the very person to whom I had a letter of introduction, and with whom I had an engagement to dine.

In New Orleans I got a glimpse of Italian life. My room in the top of a high building had a window overlooking the roof of the adjoining house. The janitor of this latter building was an Italian. On Sundays he sat with his family on the roof basking in the sun, while his wife combed his head. In Rome a crowd of peasants may be seen any fine morning sitting on the steps of the ancient Temple of Vesta, the mothers combing the heads of their children. In the Uffizi Gallery at Florence is a painting by one of the old masters, entitled "Venus Combing the Head of Cupid." I always thought that old master must have done a good deal of loafing around the Temple of Vesta. His Venus is a speaking likeness of the mothers, and his Cupid of the type of children one sees on the steps of the ancient Temple of Vesta.

The glimpses I got of the Italian janitor having his head combed on Sunday mornings took me back in memory to the Temple of Vesta, and to the old master in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.

The condition and general appearance of the working-classes in New Orleans reminds one of the working-classes in France and Italy. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that there are more points of resemblance between New Orleans and French and Italian cities than between New Orleans and other American places. French and Italian families live on seventy cents and less a day. Hundreds of New Orleans laborers support families on the same sum. French mechanics wear blouses; so do many New Orleans mechanics. Both speak French. The investigator rambling through the shops and factories of dilapidated, quaint New Orleans can easily forget America, and imagine himself on the shores of the distant Mediterranean.

This similarity is easily explained. The French and Spanish originally settled the country, and from those Latin peoples were received the first characteristics which an uninnovating spirit and a warm climate have tended to preserve, with comparatively little change, down to the present day. Stop a man in New York or St. Louis to inquire where the Post-office or

Court-house is, and if he notices you at all it will be merely to jerk his thumb towards a policeman and tell you to ask him. Stop a man for the same purpose in New Orleans, and he will tell you all he knows and more too. I once lost my way in the narrow streets of the French Quarter, and, as there were no passers-by, stepped into a shoemaker's shop to obtain directions.

"You wish to go to Washington Square?"

"Yes."

"Well, come; I will show you."

He laid his tools and shoes down, and we started off together. The few people we met on the quiet, almost deserted street did not seem to think there was anything odd in the shoemaker's walking along with me, his sleeves still rolled up, his leather apron tied around his waist, his workman's cap on his head.

"I did not mean to put you to this trouble," I apologized. "If you will tell me the way I can find it."

"Oh, it's no trouble," returned the shoemaker, jovially. "Besides, you couldn't go by yourself. The streets are very narrow and very crooked."

The rest of the distance—about a block and a half—we talked politics, a subject in which the shoemaker was well versed. Then we came in sight of the square, and my guide, with a bow that would have done credit to a dancing-master, touched his cap and returned leisurely to his shop. This little incident, which is characteristic, not exceptional, shows the *dolce far niente* spirit that pervades the people. Thousands of years lie behind them, thousands of years lie before them. Why rush? Why hurry? Do we not go to our graves fast enough without hurrying? So they do not rush or hurry. People move about slowly, and seem to care more for the social side of life, and to derive more enjoyment therefrom, in New Orleans than in any large city in the United States.

Within the last five years this easy-going gait has been disturbed to some extent, and it is likely to be more and more disturbed in the near future. Already there are several factories, employing each from one hundred and fifty to three hundred hands. There are a dozen or so employing smaller numbers. In all these places it would be a serious mistake to suppose anything is left of the *dolce far niente* business. On the contrary, in these factories, owned or operated for the most part by Northern men, the hours are even longer, the work harder, than in the East and North.

Excluding domestic service, three-fourths of the women in New Orleans who earn their livelihood earn it by the needle. Of these three-fourths, only a small portion work in factories. The majority sew at home, live in low, mean surroundings, on bad and insufficient food; they work from six in the morning until late at night to make two or two and a half dollars a week. It is the boast of their employers that they manufacture cheaper than the Eastern manufacturers; that they are underselling Eastern men in their own markets. This is credible. Women in New Orleans make jean "pants" for fifty-five cents a dozen—less than five cents a pair. The employer sells the same "pants" for from a dollar to a dollar and a half a pair—twice as much for one pair as he pays the sewing-women for making a dozen pairs. Mr. Edward Atkinson may involve himself in a maze of statistics, and succeed in proving to his own satisfaction that labor receives a larger return than capital. I fear, however, he will find it difficult to convince the New Orleans sewing-women that they receive a just proportion of labor's products. On the contrary, the sewing-women know very well that there is an unjust distribution, and they know the injustice does not lie at their door. The sewing-woman gives three times as much as she receives. Cobden said, "When two employers are after one workman, wages rise; when two workmen are after one employer, wages fall." This is a homely way of expressing the law of supply and demand. In New Orleans it is not two but a dozen seamstresses that apply to one employer, hence the extreme lowness of their wages. In the half-hour that I was engaged in conversation with a manufacturer, as many as four women came pleading for work. To each was given the same reply—no more sewing to give out. They looked in vain for a chance to make jean "pants" even at the pittance of fifty-five cents a dozen.

Whole streets are given up to the makers of cheap clothing. Walk through the Third District, and behind the closed shutters of nearly every house will be heard the clatter of a sewing-machine. On the table of the machine is a loaf of bread from which the operator from time to time takes a bite, and stays the hunger that is seldom or never fully satisfied. In many cases that fell under my notice this loaf of bread constituted the sole menu; with almost all was it the principal item, being helped out in the middle of the day by the one so-called square meal of coffee, potatoes, and salt pork or other meat. The figures furnished by one family, typical of the class, will convey a better idea of their condition than would pages of description.

Table of New Orleans Seamstress and Family.

Condition.—Family of six: parents, and four children from one to nine years old. Occupy a board shanty overlooking a canal. In summer the canal dries up, mud and stench very disagreeable. The rooms are bare, wretchedly furnished; a bedstead, a few chairs, and a rough kitchen table. The father is a cigar-maker. When at work, he earns $6 to $9 a week, but has been idle for some time. The mother operates a sewing-machine, the father assists in sewing buttons, making button-holes, etc. Earnings of the two, $3 a week.

Cost of Living:

Bread	per day	18 cents.
Sugar, milk, and coffee	"	10 "
Meat and potatoes	"	12 "

Total cost of food per day......40 cents; per week......$2 80
Rent of shanty per week......$1 00

Other items, as fuel, light, clothing, lottery tickets, etc., bring the total up to five dollars a week. When the husband is earning wages, the extra income is spent in paying debts, and in buying extra food supplies and extra lottery tickets. The expense for fuel and clothing is very small.

The old-fashioned Southern, or perhaps, in speaking of New Orleans, it is best to say creole, idea of woman's "sphere" has operated to confine women to the needle. Even yet that narrow idea governs women, and limits the number of avenues of work, and narrows those few that are open to them.

"Girls working for me?" said a creole shoe manufacturer, with a virtuously offended air. "Well, I should think not. Thank God, it has not come to that yet."

"But the girls must live; why not by making shoes?"

"And work in the same room, at the same benches with men? Impossible!"

Nevertheless, it is possible. Men who talked like the creole shoe manufacturer two years ago now employ women by the dozen. Were they to persist in the old idea, they would have to give way to others who do not believe that woman's "sphere" lies exclusively in the nursery and the kitchen, or that her work is confined to the needle and the wash-tub.

Why is it that the women of New Orleans dwell in shanties, and sew until late at night to earn two dollars and fifty cents a week, when they can make twice that amount, and get good board and lodging besides, by hiring out as cooks or house-servants? The explanation lies in the word "servant."

"Do you think I'd be any stuck-up woman's servant?" said a "wash-lady," which means a girl who works in a laundry for three dollars a week. It was Sunday, and as she walked to church dressed neatly and well, she felt as fine as the finest.

"If I were a servant I shouldn't be on the way to church. I would be answering somebody else's door-bell, or eating in the kitchen."

To this Sunday work, and still more to the wide line that is drawn between mistress and maid, is due the repugnance felt against domestic service. In some New England towns that I have observed, as Pittsfield (Massachusetts), Portland (Maine), and other smaller places, the line is not so sharply defined. In some towns I have found myself seated at table by the side of the cook, who, having finished her culinary duties, had rolled down her sleeves and taken a place alongside the family. There is little of this spirit left in the cities, and it is perhaps growing less in the country and the town—a fact to be deplored, as it will materially increase the difficulty of getting good house-servants.

Nothing of this kind ever existed in New Orleans. Before the war servants were bought. They cannot be bought now, and unless something be done to make domestic service preferable to being "wash" ladies and other sorts of "ladies" who work their fingers to the bone and half starve, the mistresses of American households will ultimately be obliged to do their own cooking and house-work. Any number of women may be seen waiting to be employed in a factory eleven hours a day on wages of four dollars a week and less, but the applicant for a good house-girl or cook often goes a long time before the demand is supplied. The fact is, few working-men's wives and daughters know how to cook, and if they did know they would still prefer factory or shop life, which, if more laborious and less remunerative, is yet, in their opinion, a more honorable and independent occupation. Rather than be "servants," girls prefer to stand on their feet from seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night.

Sales-girls are required to be dressed neatly. Seamstresses work as hard as sales-girls, but they have this advantage, they are not compelled to spend so much on dress. In garrets in New York and Brooklyn I have come across women in calico gowns that did not cost above thirty cents. Their rent cost from five to eight dollars a month. The rest of their meagre earnings, after paying for the thirty-cent gowns and the rent, went to buy food to sustain the human machine, that it might keep on with its daily grind of toil. Did seamstresses have to spend as much for dress as sales-women, statistics would doubtless show a much larger proportion of former seamstresses among fallen women than is now actually the fact. Despite their miserable pay, the number of sewing-women who go wrong is less, proportionately, than in almost any other occupation.*

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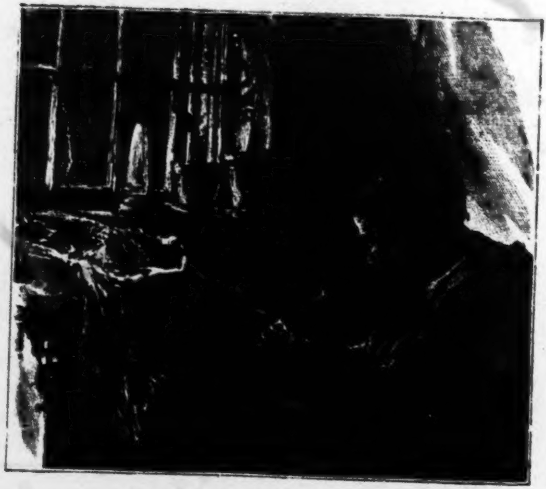
* Only *seven and a half* per cent. of degraded women were ever engaged in sewing of any kind for a living. This percentage is obtained from an



A POOR SEAMSTRESS AT WORK.

The reason that women prefer such hard work to the less arduous occupation of domestic service is, as just remarked, almost entirely because of the badge of inferiority they think attached to the latter. European workmen and women have less of this sort of pride. In Europe the social line is more rigid and fixed; the poor never dream of passing it. The German shopkeeper stands no higher in the estimation of the titled loafer than does his clerk or house-servant. Both work, and work is degradation in the eyes of a legalized aristocracy. The effect of this is, the German shopkeeper does not keep his clerks and house-servants at so great a distance as the American shopkeeper keeps his. In Germany everybody looks down

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investigation of over five thousand fallen women in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, New Orleans, Denver, and San Francisco. By far the larger per cent. graduate into their degraded calling direct from home or from domestic service.

upon the bauer (peasant-class); but with that exception, there are less distinctions among the middle classes than is the case with us. An American shopkeeper lives in a fine house. He walks about his "Emporium of Fashion" a little czar. If his wife or daughter is ever seen there, it is when she drives up in her carriage to get a silk dress or a check from papa. In France and Germany the same class of shopmen live in rooms over their shops. Even bankers live over their banks. The shopman's wife, in all probability, helps him keep his books and sell his goods. At night, when the house has been put to rights, Gretchen, the house-maid, will come into the family sitting-room and listen to her employer read the papers or chat of the day's events. She is not kept back in her room in the attic, or thrown entirely on her own resources for amusement. Hence the Germans and French do not experience that difficulty in securing capable domestic help that American housewives meet with. They bring their customs more or less to this country, and in American cities the first to get good house-servants and the last to lose them are not American but German or French families.

The noted Louisiana Lottery has no little bearing on the labor question in New Orleans. The seamstresses spoken of as working from seven in the morning until eleven at night may have for breakfast, dinner, and supper only a five-cent loaf of bread, but they are apt to have lottery tickets in the pockets of their threadbare dresses, or stowed away behind a cracked mirror or picture-frame. A family on whom I called one morning lived in abject poverty. The house contained only two rooms and a closet, yet was the habitation of nine human beings, or had been until recently—the mother had just buried the youngest of her eight children. She was direct from the cemetery, and doubtless had not enough food in the cupboard to furnish a meal to her living children, yet at the moment of my call she was surrounded by them, eagerly scanning the lottery bulletin that was just out announcing the numbers of winning tickets. Her own number was apparently not on the list, for she cast the sheet aside with a disappointed air, and turned to answer my questions and resume her sewing.

Tickets, or parts of tickets, for the daily drawing can be bought for twenty-five cents. They are hung up on strings in the windows of nearly every corner grocery. The sewing-woman tramps from her dingy shanty in the Third District to the factory, three miles distant, a mountain of "pants" and coats on her back. She is paid two dollars or two dollars and fifty cents for her week's work, and walks back to save car-fare. But on the way the lottery tickets in the windows stare her in the face. Perhaps she passes three or four windows and does not stop; but there are so many on her long walk, what can she do? By each lot of tickets is a poster telling in big type of the wonderful fortune won, perhaps, by some neighbor or acquaintance. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Why cannot she draw a fortune too? The temptation is too great. A ticket is bought, and until the result of the drawing is announced that poor woman lives almost literally on hope. Sometimes she will go herself to the hall of the lottery company on St. Charles Street, and watch the blindfolded boy as he takes out the tickets from the wheel. How her heart beats!

"If he only draws my number! Ah, that was near it. It is getting nearer; he may draw mine next;" and she unfolds her crumpled ticket and reads again and again the number printed thereon.

Servant-girls do not think it wrong to slightly curtail their employer's food supply, that they may have a chance in the wheel of fortune. Those women whom one sees in the lottery building on St. Charles Street, with market-baskets on their arms, waiting for the blindfolded boy to draw them a prize, may be depended upon to show a shortage in their market account by the price of at least one lottery ticket.

Almost on a par with the lottery are the numerous "benefit" societies that abound in the Crescent City. Of the several hundred families whom I personally visited, nearly two-thirds (sixty per cent.) had members of the family belonging to one, and sometimes to as many as four or five societies. The dues to one society amount to seven dollars a year. One old lady, a stitcher of shoe-uppers, was a member of four societies, and paid yearly dues amounting to twenty-eight dollars—nearly a fourth of her earnings. There was no return for this outlay that she had been making for years except in case of illness. The old lady, I verily believe, would have welcomed some ailment that would have enabled her to recoup some of the money she had spent on benefit societies. In contrast to this exceptional liking for benefit societies is a marked weakness of the trades-union idea. Only a small per cent. of New Orleans working-men are members of unions. Those who are members are not as enthusiastic as union men in other cities.

"The negroes and Cubans crowd us out," said a cigar-maker. "They work for anything they can get, so of course the unions can't keep up wages. Cigar-makers make here at least two dollars a thousand less than in Northern cities."

The cigar-maker who said this was part negro himself. His father was white, his mother half African. The cigar-maker was of a dark, swarthy hue. He had been educated by his father in Paris, and up to the war played the rôle of gentleman. After the war, being thrown upon his own resources, he learned cigar-making—not, however, with any great enthusiasm. His former lazy life had spoiled him. At the time of my visit he was lounging around his hovel, smoking a bad pipe, and occasionally helping his wife sew buttons on jean "pants." I found not a few slightly colored husbands who thus attempted, even in the face of dire poverty, to play the gentleman. It puzzled me to understand how they kept soul and body together.

This cigar-maker, though earning six or seven dollars a week when at work, had been idle three months, so that the actual income of the family was what the wife earned—two dollars and a half a week. One dollar of this went for the two wretched rooms they called home. On the remaining dollar and a half husband, wife, and three small children had to clothe and feed themselves.

Statistics show that the number of remunerative occupations open to women have a decided bearing on their morality. In Birmingham, England, where women are employed to a great extent, there is one degraded woman to every six hundred of population; in Chicago and Louisville there is one degraded woman to every three hundred. The natural inference would be that a class of female wage-earners so poorly paid as are the seamstresses of New Orleans would largely recruit the ranks of fallen women; but inquiry shows that of the entire number of fallen women in New Orleans only seven and a half per cent. were formerly seamstresses. Bear in mind that sewing-women are the poorest paid of any laboring class, and that they outnumber the women engaged in all other pursuits, domestic service excepted,* and the fact certainly speaks well for the virtue and industry of poor sewing-women. I came across an unmarried seamstress, the mother of two children, who eked out a bare support for herself and for them by giving piano lessons to a class for ten dollars a month. She was intelligent, modest in manners, and hard-working. Such women do not by any means forfeit their own or their neighbors' respect. Cases of this kind are often met with, but, as stated, the percentage of those who abandon all shame and become degraded women is astonishingly small.

The Spanish Fort and the West End are two very pleasant resorts on Lake Pontchartrain, accessible from the city by a narrow-gauge railway. The cost of the round trip is only fifteen cents, but even this small sum is beyond the reach of all but the better and more well-to-do class of workmen. The great majority live in shanties and courts, and spend their holidays, not on the cool shores of the lake, so near, yet so far, because separated by a fifteen-cent gulf, but on the grass beneath the shade of the trees that are planted in the middle of New Orleans's magnificently wide streets and avenues.

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* See United States Census for 1880.

CHAPTER VI.

AMONG SOUTHERN FARMERS.

AN ANCIENT ACADEMY.—TUSCULUM, NAMESAKE OF CICERO'S VILLA. —LIVING ON TWENTY CENTS A DAY.—INDEPENDENCE OF THE MOUNTAIN FARMERS.—HOW COTTON IS RAISED ON SHARES.—SKETCHES OF FARM LIFE IN EAST TENNESSEE.—A RELIGIOUS MEETING WHERE THE WOMEN WASHED THE MEN'S FEET, AND THE MEN SWAPPED HORSES.

After a few weeks in and around Birmingham, Alabama, and Chattanooga, Tennessee, studying the condition of Southern iron-workers, I prepared to go among the Southern farmers, and with that view made my headquarters at a little village called Tusculum, in East Tennessee. In selecting that namesake of the great Cicero's villa, I was determined by a circular descriptive of the fine scenery and the splendid library of the Tusculum College, the oldest seat of learning in the State of Tennessee. The scenery was all there, but the splendid library was a splendid sham. True, there were thousands of dusty, moth-eaten school-books, thousands of old theological tomes; volumes and volumes, several centuries old, of learned but useless disputes over points which not even the most bigoted theologians of the present day deem worth discussion; volumes of ancient sermons that had been brought over two hundred years ago from England—such was the library that the circular called "splendid"—not a single book in all the thousands that a live man could read with either profit or interest.

The mountain boys come to this house of learning in wagons, bringing bags of flour, skillets, coffee-pots, hams, potatoes, apples, bed and bedding, as well as their wearing apparel. In the grove, in a semicircle around the old brick college, are log-cabins. The boys bunk together in these cabins, take turns in cooking their meals and washing their clothes—thus making a practical study of economy as well as of books. It was an interesting sight to see the students when wash-day came around. By the edge of the clear-watered creek that flowed near by was a huge iron kettle. Under this a fire was made. Then the boys of the various messes got down to their work and washed away with a will, rinsing the clothes in the clear, cold water of the creek. By this close economy some of the students reduce their expenditures while at college to less than a hundred dollars a year, a good part of which sum they earn in vacation, ploughing in the fields or doing other farm-work.

The expenses of our family while camping near Tusculum fell short of thirty cents a day for each member. Chickens cost eight or ten cents apiece; eggs cost five cents a dozen; beef seven cents a pound; buttermilk was fed to the hogs; fruit and vegetables—corn, potatoes, turnips, tomatoes, melons—were to be had almost for the asking, fuel for the cutting and hauling. These are interesting figures, but to the Pennsylvania iron manufacturer they are not pleasant, since the Southern workmen, where living is so cheap, can afford to work for less wages than the men of the North, where large cities create large demands for food products, thus raising the cost of living. The mill-owner in Chattanooga and Birmingham pays lower wages than Northern manufacturers, but workmen in the South can afford to accept lower wages, because living is cheaper. This is why the iron-men of the North and West are becoming alarmed at Southern competition. Probably we shall soon hear them crying for a protective tariff against "pauper" Southern labor.

My knowledge of cheap living, which had stood me in such good service in Europe, was put in practice in our camp at Tusculum. In the morning I would go to the cornfield and pluck a dozen ears of corn; we boiled this, or, when the corn was matured, ground it into meal and converted it into corn-bread on the back of a hoe. Wheat was cheap. We pounded a pint or so of wheat grains with two smooth bowlders until the kernels cracked. This, well boiled, and eaten with sugar and cream, that cost little or nothing, made a breakfast nutritious and wholesome. The cost for our family of five could not have exceeded twenty cents.

Investigation showed that the women of East Tennessee spin and weave their own and their husband's and children's clothing, also their blankets. In this they are widely unlike the farmers of the level lands of the Gulf States. The mountaineers of East Tennessee, Virginia, and North Carolina are almost entirely self-supporting, purchasing from the outside world only a few agricultural implements, and occasionally small quantities of coffee and tea. They raise their own tobacco, rice, wheat, cotton, and wool; spin and weave their own cloth and distil their own whiskey; in short, they are quite independent of the outside world. It must be something more than a coincidence that this characteristic of independence is so often found among mountainous people. As Buckle has suggested, man is influenced by climate and physical geography.

Before the days of steam, mountains, on account of their rough, rugged nature, were difficult of access: even now, with roads climbing such giddy heights as Marshall Pass in the Rocky Mountains, the homes of mountaineers are less easily reached than the homes of other classes; hence the marked degree of independence noted among the inhabitants of such countries as Switzerland and East Tennessee. Money in East Tennessee has not the same value it has in other parts of the country. What little commerce exists is carried on mostly by barter. A farm hand who hires out to the owner of a farm does not receive his board and so much money—fifteen or eighteen dollars a month—as he would receive on "level land" farms: he gets his board and an order on the nearest store. The farmer pays the merchant in butter, eggs, or other farm produce, which the merchant ships off to distant markets. Should the hired laborer have a house and family of his own, he is paid in bacon, lard, or meal, and an order on the store, Farmers and planters in the Gulf States will often be found buying from Northern merchants clothing, provisions, and even their staple "hog and hominy." The cotton plantations are conducted on what is called the "share" system. The land-owner furnishes the mules and implements, and the hands buy their own provisions. A white man overlooks and directs the negroes, who agree, in the first place, to obey the manager in every particular as to planting. Were this not done, the negro, by careless planting, might cause heavy loss to his landlord as well as to himself. The cost of producing a pound of cotton on good land can be reduced to five cents. The negro share-workers at this rate make a neat income.

"I have had as much as four thousand dollars to the credit of big Henry Bolton," said a commission-merchant. "He is a negro who can't read or write, but knows how to save. He now owns a farm of three hundred acres, and rents it out like a lord. There is no reason why negroes shouldn't make money. In the picking season you can't punch a negro man on a plantation without hearing the silver rattle. They get a cent a pound, and an industrious man can pick a hundred and fifty pounds a day. The trouble with most of them is, they are unable to save money or to use it judiciously. Tobacco, whiskey, and 'craps' (a gambling game) are their weaknesses. Some make as high as twenty bales a year. This season, Tom, an Arkansas negro, cleared four hundred dollars. He came to town, got drunk, played craps, and came into my office last week to get me to advance him money enough to go home on."

The cabins on plantations are built of logs, and usually consist of two rooms, eighteen by sixteen feet, and a porch. Such a cabin costs four hundred dollars, and is used by two families. On a plantation of 1750 acres that I visited there were seventy-four such cabins. The planter furnishes all these and the implements; the negroes have only to buy their food and clothing. At the end of the year the crop is divided into two equal parts. It is only by keeping a sharp lookout, and seeing that the negroes do not idle or waste, that the planter makes a profit, or even comes out without loss. It is seldom one finds negro plantation-hands intelligent and thrifty.

The hospitality of the Southern mountaineers is open and boundless, as I learned from personal experience. A dozen travellers may stop at a farmer's cabin and stay several days, and the whole twelve would be fed and cared for without charge. Of this characteristic I became acquainted on a horseback trip into the interior among the farmers and lumber-cutters. I had proceeded but a short distance from Tusculum, when I overtook another horseman jogging slowly along the road. He was a lean, lank fellow, dressed in homespun jeans, his long hair hanging on his shoulders.

"Mornin', stranger," said the lank man as I rode up.

"Good-morning, sir."

"Fine day, fine day," said the lank man.

"Yes, it is."

"A good day, too, stranger. It's the Lord's Day, you know."

I remembered it was Sunday. We rode on together, the lean, lank man talking more or less on religion. Presently he turned and said,

"Stranger, you'd better 'light, an' look at your saddle."

"What's the matter? Girth loose?"

I leaned over and felt the buckle to see if all was right. The lean man looked gravely reproachful.

"I've asked you to git down an' look at your saddle," he repeated. "If you don't mean to do it, don't sit thar a-mockin' of me."

At this moment another man, bareheaded, and also dressed in a suit of homespun jeans, emerged from a thicket on the road-side, nodded to my companion, looked at me, and said,

"Mornin', stranger. I reckon you'll 'light an' look at your saddle?"

"I've jist asked him," put in my companion of the road. "He mocked me. The devil is in him."

"Slow, Brother Kite, slow," said the second man; then, turning to me, "Now, you uns air a stranger in these parts, I reckon?"

I admitted the fact.

"Well, we uns air a-holdin' meetin' heah to-day. Brother Kite asked you to 'light an' fix your saddle, an' come in to meetin'."

I accepted the invitation, and afterwards learned that the saddle interlude was merely the East Tennessee way of inviting one to church. The saddle-girths are strapped very tight to keep the rider from sliding over his horse's tail in climbing the steep mountains. It is usual, when not riding, to loosen the girth to relieve the horse; hence the form of invitation to get down from your horse and stop a "while" is "'light and look at your saddle."

In the little log meeting-house were assembled some thirty or forty mountaineers.

The people of this country ought to be the healthiest in the world. The air is pure and bracing, the water clear and free from injurious deposits, food abundant and cheap. One would expect fresh, rosy faces; on the contrary, most of the women and children are sallow, and the former wrinkled before their time. When I came to know how these people ate and drank, I thought the premature wrinkles, decayed teeth, and sallow skins not to be wondered at. Whiskey, tobacco, and hog-meat constitute the principal part of their diet. Scrofula often afflicts the children, while consumption carries off too many of the adult inhabitants.

Brother Kite proved to be the preacher for whom the people in the little log meeting-house were waiting. He mounted the pulpit and preached the most remarkable sermon I ever heard. It was a funeral sermon in memory of a sister who had been dead two years, and whose husband, with a second wife, was present.

"Bretheren and sisters," said Brother Kite, "all of you uns who knowed Sister Betts knowed as she were a good an' faithful Christian woman. No woman in these parts ever gin her family better fried ham an' eggs, an' better coffee, than Sister Betts. She allus had *such* good butter an' *such* good milk. But she's gone now. Sister Betts is gone from among us, an' thar ain't many left as can ekal her in keepin' house."

At that time I was studying short-hand. Hauling out my note-book and pencil, I began to note down Brother Kite's sermon. A city clergyman is pleased to see stenographers jotting down his eloquent utterances, but Brother Kite was not accustomed to seeing writing going on during his most fervid utterances. Pointing at me his long, lean forefinger, he said,

"Stranger!" Every eye turned on me. "Stranger, you air in the Lord's house, an' this air his day."

I hurried my pencil and note-book out of sight, while Brother Kite proceeded with his sermon. An hour's intermission was given for dinner. The women filed out first, then the men. As I was walking off to where my horse was hitched, Brother Kite overtook me.

"You ain't agoin', air ye?"

I said I thought it time to go.

"Meetin' ain't half over yit. You uns had better git dinner with Sister Peggy, and stay to foot-washin'."

As I had never seen a religious foot-washing, I accepted the invitation. Brother Kite took me up to Sister Peggy, who was unloading her basket, and spreading the edibles out on the white cloth at the root of a tree.

"Come to buy land?" said Sister Peggy, after making me welcome to her fried pies, corn-bread, and cold ham.

I said I was only looking at the beautiful country, the mountains and valleys.

"Well," said Sister Peggy, "the valley land can't be beat. It raised the best corn last year I ever seed, but the mountains ain't good for much. It would be a powerful sight better if the mountains were all valleys."

Before we began eating, Sister Peggy went to her wagon and brought back a small brown jug.

"It's your old favorite, Brother Kite."

"Let the stranger have the first pull, Sister Peggy," replied the preacher, passing the jug to me. It was an opaque jug, but I was not at a loss in guessing its contents. The red nose of Sister Peggy led me to believe that she was not the woman to carry around a jug of cold water.

Both Brother Kite and Sister Peggy were astonished when I refused to drink. They seemed to think it as natural to drink moonshine whiskey as to drink water.

"Why, stranger," said the preacher, "you ain't sick, air ye?"

"No, but I am afraid I would be if I sampled that jug."

After dinner the women set to work putting the things back in the baskets; the men gathered around in knots and talked "hogs," the probable price of corn, and whether the "craps" were going to be good. Some, to my astonishment, forgetting that it was the Lord's Day, began horse-trading. Even the preacher joined in this occupation.

"I hearn you'd swapped off your mare for Black Nance," he said, addressing one of a group of men, each one of whom was chewing tobacco and whittling a stick with a jack-knife.

"Yes, I did."

"Git any boot?"

"Reckon so. You didn't 'low as I'd gin Luce for Black Nance 'thout boot?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the preacher. "Black Nance's a powerful good little mare."

"So was Luce—worth two of Nance, if she's worth a cent."

There was a pause, in which the preacher pulled out his knife and picked up a stick to whittle. When he had found one to his satisfaction he spoke:

"How would you like to swap Black Nance fur my Joe?"

Brother Hawkins gave the preacher a keen glance.

"D'ye mean it?"

"Sartin."

"Well, what'll you gimme to boot?"

"Boot! Brother Hawkins, you must be a-funnin'. It's me as ought to have boot. Leastwise, the swap orter be even."

This dickering lasted five or ten minutes. Then they adjourned to where the horses were hitched to the limbs of a tree, where Brother Kite pointed out the fine parts of Joe, while Brother Hawkins descanted on the sterling qualities of Black Nance. The end of it all was, the preacher took Black Nance, giving in exchange his horse Joe and five dollars boot. Brother Hawkins, I afterwards heard, was the best horse-trader in the mountains. He went once to "meetin'" with an old yellow cob, made several swaps, each time getting boot, and finally rode home on the same old yellow cob, with thirty dollars extra in his pocket. He had a knack of making men believe their horses were of no account at all, while his own had every good quality known to the equine species.

When the horses were watered, the congregation filed back into church to wash each other's feet. The two preachers sat on the platform, gave out the hymn, shut their eyes, and joined in the singing with great feeling. Buckets of water were brought from a neighboring spring; some ten or more of the male portion of the congregation pulled off their shoes—they had no stockings to pull off—and half a dozen women, of whom Sister Peggy took the lead, fell on their knees before one old fellow after another, washing each man's feet and wiping them on a towel. The last recipients of this honor were the two preachers, who seemed to derive much spiritual consolation from the process. The ceremony concluded with a general hand-shaking all around, amid the most fervid and stentorian singing.

Sister Peggy, who had invited me to spend the night at her place in "Corn Cove," after some delay got her flock of tow-headed children stowed away in the wagon, and we started off.

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG SOUTHERN FARMERS—*continued.*

THE "KING OF CORN COVE."—LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS.—THE 'SPRISE DANCE AT SAMANTHA'S.—WHY BILL CALLED HIM A SNEAK.—MOUNTAIN ETIQUETTE.

CORN COVE, a valley hemmed in on both sides by steep mountains, is famous for producing the tallest and largest stalks of corn, with the greatest number of ears to the stalk, of any land in the State. Old man Crownover, Sister Peggy's husband, owned miles and miles of valley land, besides half a dozen mountains. He was the richest man of that section, and was called the "King of Corn Cove."

The Crownover house, the largest I had yet seen in the mountains, was at the base of a high mountain, built of wood, a wide hall in the middle, and rooms on both sides of the hall. The rear end of the hall, used as a dining-room, was hung with coon-skins, saddles, harness, rakes, scythes, and bags of garden-seeds.

"Well, Peggy," said the white-headed patriarch, father of three sets of children, "I reckon you've been a-rushin' religion down at the meetin'-house."

"No more'n usual, Jim. Here's a city man, come to stay all night an' look about the country."

"Welcome to what we've got, stranger. Come in an' sit right down to supper. Reckon you must be powerful hungry by this time."

Old man Crownover, the King of Corn Cove, was as fine a specimen of untutored humanity as one would wish to see. At the age of seventy he was tall and straight as an Indian, his long hair white as snow. I learned afterwards that he had walked from Georgia barefooted by the side of his first wife, then a bride, who rode the only horse, and the only piece of property he owned at that time. Now he was full of years, blessed with abundance and a numerous progeny. On the steps of the front porch were a dozen or so great stalwart men in their shirt-sleeves, chewing and spitting tobacco, and talking over the horse-trades made that day.

"Are these all your sons, Mr. Crownover?" I asked.

"Yes, all but that one thar," pointing to a young fellow at his right. "They claim he's my son Tom's boy, but I don't believe it."

"What does Tom's wife say?"

"Wife? Tom ain't got no wife. In course the boy's mother says he's *Tom's;* that's why I'm a-keepin' him. But I feel powerful uncertain about it."

The youth whose paternity was thus questioned by his alleged grandsire paid not the slightest attention to these delicate remarks.

In the Crownover household, as in most East Tennessee households, women occupy back seats, and do not appear at table until the men have been served. When the ten or dozen of us who first sat down had finished supper, another relay of men dropped in, composed of cousins and nephews and friends and hired hands. When all these were through, and not before, Mrs. Crownover and her daughters sat down to supper.

In their home life I found the mountaineers of East Tennessee almost as primitive as I found the Italian and Hungarian peasantry. After a day's tramp through a steady rain, I was given, at Raciglione, Italy, a room in which were three other beds, all three occupied by stout Italian lassies. My bed was used during the day as a table on which to spread out trays of silk-worms. All night I fancied I could feel the worms crawling over me. In the room I slept in at old man Crownover's were four beds, two of which in the daytime were run under the two larger ones. One of these was occupied by two girls who had waited on the supper-table; the other three beds were occupied by men. I was the last to retire, and the last to get up in the morning. When I yawned and peeped out from the billowy feather-bed in which I lay buried, the occupants of the other beds were up and gone, excepting one girl, who stood before the cracked little mirror combing her hair. The situation was embarrassing to me, notwithstanding the experience I had had in Europe. The young lady, however, seemed quite at ease.

"Had I better get up?" I ventured.

"Just as you please," was the nonchalant reply.

"Of course. I mean, is it late?"

"'Pends on what you uns call late."

"Is everybody up?"

"No, you uns ain't."

She was as sober as a judge. When quite through her toilet, she condescended to tell me she hadn't milked yet, and that breakfast would not be ready until she came back from milking. When she left, I jumped up, made a hasty toilet, and in a few minutes was down in the cow-lot watching her milk the cows. She kept two steady streams flowing into her bucket. Her sleeves were rolled up, showing a pair of brown, sturdy arms, her brown hair brushed smoothly back, not a friz, not a bang; tricks of fashion had not penetrated to these remote parts. I waited until the last cow was milked, then walked back with her to the house.

"Do you like the country better than the city?"

"I wouldn't live in a city," was the emphatic reply.

"What city were you ever in?"

"I've been in Tusculum twice—don't like it a bit."

Tusculum is a "city" of eighty-three inhabitants!

After breakfast Mr. Crownover invited me to ride with him over his cornfields.

"If you've seed better corn than this, say so," he said, waving his hands at the tall stalks with proud satisfaction.

In the highest stalks the first ear was seven or eight feet from the ground. My host shucked several ears to show how free they were from worms, then we rode on. On his mountain land he showed me coal-mines, the coal almost on the very surface of the earth. The great value of these mountains is yet unknown,

Returning, we met Sister Peggy, with a long sun-bonnet on her head. This head-gear, so much affected by mountain maids and matrons, is made of calico stiffened by narrow strips of pasteboard. The bonnet sticks so far out over the wearer's face that the face cannot be seen except by standing directly in front.

"You uns ain't agoin' to ride any furder to-night?" she asked.

"Yes, I am going to ride on to the Devil's Nose."

"Well, now, that's a pity. Thar's agoin' to be a dance up to Samantha's to-night. You'd see some powerful purty young gals."

"The Devil's Nose will keep. I will go and see the pretty girls."

We started, after an early supper, across the cove for Samantha's dance. There were no swallow-tail coats for the men nor frizzes for the ladies. The only preparation the Crownover girls made was to wash their faces and to smooth their hair. Sister Peggy went out to the flour-barrel, where, buried in the flour, she kept her own particular bottle, and fortified herself with a moderate-sized drink of whiskey. The Crownover men went in the same clothes they had worn all day, probably all the year.

"When did Mrs. Samantha send out her invitations to the dance?" I asked Miss Sally, the girl who milked the cows.

"She never sent no invitations."

"How do you know we are wanted, then?"

"It's a s'prise dance. Samantha don't know nothin' 'bout it."

"And will she be ready to receive us?"

"If she ain't, she can git herself ready."

When we had crossed the cove and dismounted before Samantha's cabin door all was darkness; not a glimmer of light was visible. There were in our party some eighteen or twenty persons, nearly all the sons and daughters, or grandsons and granddaughters, of Mr. Crownover. The old man did not come with us. Besides these there were several hired hands, sons of neighbors. All set up a howl in chorus loud enough to awake the wolves on the mountain-tops. From the darkness within the cabin came a woman's voice.

"Lors a-mussy, what air you uns a-doin' out thar?"

"Git up, Samantha; the gals an' boys have come to storm you. Whar's Jim an' the fiddle? They want a dance."

Without further ceremony, Sister Peggy, followed by the rest of us, pushed into the cabin. In the yawning fireplace were logs of wood partially burned, and covered up with ashes to keep the fire. Sister Peggy raked away the ashes, and soon a bright blaze lighted up the scene. Samantha and her husband were in bed in one corner of the room; in a trundle-bed near by were half a dozen tow-headed little children, ranging from two to ten years of age, fast asleep.

"Brother Kite an' folks from Snake Trail 'll be along purty soon," said Sister Peggy. "You'd better hustle up an' git ready for the dance, Samantha."

Thus advised, Samantha reached over and picked up her gown from the floor, slipped it over her head, and stood before us arrayed in her festive robe. Jim used no more ceremony about his toilet. While Jim was tuning his fiddle his wife got a dozen tallow-candles and stuck them about the windows and over the door. The coon-skins, saddles, harness, and other useful things were banished to remoter parts, and by the time Brother Kite and the Snake Trail crowd had arrived the festivities were well under way. A glass of strong toddy was given Brother Kite to keep him warm, as he did not dance; those who did dance drank to keep cool. One of the Snake Trail men, a big, gawky fellow who did not succeed in getting a partner, gave vent to his feelings by throwing matches on the floor. When the girls trod on them and made them pop, the gawky man laughed loudly at their screams and jumps.

One of Crownover's strapping grandsons took exception to this.

"I'll bet some sneak from Snake Trail throwed them matches," he said.

"You 'low a sneak done it?"

"I do that!" said Bill, a fiery gleam in his eye.

"Well, I throwed 'em. Who dar' say I'm a sneak?"

"You said it yourself," sneered Bill.

"I dar' you to say that outside," cried the match-thrower.

"I don't take a dar' from no man!" replied Bill, angrily.

The two went out into the dark; three or four who had heard the dispute followed to see that there was fair play. In a very short time the whole crowd returned, apparently satisfied. Bill's left eye was blackened, and the Snake Trail man's upper lip was cut and swelled in a way that did not add to his beauty, of which he had no great share to begin with.

After that the dance proceeded peaceably, the two combatants joining in the same set seemingly as good friends as before their fisticuff affair. It was midnight before the dance ended and we were again at the house of the King of Corn Cove.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NIGHT ON THE DEVIL'S NOSE.

LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN.—MISTAKEN FOR A REVENUE-OFFICER.—IMPRISONED IN A CAVE.—HOW I ESCAPED.—A PIOUS MOONSHINER.—I RIDE INTO NORTH CAROLINA.

NEXT morning my horse was saddled, my blankets strapped on, and everything made ready for my departure to the Devil's Nose.

"Whar's his grub, Peggy?" asked my host of his wife.

"In the saddle-bags," said that good woman.

"An' he mout want a tickler, Peggy. It's a rough ride to the Devil's Nose."

Thanking them heartily, and declining the "tickler," the name given a flat bottle used for carrying whiskey, I started off, following as closely as I could the directions which Mr. Crownover had given me for finding the summit of the mountain called the Devil's Nose, from its supposed similarity to that feature of his Satanic majesty. The narrow trail wound up the rugged side of a mountain. My horse, being mountain-bred, was as surefooted as an Alpine goat, and cautiously stepped from stone to stone up the almost precipitous height. A misstep would have been fatal to us both. Every now and then the trail passed around abrupt cliffs, from the top of which the valley could be seen spread out like a green carpet two thousand feet below. While scrambling up one part of the steep slope, a large hole attracted my attention. Alighting from my horse and dropping a stone down the hole, I judged it to be about twenty feet deep. The dead trunk of a small cedar-tree lay near by; I dragged it to the hole and lowered it in, and by this rude ladder scrambled down to the bottom. A curious and beautiful scene rewarded me for my trouble. From the base of the extempore ladder led a gently sloping passage-way, which, with lighted candle in hand, I followed to a large chamber, with a vaulted dome not unlike the dome of a cathedral. There were many curious stalactite and other geological formations in the large chamber. One was shaped exactly like a horse's leg and hoof. Perhaps it was the petrified remnant of some antediluvian steed.

When it came to getting out I found, at the expense of bruised shins and torn clothing, that it is much easier to crawl down than to climb up a pole. By the time I had accomplished the latter feat it was late in the afternoon. Pushing forward as rapidly as I could, I was still unable to reach the summit of the mountain before the set of sun. Mr. Crownover had given explicit directions how to find a deserted cabin, where I expected to spend the night. But somehow his directions seemed all wrong. An hour's brisk trotting did not bring me to the cabin. The screaming of catamounts and wild-cats brought to mind the stories I had lately heard of the ferocity of these inhabitants of the mountain wilds. A hungry wild-cat had a few days before walked into the telegraph-office of a lonely station and sprung on the operator's back, and might have killed him but for the timely arrival of assistance. The fear that one might spring on me from the boughs of a tree kept me on the ragged edge of anxiety.

It is sometimes a glorious thing to be alone; nothing I like more—at times. To roam the pathless woods, or to stand on a lofty peak on a bright, clear day is one thing; it is quite another to be lost on the top of a desolate mountain. It was nine o'clock before I gave up, and made up my mind to sleep out. I soon had a rousing fire. Its big blaze was not only delightfully warm, but it gave a sense of security. Wolves and wild-cats will not come up to fire. I picketed my horse where the grass was highest, dealt out to myself a slice of cornbread and bacon, then rolled up in my blanket and lay down, not to sleep but to keep watch.

Once, in the southern part of Russia, I went for two weeks without seeing any but the rudest peasants, and without speaking or understanding a word of the language about me. With that exception, I do not think I ever experienced a greater sense of loneliness than I felt that cold night on the summit of the Devil's Nose.

However, in spite of myself I dropped to sleep. It was yet dark when the whinnying and snorting of my horse wakened me. I started up, and saw by the light of the fire a wild, unkempt-looking man with the muzzle of a rifle pointed direct at my head. He stood a few yards off.

"Throw up your hands thar!" he commanded, in a stern voice.

With arms entangled in the blankets, this was not so quickly done.

"Come! no foolin', throw 'em up!" repeated the fellow.

An ominous click of the rifle expedited me not a little in obeying his command.

"Now," said the amiable stranger, "git up an' foller me. Never min' your hoss. He'll keep."

I arose feeling, I must confess, weak about the knees. The fact that my pockets were about as empty as his could be was the only thing that reassured me. When he found I was not worth robbing he would let me go. The fear that he might play the Italian brigand and send to my friends a demand accompanied by my ear or nose never occurred to me. The whole affair looks very absurd now, though at the time it was painfully serious. There I was, my arms stretched above my head, marching through the forest, as the mountaineers say, at the "business" end of a rifle.

"Wouldn't you just as lief take what I've got here and let me go?" I asked the man behind me.

"That's jist what I'm a-doin'. I'm a-takin' *you.*"

"Well, what in the deuce do you want with me?"

"Hold them hands up an' git along," was his emphatic reply.

In a few minutes the glimmer of a light in a cabin became visible through the underbrush and trees. My guard and guide immediately set up a whoop that would have done credit to a Comanche.

"Come ahead, boys. I've got him."

We were by this time quite near the log-cabin where the light glimmered, and five or six big-bearded men came out to meet us.

"Whar did you find him, Bill?"

"Over by Snake Trail. Take his guns, Jim; I'm a-tired a-keepin' this rifle on him."

James, gentle James, approached me, and went through my pockets in the most approved highwayman-like style. The result of his investigations seemed to surprise him.

"Why, Bill," in an injured tone, "the son of a gun ain't got no gun."

"Sartin?"

"Sartin."

Bill lowered his rifle, and I lowered my arms. It was time. They were aching from their unnatural and forced position.

In the hut was not even a chair or stool. Was this the deserted cabin Mr. Crownover had spoken of? These men seemed quite at home in it. A whispered consultation was held—about me, as I supposed from their looks and gestures. Presently the man called Jim turned and spoke to me.

"Whar did you come from?"

I told him.

"What air you a-doin' on this heah mounting?"

"Why, just now it looks as if I was answering questions."

The pleasantry was lost on James.

"You'll be a-fillin' a six-foot grave if you don't look out," he replied, grimly. "We uns don't want no spies about heah. Humph!" he went on, rapidly, "you uns thought you played us a sharp trick yestiddy mornin', but Mounting Jim ain't so easy to ketch. Do you know what we uns air allowin' to do?"

"Haven't the least idea."

"We air agoin' to lay for your whole gang, an' you've got to help us."

"I don't know what you are talking about. I have no gang."

The man's face darkened.

"See heah," he said, "thar ain' no use a-foolin'. We uns air agoin' to ketch your gang sure pop. Help us, an' we'll let *you* go. If you don't—" And he made a significant gesture.

The situation was getting more and more serious. I began to lose patience.

"What can I tell you about any gang?" I broke out, angrily. "I've been in your mountains only a week."

Jim smiled sardonically.

"Mebbe you warn't down to Wood's Mill Saturday mornin'?"

"Certainly not. I never heard of Wood's Mill."

"An' didn't track us over Snake Trail Sunday?"

"I was at church all day Sunday—at church, and at old man Crownover's."

"What's the use o' lyin'? We seed you a-climbin' the trail. Bill seed you go down into the cave. I tell you, mister, the Guvment ain't got no right to stop us; I tell you we ain't agoin' to be stopped. We ain't agoin' to stand no spies a-doggin' us."

"I am no spy. I am an agent of the Labor Department. I am looking up labor statistics."

I pulled out my commission, signed by the Secretary of the Interior. The men crowded around while Jim spelled out the "whereases" and "herebys" of that official document. I saw that the paper had a good effect.

"Mebbe we have got the wrong man," said one of the men, doubtfully.

"No; he's a-puttin' a job on us. What'd he be a-lookin' up labor heah on this mounting?"

I did all I could to explain my presence there; and while they were not entirely convinced, yet I could see their suspicions were shaken.

"Well, boys," said the leader, after some discussion, "we can wait, anyhow, till mornin'. Reynolds's gang'll never find us heah. I reckon we mout as well git to work."

He fell on his knees, and prying a knife-blade between two boards, lifted one of them out. A second and a third came out; then he squeezed his body through, and disappeared into a dark-looking hole below. We all followed him, and I realized for the first time that I was face to face with some of the noted Tennessee moonshiners. There were the copper boilers, the pipes, and other paraphernalia of a rude distillery. The boards in the floor were replaced, a fire was made, and the illicit distillery men set to work. Their stalwart forms cast gigantic shadows on the walls of the cave. Cold chills ran up and down me as I sat in one corner, wondering what they would do with me. Even if I succeeded in convincing them that I was not a revenue-officer, they would fear I might report them, and so keep me, or do me some injury, for their own protection.

A little before day the work stopped. One of the men prepared a meal of corn-bread and fried bacon. I was told to pitch in.

"We don't starve spies, we shoot 'em," said Jim, with a chunk of bread in his mouth.

Scarcely had they begun, when Mountain Jim was brought to his feet by a tapping on the floor overhead. He listened a moment.

"It's all right, boys," he said, and answered the knocks from the underside. Upon this the planks were removed, and the body of a man squeezed through the hole in the floor and descended the ladder. To my astonishment, this man was one of the brothers I had seen at the "feet-washing" on Sunday.

"It's all right," he said, not seeing me at first. "Reynolds's gang's done gin up the hunt an' gone back to Greeneville las' night—"

"Hi! don't talk so much," interrupted Jim; "we've got one of 'em heah."

"You don't tell! Whar'd you ketch him? What! that chap?"

All eyes turned on me.

"Him one o' Reynolds's gang? Well, Jim, you air a-gettin' peart, you air, fur a fack. Whar'd you ketch this kid?"

"Out by Snake Trail."

"MOONSHINER'S" CABIN ON THE DEVIL'S NOSE.

"Well, he don't no moah b'long to Reynolds's gang than any you boys. He was up to meetin' Sunday with Brother Kite an' Sister Peggy. He's one o' them special agints what's a-writin' up all about labor folks."

"Well, I swar!" said Jim.

"What's to be did with the feller now?" said another. "He'll blow on us if we let him loose."

"Let him blow!" cried Jim. "Blindfold him, and leave him on the trail whar you found him."

"You mustn't hurt the kid," said Brother Hawkins, with pious authority. "He ain't done us no harm, an' we mustn't do him no harm. We ain't murderers an' robbers, ef the Guvment do treat us that way."

This good advice was followed. Brother Hawkins himself tied my handkerchief securely over my eyes, giving me, while so doing, a serious warning.

"Young man," he said, "the boys hev made a mistake. They warn't after you. They ain't got nothin' agin you. It's the Guvment spies what gits up their dander. The Guvment's got no bizness sendin' spies aroun' meddlin' with us mounting fellers. We uns hev got jist as much right to make our own licker outen our corn as we've got to make our own bread outen it; an' it nattally gits up our boys' dander to hev our liberties took away from us by our own Guvment what we fought to keep up agin the Secesh. Now, Jim, send one o' the boys to set this chap on the trail; an' min', my son, you keep mum 'bout this heah little job. It'll be better fur you."

I willingly promised to keep mum, then was put in charge of the man who had found me asleep in the woods. When I got to the surface I felt the fresh air on my face, but my eyes were so tightly bandaged that I could not tell whether it was day or night. After a tiresome tramp, I was put on a horse—whether my own or not I did not know at the time—and was led down the mountain. At last we came to a dead halt.

"I reckon I kin leave you now, mister; but recolleck, if you blow on us you're a gone coon, sure. The boys'll git onto you, sartin, an' no mistake. You sit still fur five minits, an' then git."

He put the bridle in my hand. I sat still for what I judged was five minutes, then removed my bandage and looked about. The sun was up, and no moonshiner to be seen.

The trail descended the mountain rapidly. Half an hour before reaching the valley a sudden turn brought me before a log-cabin surrounded by a small patch of corn.

"Hello!" I cried.

There was no answer. I called again. A third call brought out a wrinkled old woman, with snuff smeared over her mouth and chin.

"Can I get something to eat here?"

"Yaas, I reckon. Git down an' look at your saddle."

Excepting the wrinkled woman, the hut seemed deserted; but there was a quantity of boots, saddles, and men's clothing strewn about. Evidently when her family was together it consisted of men. The old woman eyed me suspiciously.

"Whar'd you come from, mister?"

"From Corn Cove."

"Got up purty airly, I reckon?"

"Why, yes. The fact is, I have been riding most all night."

The moonshiner's warning was still ringing in my ears, and I was inclined to be cautious. This might be the home of another gang, for all I knew. The mountains of East Tennessee were, and still are, often raided by revenue-officers, whom the moonshiners consider their natural enemies, and no more hesitate to shoot down than they hesitate to shoot robbers. I doubt if it be possible to get into a moonshiner's head the idea that it is wrong to make his own whiskey. Moonshiners have the feeling that the Government is meddling with, that it is attacking, their liberties, when it attempts to interfere with their whiskey distilleries.

I ate the corn-bread and bacon which the old woman put before me, and pushed on to Warm Springs, North Carolina, where I stopped several days to rest and to recover from my moonshine scare.

CHAPTER IX.

IN TEXAS.

A GIFTED LIAR.—HOW HE ASTONISHED LORD PALMERSTON AND THE QUEEN.—HOW HE FILLED GENERAL HANCOCK WITH WATERMELON AND SAVED THE REBEL ARMY.—TEXAS COWBOYS, THEIR WAGES AND ROUGH LIFE.—THE CATTLE KINGS OF THE PANHANDLE.—A TRIP INTO MEXICO.—CONDITION OF LABOR IN THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.—THE CUSTOMS-OFFICERS ON THE FRONTIER.

THERE were no moonshiners in Texas; nevertheless, I found travelling there almost as rough and full of adventure as in East Tennessee. Some of the sheep-ranches in the western part of the State were reached only by long buck-board rides. It was still dark when the clerk of the National Hotel—a board shanty of four rooms—called me, with the gruff remark that the stage was waiting. I jumped up, half asleep, to prepare for the journey. Disposing of some fried ham, greasy biscuits, and dreggy coffee, the usual Western breakfast, I walked to the door to look for the stage. A one-eyed man with long hair and a sour face was lounging on the platform in front of the board shanty called a hotel. Near him stood two scrubby horses hitched to a vehicle consisting of a pair of wheels connected by two long boards, with a seat in the middle three feet wide.

"When does the stage arrive?" I asked, politely.

The long-haired man ejected a huge quid of tobacco from his mouth as he answered,

"It is already arriv."

"Where is it?"

He gave me a glance of deep disgust.

"Young man, the stage is arriv, but she won't stay arriv.

She's agoin to vamoose this ranch poorty quick. Ef you wanter go, you'd better hump. You hear me talk, doncher?"

Mounting the rickety concern above described, he shouted, "All aboard," and I awoke to the fact that *that* was the stage, and that the one-eyed, long-haired man was the driver.

The agent who sells the tickets speaks of the "stage" with an air that leads one to think of the coaches the elder Weller drove, and in which the famous Pickwick Club rode. The agent, however, is the only one who uses or understands the term. The vehicles are called by their drivers, and by the public generally, "buck-board barouches"—a euphonious term; but there praise must end. My memory does not recall a more fatiguing experience than that ride through northern Texas, sitting bolt upright night and day on the hard seat of the hard, jolting buck-board barouche.

The first twenty miles were pleasant enough. The fields were only slightly undulating; the road was smooth. We moved along in a sea of grass. Then we crossed Red River; the roads became rough, the hard buck-board seat grew harder and harder, and I inwardly anathematized the man who invented buck-board barouches. For half a day the buck-board jogged along in a narrow lane between two wire fences that cost thirty thousand dollars. When the end of this long lane was reached we emerged into the open prairie, and for hours seemed scarcely to move. We were in the centre of a vast yellow circle. As far as the eye could reach was a sea of yellow, waving grass.

The long-haired driver lighted his pipe and threw the burning match on the ground. The dry grass ignited. In a few minutes there was a roaring fire behind us. The wind blew in our faces, and so blew the fire farther and farther away. I looked back after several hours, and could still see flames and columns of smoke rising in the distance. Fires begun in this accidental way sometimes burn for weeks, spreading over thousands of acres of prairie.

The buck-board drivers rarely see strangers, yet seem as little inclined to converse as though surfeited with small-talk every day. When we reached the first dugout, where the horses were changed, a man with hair even longer than my driver's emerged from a hole in the ground and began unhitching the two scrubby ponies.

"Howdy do, Bill?" said my driver.

"Howdy do?" replied Bill.

There the conversation ended. The change of horses was made, the driver cracked his whip. Bill looked at us a minute, then retreated into his dugout, and we were alone again on the yellow sea of grass.

The dugout, in which the hostlers of these Western buckboard lines live, is a peculiar and primitive dwelling, made by digging a hole in the ground, laying logs across this hole, and heaping on top of the logs to a depth of three or four feet the earth excavated from beneath. The door consists of a canvas flap; you lift this flap, duck your head until you are not more than four feet tall, and enter the hostler's home. At one end is a log bedstead with a mattress of straw. A hole in the centre of the dirt floor serves as stove and fireplace; a stool and a rough board table complete the furnishings.

The hostler at the second change, a gray-bearded man whom my driver called "Uncle Jeff," had for years been living thus in a hole in the ground, on a diet of bacon and bread, with no society save that of his horses. These rude men of the West burrow underground to escape cold and snow. In Lapland and extreme northern Sweden peasants and fishermen, to escape the same thing, resort to an exactly opposite plan. They build what is called an "njalla" (a small hut), on three poles, often only on one. The poles are planted firmly in the ground, leaving the njalla ten or twelve feet in the air, accessible only by means of a ladder. In this peculiar hut the Swedish peasant keeps a store of dried fish, oil, and bread, and thither he resorts during storms or when the snow is deep. A village of njallas is almost as odd a sight as a village of prairie dugouts.

An interesting class of working-men in Texas is the cowboy. It is a wide step from the pale Massachusetts factory operative to the free and festive Texas cowboy. The cowboy does not work in a "cooped-up," ill-smelling, ill-ventilated room; still he works, belongs to the rank of wage-earners, and I made some inquiries into his general condition and mode of life.

A cowboy does hard, rough work, and gets twenty-five or thirty dollars a month. "Prudent" cowboys sometimes make small fortunes in a few years. There is no human eye to see what he does on those vast cattle-ranches in the Panhandle. He can take a cow here and a calf there, put on them a brand of his own, and thus lay the foundation of a flourishing cattle-ranch and set up in business for himself. I saw a stockman who had come to Texas seven years before without a cent, and hired out as cowboy. When I saw him he was worth three hundred thousand dollars. He began taking a cow here and there, branding them with his own mark, and then starting out on his own account. Cattle-men built up the town of Gainesville. Though a place of only two or three thousand inhabitants, it contains a number of "cattle kings" and a number of residences finer than are usually found in places three times the size. I called at one residence that was quite palatial in its furnishings. The grounds were handsomely laid off with beautiful flower-beds, evergreens, and vines. The parlors were richly carpeted. In a few minutes the darky by whom I had sent up my card came down and said,

"Marse Jim says as he doan want none o' dem kyards."

"Your master Jim does not want what?"

"None o' dem kyards," repeated the darky, giving me back the visiting card I had sent up by him.

I afterwards discovered that this cattle-king could not write his name. When he drew checks on his bank (as he could do) for thousands of dollars, he signed the checks with a cross-mark. During my interview with him he sat chewing tobacco, ever and anon spitting the juice of that disgusting weed on the costly carpet that covered the floor.

There is nothing some cowboys so dearly love as to pose as dangerous desperadoes.

"They're a rough lot," said one to me. "They are all thieves and liars. Not a mother's son of them knows how to tell the truth."

"Of course you except yourself?" I said.

"No, I'll be hanged if I do!" he replied, with charming candor. "Here, Bill, tell this city chap what you know of me."

"He's the biggest rascal I ever saw!" was Bill's prompt reply.

The first cowboy looked as pleased as if a high compliment had been paid him.

"Once, out in Leadville," he said, "a gang of us boys took the town. Some on us had been shootin' at the decanters in a saloon, and the police arrested my chum. This riled us. We galloped down the main street firing right and left, dropping every man we hit. We took the place by storm. Not a face was to be seen. Five minutes after the fight begun we got our man out, and struck for Texas. Five days and nights we never touched ground. We ate our grub loping along at a six-mile rate."

This cowboy was greatly pleased because I appeared to credit his story. When I asked why he had left his native Kentucky, he replied,

"It warn't because I didn't like old Kaintuck. Kaintuck's hard to beat. I had good nuff 'pinion of her; but dern my eyes, somehow she never had a good 'pinion of me."

In travelling about the big, open State of Texas, getting information concerning the cattle and sheep industries, I came across odd Western characters. General Peers, a grave, dignified, gray-bearded gentleman, the proprietor of The House of Peers at Fort Worth, possessed an imagination commensurate with the size of his State—that is, vast, if not limitless.

"It is not generally known," said this gifted general, when I stopped at his hotel, "that I am the best Greek scholar in America; such, though, is the case. On the occasion of my first trip to England I was the recipient of distinguished honors. The London *Times* gave me a long editorial notice, and a committee of Parliament, headed by Lord Palmerston, came down to Liverpool to invite me to deliver my famous lecture on the Greek compounds. I had fled from America to escape the solicitations of various public men to lecture, and at first declined to speak in England. An autograph letter from the Queen, however, shook my resolution, and one night I stepped on the stage in Regent's Hall before an audience of five thousand people. To my right sat Queen Victoria; to my left, Lord Palmerston and the Parliamentary Committee. As I stepped upon the rostrum grave, calm, and composed as I am this moment, a low murmur ran through the immense throng. I could hear whispered sneers here and there. 'A fraud!' came from the right; 'An impostor!' came from the left; 'That cannot be the famous General Peers—he is too young!' said one before me. I heard with unruffled composure. I knew how soon their hisses would change to applause. I lifted my arm, and quiet was restored; then I began pouring out a stream of impassioned eloquence such as had never before been heard in Regent's Hall. The first sentence, hot and burning, had scarcely fallen from my lips before Lord Palmerston sprang to his feet, clapped his hands, and exclaimed, 'It is he! It is the great Peers of America!' That lecture was the sensation of all England. I was compelled to repeat it sixteen consecutive nights."

"What was the subject, general?" I inquired.

"'*Chi*, *Phi*, and *Logos*,' the three Greek compounds. It was the same lecture I delivered in New York in 1846. Daniel Webster pronounced it the finest thing he ever heard."

"Yours must have been a remarkable career," I said, after the general had finished telling the above yarn with a perfectly serious face.

"Yes," was the modest reply. "I have played a prominent part in my day. In the summer of 1847 I had to my credit in the bank at Philadelphia two million eight hundred thousand dollars. That year I gave half a million to help carry on the war with Mexico."

"What has become of your wealth?"

"Lost it in '63. Jeff Davis appointed me chief of the Confederate spies. It was I who prevented Lee's defeat at Gettysburg from being a complete rout. Towards the close of the third day I saw Hancock preparing for a desperate charge. I knew Lee was severely crippled, and determined, if possible, to avert the danger. I happened to have a large ripe watermelon. Just as Hancock was about to give his order, I galloped up, and with a salute cried out, 'Stay, general, one moment; there is plenty of time. Come, eat this melon with me.' Hancock hesitated, but yielded to my persuasions, and we went to a grassy knoll to eat the melon. It was large and luscious. I plied Hancock freely. When at last he attempted to rise, he was so full he could not get up. 'Peers,' he said, 'I don't believe I can make the charge to-night. We'll wait till morning.' During the night Lee stole away. That is how I saved his army."

General Peers, as he stated to me—and who can doubt his word?—is of an old English stock, dating back to the time of Julius Cæsar; the upper house of the British Parliament, the House of Peers, derives its name from an ancestor of his, a General Peers, who saved England from subjugation in the wars with Spain!

If protectionists had to cross the Mexican frontier a few times it might open their eyes to the folly of so-called protection. They would see men armed to the teeth patrolling both sides of the Rio Grande, arresting men and women on the slightest suspicion of smuggling. On the Texas side the customs-officer stays in a skiff near the ferry landing, closely watching every one who crosses. If your clothing bulges out a little, if a woman wears a fashionable bustle, he or she is seized and searched as a criminal.

While sitting with the customs-officer in his skiff at Laredo, one day, an innocent-looking Mexican came ashore, and proceeded to climb up the hill to the town.

"Take off your hat!" commanded the officer. The Mexican obeyed; the officer looked closely, and finding nothing dutiable, let the man pass on. Presently another Mexican came along. The officer halted him.

"Why do you suspect him?" I asked.

"Wait and see," replied the customs-man, then ordered the Mexican to take off his hat. I noticed then that this man wore a larger hat than the first. The poor Mexican shook with fear and confusion. Under the top hat was another hat.

"Come, take that off too!"

He did so, revealing still another hat. This also was taken off, disclosing still another, and so on until in all five hats were removed from the Mexican's head. They had been made to fit the one so snugly over the other that an unpractised eye would never have suspected the fraud. A Mexican hat is worth all the way from twenty to fifty dollars, and the duty is fifty per cent.; the smuggler, therefore, lost a good round sum by being detected in his little operation. The only way a Mexican in Texas can get one of his beloved sombreros without paying duty is to cross the river bareheaded. Then, when he recrosses with only one hat on his head, he is suffered to go his way in peace.

To take a fancy fan into Mexico costs $2.20, without regard to its actual value, as long as it comes under the head of a "fancy" fan. A wagon worth $65 in the United States costs in Mexico $145. The tariff on each wheel is $20. It is perhaps only through an oversight that the fifth wheel is not also taxed.

Nuevo Laredo, on the Mexican side of the river, is a wretched little town of seven thousand people, the scum of both Mexico and the United States. The streets and houses are dirty and squalid. The post-office does not do as much business as an American post-office in a cross-roads village. The reason is this: in Mexico internal postage costs twenty-five cents. The Nuevo Laredo merchant crosses the river, buys an American five-cent stamp, and sends his letter back to Mexico from the United States, thus saving twenty cents. It is cheaper to send a letter ten thousand miles to Africa or Europe, than to send it ten miles from one point to another in Mexico. To send a postal card from Monterey to Nuevo Laredo costs twenty-five cents; to send it a mile farther across the river costs only three cents. You don't ask for letters at the post-office. Every day a list is made of all letters received. You look over this list. If your name does not appear on it you know there are no letters for you. The amount of mail is so small, and the people have so much time at their disposal, this method seems to give perfect satisfaction.

The average Mexican of to-day is about as far advanced as our grandfathers were in the days before steam and electricity. Modern civilization, however, is overtaking them at last. The Mexican Central Railroad is the entering wedge that is causing our Southern neighbor to awake from his long siesta. The line runs from El Paso to the City of Mexico. For seven hundred miles there are level plains, then one hundred and fifty miles of mountains, followed by a cultivated valley two hundred miles in length, thickly settled, and blooming like a garden. Another one hundred and twenty miles winding around hills, through fertile valleys and picturesque landscapes, brings the traveller into the capital of the Mexican republic, 7400 feet above the sea. No especially difficult engineering feats presented themselves in the entire length of the road, though trouble was encountered in the valley of Mexico, a broad, flat plain, intersected by numerous irrigating canals and ditches. The irrigating canals are artificial structures, raised above the general level so that the water can be drawn out upon the fields. These raised canals necessitated the railroad's building an extraordinary number of bridges, with heavy abutments and culverts to support the track.

Labor in Mexico is miserably paid. For a *claco* (one and an eighth cents) a boy will run on an errand half a day. For a *real* (about thirteen cents) a man can be hired for a day. The soldiers of the republic receive $9 a month, out of which they must feed and clothe themselves. In the old Bishop's Palace, on a lofty eminence just outside of Monterey, are quartered a detachment of soldiers. They sleep on the rough cobble pavement of the court in their ragged linen uniforms. A large part of the army is composed of condemned criminals, who are not intrusted with ammunition except when actually facing an enemy. Then, it is said, their bravery is quite equal to that of the "free" soldiers, who are not degraded. When Monterey capitulated, in 1846, the American officers made their headquarters where are now quartered the squalid Mexican soldiers. Jefferson Davis slept beneath the palace roof, and his name, as well as that of General Taylor, may still be seen where they were scratched on the wall of the dome forty years ago.

CHAPTER X.

LABOR STRIKES AND UNIONS.

THEIR EDUCATIONAL EFFECT.—GREAT INTEREST TAKEN BY WORKING-PEOPLE IN ECONOMIC QUESTIONS.—FALLACIES.—MR. POWDERLY AND THE BEER BOTTLES.—THE HILLS AND HOLLOWS OF KANSAS CITY.—WHY "TREATING" FOSTERS DRUNKENNESS AND RUINS WORKING-MEN.—INTERVIEWS WITH ST. LOUIS LABORERS.

"POOLED capital and syndicate capital," says the *New York Herald*, "are hornets' stings, where labor strikes are only flea-bites."

Millionaire employers combine to keep up the prices of their wares, and to keep down the wages of working-men. It is natural that working-men should combine, and attempt by strikes to keep up wages. Do labor combinations effect this? An investigation of the strikes of the past five years leads me to the conclusion that although the first, the superficial, effect of strikes is often harmful, often disastrous to the strikers, still, the laboring class, as a class, is benefited. No matter how much the strikers may suffer, the evil result is not all evil.

In his autobiography, written before the flash of lightning from the clash of swords during the war melted the manacles from the slave negroes, Fred Douglass said that if every slave would resist every attempt to flog him—would, at the first sight of the whip, fight, fight, fight, and never tamely submit to blows, masters would think twice before attempting to flog. Men will more often punish the submissive than the resisting. Douglass himself acted on this principle; and although for resisting he was at the time more severely punished, his masters were less ready to punish, and the last years of his slave life were free from floggings.

The same principle will apply to wage-workers. The employer who is put to great loss and inconvenience by strikes will hesitate before provoking them by a reduction of wages or a refusal of reasonable demands. All history proves that it is human nature to oppress the tamely submissive; all history proves that every freedom men possess has been forcibly wrested from rulers, whether moneyed, political, or religious. History affords no instance of any ruling class voluntarily loosening its grip on any class it controls. For the last sixty years we have been educating the laboring class. They are coming to know their power, their strength. A deep dissatisfaction pervades their breasts; they have come to know that they are the very underlying supporters of civilization, the very pillars on which the body politic rests. Lawyers, preachers, doctors, artists, journalists, all might go, and families would still live, homes would exist, houses be built, food grown from the soil, the race carried on; but should what is called the laboring classes cease their labors, the world would collapse, and the general fabric of society fall to pieces.

The strike in B's factory may be directly a failure; the strikers may be forced to yield to the reduction, or to give up their demands; nevertheless, there is a loss to B which A sees, and to escape a similar loss A will think twice before refusing reasonable requests. Employers will hesitate to oppress when oppression is followed by heavy loss. It must be said, on the other hand, that strikes cause serious indirect damage to working-men. For instance, the great strike on the Western railways was investigated, with this result: cause, the alleged unjust discharge of an employé; effect, ten thousand men made idle, and three million dollars lost in wages.

Such were the facts as they lay on the surface; in reality they tell less than half the tale. A large percentage of the strikes and shut-downs occurring in the West at that time originated, either directly or indirectly, in the railroad strikes. A knitting factory in St. Louis, with a pay-roll of $200 a day, was closed because the roads could not carry its goods. A shoe factory employing one hundred and fifty girls shut down from the same cause. In country towns shops could not get goods, and so had to close, or cut down the number of their employés. It would not be extravagant to estimate the indirect damage thus effected at three or four times the direct amount that was reported.

The case of a railroad strike may be considered exceptional. Possibly it is in degree, but it is not in kind. The public have closer relations with railroads than with individuals; still, they are connected with the latter. A St. Louis or New York merchant has interests in the farthest corners of the earth. He feels the effects of a failure in Hong-Kong; a failure in St. Louis or New York is often tantamount to a failure of his own interests. Thus the builders' strike in Chicago, while it directly affected only a few thousand carpenters and bricklayers, indirectly affected thousands of others. Small shopkeepers, supported wholly or in part by the trade of the stone-masons, lost that trade, and were compelled to discharge employés. Owners of houses, seeing building at a stand-still, recalled orders for household goods; thus rendering furniture-makers, stove-dealers, etc., idle. Teamsters had no brick to haul. In a hundred branches of industry, people seemingly not in the least connected with carpenters and bricklayers were affected and injured by that strike. A friend of mine who had quite determined to build a home changed his mind and took a trip to Europe instead. He thought it would not do to begin a house which might at any moment be left half finished by reason of a strike, and so be a large if not total loss. Of course the men who would have been employed building that house, had not the purpose of building been given up on account of the unsettled condition of labor, lost as much as though they had struck themselves.

Laboring men see all this. They see that in a number of cases the effects are indirectly as well as directly injurious. They suffer hunger, cold, every privation, for the principle of unity, the principle embodied in the motto of the Knights of Labor, "The concern of one is the concern of all." And it can hardly be doubted that working-men, by unions, strikes, and agitations, have somewhat bettered their condition. Forty years ago twelve hours was a day's work. A day's work has been reduced to ten hours. The agitation to further reduce it to eight may not succeed at once, but who can say it will not eventually?

It is not too much to say that every lodge of the Knights of Labor is an educational school, in which every question of Governmental policy, of political economy, is discussed. Agitation leads to progress; debates pro and con quicken thought, and let in light on the human brain. In all matters of political economy and public affairs the rough tradesmen of to-day take more interest and give more thought than the well-dressed merchants, clerks, or even the average lawyers, preachers, and doctors. I have heard day laborers who could not write a grammatical sentence discuss social and political questions, and I have seen their hearers of the same class listen with the deepest interest. This is going on now in every city of the Union, while the so-called better classes are content to attend society hops, operas, theatres, and clubs. Take the average society man, the average clerk, book-keeper, or merchant, and I venture to say that his understanding of the tariff question, of Henry George's land theory, and other important economical subjects, will not equal the understanding which the better informed of the laboring class have attained on those subjects. The former are content with existing customs and institutions. The latter are deeply discontented. Discontent leads to agitation; agitation and discussion, like strokes on the anvil, elicit sparks of light. It is too much the custom of those who look at only the present evil resulting from working-men's unions to decry and discourage such unions. Humanitarians, who look deeper and further, will the rather endeavor to lend all the aid they can to these educational movements, to supply them with the most enlightened and broad-minded speakers. Such leaders are needed; for while many of their present speakers are able, thoughtful men, others are yet deeply ignorant of economic questions, as well as of the true business of government.

I was once waited on in an Indiana town by a committee of working-men, who desired me to lay before Congress a bill to prohibit skilled labor, when on a strike, from doing unskilled labor. Fifty-two skilled men had struck for an advance from five dollars to six dollars a day, and during the strike had planted telegraph poles for a dollar and a quarter a day. This brought them into competition with the regular unskilled labor of the town, who, being deeply ignorant of the proper functions of government, made the extraordinary proposition noted above.

The head of the Knights of Labor, Mr. Powderly, told an audience that people should break their soda-bottles after once using them, in order that bottle-makers might be kept busy. Carry this destructive idea a little further, and men might cut up their furniture to encourage the furniture trade, or smash the glass in their windows to help glaziers, or burn barns to help carpenters, and so on. Mr. Powderly is a man of great intelligence, but he and his followers certainly need education on economic questions. The tariff lords and monopolists have imbued them with their fallacies, and Mr. Powderly, like Henry ~~Clay~~, is blinding and befogging the minds of his followers.

Another example of the ignorance of some working-men on economic questions occurred in Kansas City, where I was gravely assured that the hills and hollows were the making of the place. Immense capital had to be expended in cutting down the hills and in filling up the hollows. This gave employment to teamsters and diggers, who, in turn, supported butchers and bakers, thus building up the city. I suggested that had there been no holes the capital expended in overcoming natural obstacles would have been free to put up, for instance, a shoe factory, with a result of supporting just as many laborers, and, in addition, producing a million pair of shoes.

"Prove to us," said the working-men, "that the capitalist would build a shoe factory, that he would not keep his money in a stocking. The hills are here; they must be cut down, and so are obliged to give us work. Therefore the hills are at the bottom of our prosperity."

I suggested that they might go farther west on top of a mountain and start a city; that the work of blasting out a mountain would be much greater than cutting down hills, and that therefore the city on the mountain ought to be much more prosperous, as it would require more labor and more laborers.*

At a labor meeting where a speaker railed an hour at the injustice, the crime, of interest, I ventured to ask whether, if I should make a reaper to cut my grain, a stranger could reasonably expect me to give up cutting my grain and lend him the reaper to cut his grain. The orator answered no, that the stranger could not expect that. Then I asked whether if I loaned, not the reaper, but money with which to buy a reaper, I was not still entitled to expect something—interest—in return for my self-denial. The orator could not see this point at all, but insisted that it was robbery to lend a thousand dollars, and demand at the end of a year a cent more than the original one thousand dollars.

Many California working-men are opposed to immigration. In "pioneer" times laborers earned ten dollars a day. Immigration brought competition, and now wages are only three or four dollars a day. Why wish more population, and so, of course, more competition and further lowering of wages? I pointed out that in pioneer times a night's lodging cost five dollars; that a pair of shoes cost ten dollars; that, in short, ten dollars in pioneer times could not buy as much as four dollars can buy now. I also suggested that if immigrants came, and converted into orchards and wheat-fields what are now sand-hills, employment would be given to men to transport crops from those orchards and fields. More roads would be built, miners would be employed digging iron ore and foundery-men would be employed making tools and rails to build those roads; in short, society at large would be enriched and benefited. Truth makes slow advancement among those taught the false and foolish doctrine that smashing bottles, breaking furniture, and the like, are beneficial to working-men, because more bottles and more furniture must be made. Large numbers of men in California are still befogged by these errors, and have actually formed a political party pledged to oppose the further transformation of sand-hills into gardens, or, as they express it, to keep out further immigration. Of course this party retards the prosperity of the State and of society just in proportion as its efforts are successful.*

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* It is but justice to the Kansas City working-men to state that they are not alone in holding this absurd notion that their city's prosperity is partly due to the hills that have to be dug away. Two of the most prominent lawyers in Kansas City, when I mentioned the subject, declared that the working-men were right—that the city would not be half so populous and prosperous but for the natural obstacles that required hosts of men to overcome.

Another sentiment widely prevalent among laboring men is the belief that the Government is entirely run by and for the wealthy, not the working, class. They point to the fact that only rich men, or the friends of rich men, get high Government places; that millionaires fill the Senate; that the great body of working-people receive no consideration from high officials. In the by-laws of a labor union containing several thousand members occur these sentences:

> "The Government, which should interfere to protect the poor, has been grabbed by the wealthy monopolist, and is used simply as a machine to still further steal the earnings of labor. Under these circumstances, workers have no resource except to combine and make a fight to the bitter end. Stick to your unions through thick and thin."

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* In one sense—a very narrow one—the California working-men are right. As long as the greater portion of the land of the Golden State is monopolized and held at exorbitant speculative figures, immigrants will not convert sand-fields into orchards, but will crowd into the towns and cities, where already exists keen competition. But instead of forming political parties to keep immigrants out, the working-men of California should do away with the land-grabbers, and make it possible for newcomers to become wealth-producing farmers instead of city loafers. See Chapter XV. for an expansion of this idea.

The idea here contained is that Government is something separate and apart from working men and women. They forget that if Government is run by wealthy monopolists the fault lies with the great body of the people. Water cannot rise above its source, neither can Government. When a man can stand on the floor of a State Senate, as a man did in California, and boldly declare that his constituents are the railroads, that he is there to serve the interests of the railroads, not the people—when a man can do this, and not be ostracized and politically damned, it indicates either intense indolence or dense ignorance on the part of the great body of the people. On the gallery of the Hotel del Monte, in Monterey, California, I overheard a conversation between a lady and a gentleman.

"I have married since you knew me," said the lady.

"Who is your husband?"

"You know him," was the reply. "Who was the biggest thief in the Star Route trials?"

"Surely you are not Mrs. ——?" exclaimed the gentleman.

"Oh no," replied the lady, "I made a mistake. I meant who was next to the biggest thief."

"Ah!" responded the gentleman, "your husband must be Mr. ——."

"Right," said the lady, and serenely continued the conversation.

A state of things that allows a wife to thus complacently refer to her husband as a thief is very nearly as corrupt as the corrupt period in English history when women were proud to be known as the King's mistresses, and women's male relatives were not ashamed to profit by mothers', wives', and sisters' dishonor.

The obligation taken by the members of some unions reads thus:

> "I pledge my honor as a man that I will be faithful to the union until death, and that *I will obey ALL orders of the union.* I promise that I will never reveal the proceedings of the union. If I break this promise I ask every brother here to treat me as a rascal, so help me God."

In the book of by-laws of a San Francisco union occurs this:

> "A working-man who refuses to join the union is a veritable rascal. It taints honest men to be seen even speaking to him."

The sentiment contained in the above paragraphs—a sentiment which I regard as foreign to the true spirit of labor unions—exercises a most despotic force. It not only tends to destroy all individuality, all personal freedom, but actually tends to promote dishonesty and untruth. Men pledged to "obey *all* orders" of a union are irresponsible and unreliable, and men who think that those who do not believe as they do and join their unions are "veritable rascals with whom it is a disgrace to speak," are intolerant bigots. I have investigated many strikes where the men had promised their employers that they would not strike without twenty-four hours' notice, and yet, without a minute's warning, when their union ordered them, they struck, bringing to their employers great loss, and in some cases absolute ruin. The cooks and waiters in the San Francisco restaurants had no fault to find with their employers; they were perfectly satisfied; but when the bakers' men struck the cooks and waiters walked out without a moment's notice, in order, as they said, to cause the restaurant owners to use their influence with the bakers to settle the claims of the bakers' men. When asked why they did not give the twenty-four hours' warning they had promised, the cooks and waiters had nothing to say except that they had to obey orders from the union.

The condition of working-men is indeed perplexing. Wiser and more cultured people in the same position would hardly be able to steer safely through the narrow straits they are called on to cross. They are hounded and hooted at as traitors to their fellows, and called by the disgraceful name of "scabs," if they refuse to join the union; and after joining, and taking the iron-clad oath to "obey all orders," they are virtually driven to deception by employers who refuse to give them work if known to be union men. One important fact, however, laboring men must consider: if it once becomes thoroughly established that a "union" man does not regard the sacredness of a contract, or that he feels that he may break a contract with honor if ordered by his union, the union idea will receive a severer blow than could be given it in any other way. In the instance referred to, the union of cooks and waiters on the Pacific coast was destroyed by the action of the men in the San Francisco strike. The restaurant employers very justly declared that they would no longer employ men who, however liberally and kindly treated, were yet liable at any moment to strike, and cause loss and perhaps ruin.

A witness who admitted to the commission inquiring into the condition of labor that he did try to persuade "scabs" to join his union, in answer to the question whether his persuasion was with a club, made no reply. None was necessary; there was another witness in the room at the very same time whose arm was broken and eye gouged out by an enthusiastic union man who believed that a "man who refused to join the union was a veritable rascal."

Not infrequently I came across men who chafed at the strict rule of their unions. Said a member of a typographical union,

"Talk of the despotism of the Czar! it is not a circumstance to that of our unions. Do you know, I dare not go where I please. I dare not ride on certain street-cars, or read certain papers."

"What is to prevent you?"

"The union. If I were to disobey a boycott, I would get a brick in my hat and a black eye."

"If you are not satisfied, why do you stay in the union?"

"Because otherwise I would be boycotted myself. To illustrate: My friend Jim, who does not stand as well with the union as I, got to the office ahead of me this morning, but he didn't get the work; the foreman saved it for me. When anybody is idle it is always Jim. He complained to the walking delegate. The matter was looked into, and it was decided that he was discriminated against. Did that help Jim? Not at all.

The foreman agreed to rectify the matter. He gave Jim copy, but at the same time passed the word around that Jim was not to be spoken to. I always liked Jim, but what can I do? If I don't stop going with him I will be told that work is dull—'no copy to-day;' and I would be given ample leisure to study and decide that Jim was not the man to associate with. One of the union rules is that in every office employing three or more printers a 'chairman' shall be elected, whose business it is to settle all disputes. In our office there are forty men. Each has to pay five cents a week to the chairman. He draws his two dollars from us, and in return, when a man gets in bad odor with the union, he uses his position to keep the offending member from getting work. Our chairman, who is not content with the extra two dollars a week he draws from us, runs a kind of second-rate bar, which we are expected to patronize. He gets a large bucket of beer at noon, and at dinner-time sells us beer at five cents a glass. At first I did not drink any. Then one day the chairman said,

"'What's the matter you don't patronize the bar?'

"'I don't care for beer.'

"'You don't care for beer! Well you ought to—that's all I've got to say.'

"I noticed after that that copy on my hook was scarce. My wages fell to five dollars a week. I patronize the 'bar' now, and make, as before, my eighteen and nineteen dollars a week. The workman who will not join any union is hooted and derided as a 'scab.' In the unions he has no more individuality than a private soldier in a large army. He is absolutely at the mercy of walking delegates, grand master-workmen, and the like."

The enemy to working-men even more dangerous than dishonest politicians, more debasing than obedience to arbitrary unions, is strong drink. I do not mean to say that working-men drink more than the wealthier classes, but that working-men are more impoverished by drink. European working-men drink perhaps more universally than American laborers, but not as much, owing to two causes: first, because the "treating" custom does not prevail in Europe; secondly, because on the continent of Europe wages are too small to permit copious drinking.

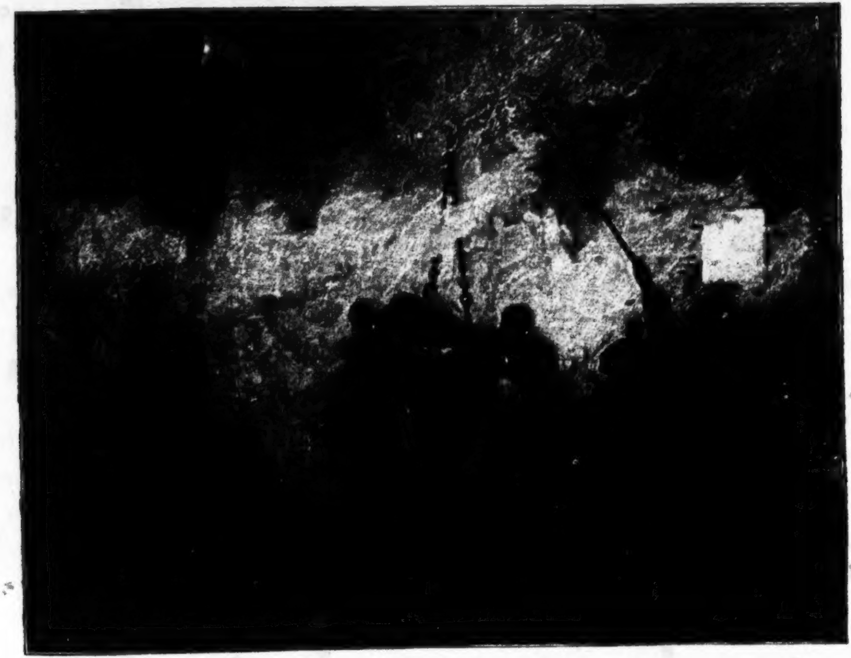
The system of treating fosters and feeds the habit of drinking. One man treats, the treat must be returned, and so it goes until the largest part of the working-man's wages is left with the saloon-men. With the exception of German student kneipers, a man in Germany will no more think of offering to "treat" his companion to beer than he would to a loaf of bread. In all my pedestrian tour over Italy and Germany I saw few men staggering or dead-drunk. In America, where treating is the universal custom, we see cases of staggering drunkenness every day.

In East St. Louis I called on Mr. D. C. M——, a bar mill roller in the Tudor Iron-works. Mr. M—— earns $8.13 a day, the highest wages paid in the mills. Guide mill rollers make $6.50 a day.

"Notwithstanding their high wages," said Mr. M——, "it is an exception to find any of these men who save enough to own their own homes. They fancy they cannot get along without strong drink. I know guide mill rollers who spend as much as ten dollars a week in saloons. They get to treating, and the money flies. This is bad; but the worst part is that these drinking-men soon become unable to stand the hard work. The temperance men last much longer. It is a bad delusion for an iron-worker to fancy that drink strengthens him. The work is hard, but neither beer nor whiskey makes it any easier."

Mr. M——, who practised the temperance he preached, owned a comfortable double tenement-house, one side of which he rented out for $17 a month; the other side he occupied with his family. The parlor was nicely carpeted and furnished; the dining-room was heated with a handsome self-feeding stove. When I called, Mrs. M——, a motherly looking woman, was knitting.

"I like to keep busy," she said, "even if Dave does make



IRON-WORKERS.

enough without my working. Too many women I know try to be too fine ladies to do anything. I don't believe in that. I like to help on all I can. We run along comfortably and home-like, and when anything good turns up, Dave and I take the children out and have a nice time. We took all our family to the Centennial."

In the Tudor Iron-works are three hundred and thirty men. One bar mill roller makes $8.13 a day; three guide mill rollers make $6.50; four bar mill heaters make $7; six guide mill heaters make $5.25; six puddlers get $4.66, and ten puddler-helpers $2.50. Thirty skilled iron-workers average $4.66 a day. The other three hundred employés, or ninety per cent. of the entire force, earn $1.75 a day. The average for the whole, therefore, is 2.01\frac{77}{165}$.

"One thing to be remembered," said Mr. M——, "is that though our wages are high they are not steady. For a long time four months a year was considered a good average. Even now the average does not exceed six months in the year. This is because with the least degree of prosperity so many rush into the business, and wages fall."

That is, the protection system causes business to flow in artificial channels, which sooner or later overflow, hurting the very persons supposed to be benefited. An examination of the books of the Tudor Iron-works showed there had been a steady decrease in wages since 1873. The figures quoted above are for 1882, since which a further decrease of ten per cent. has been made. In 1882, when iron was worth two cents a pound, puddlers received $5.50 for puddling a ton of 2240 pounds, one-third of which they paid to their helpers. At the present time, when iron is at two cents a pound, the pay for puddling a ton is only $5, half a dollar less than the schedule price in 1882. A good puddler can puddle three thousand pounds a day—$6.69; deduct one-third ($2.23) for the helper, and the net wages of the puddler when at work is $4.46. With the increase in the price of iron, wages also increase, going up as high as $7 when iron is quoted at three cents a pound.

Moulders (another class of iron-workers) are not paid as well as bar mill rollers. Previous to 1883, moulders averaged $3 a day. In that year there was a reduction in most of the founderies to $2.50. The men struck. The manufacturers sent to Pittsburg, Cincinnati, and other cities in the East, engaged new men, paid their railroad fare to the West, and set them to work. The old hands jumped on the imported hands, beat them, and then paid their fare back East. For three months this war continued; then the strikers gave up the fight, and since the summer of 1883 have worked for $2.50 a day. To learn the trade of iron-moulding requires at least nine months, and a good head in the bargain. As a rule, iron-moulders live in neat, comfortable homes.

"There are four in our family," said Mr. Peters, a moulder in Kansas City. "A house like this rents for twenty-five dollars a month. I manage to support my family very well. The women folks do all the house-work. My greatest expense is for clothing, moulding is so hard on the clothes. The next heavy item is for coal. We use five tons of soft coal (three dollars a ton) and two tons of hard coal (ten dollars a ton) during the winter. Meat is cheap in Kansas City. Good beef can be had for eight cents a pound, tenderloin steak for thirteen cents. Ten pounds of the best granulated sugar costs one dollar. Good brown sugar costs eight cents a pound. My entire grocery bill amounts to from five to six dollars a week."

These figures, tabulated, appear about thus:

Earnings, 300 days, at $2 50 a day		$750 00
Expenses:		
Two work suits	$30 00	
One Sunday suit	25 00	
Other clothing	20 00	
Total clothing for husband		$75 00
Clothing for mother	50 00	
" " wife	50 00	
" " sister, a young lady in society	100 00	
Total yearly cost of clothing for family of four		$275 00

Brought forward	$275 00
Groceries	260 00
Meats, salt and fresh	52 00
Doctor's bills	50 00
Incidentals of all kinds, including taxes	60 00
Total yearly cost of living for four persons in Kansas City,	$697 00

The balance of $53 forms the net savings of a thrifty iron-moulder who works steadily, without losing time by idleness or sickness. He had saved enough to buy his home and furnish it. In one corner of the parlor stood an upright piano, which the young lady sister played as well as the average society belle. Speaking of strikes, the moulder said,

"Ah, I'm down on 'em. They're no good. I'm down on 'em."

He said this because he thought I was opposed to them. I said,

"Some strikes may be harmful, but is not good accomplished by others? The street-car drivers, for instance, who worked fourteen hours for a dollar and a half—don't you think they ought to have struck?"

After a little talk of this kind, Mr. Peters came around and warmly espoused the principle of strikes. Working-men have so long been accustomed to be frowned upon by the so-called "upper" classes when they attempt to better their condition, that they are cautious and timid about showing their true feelings.

The Southern Bagging Company in St. Louis worked their employés twelve hours a day as late as May, 1886. In that month the tired, overworked girls struck for a reduction to sixty hours a week. They succeeded in getting sixty-one. I called on Matilda Rose, one of the strikers. She lived in the rear of a small tenement-house. A narrow and not over-clean alley led to the court, whence a pair of rickety stairs conducted me to the first of the two rooms Miss Rose calls home. The room was poorly furnished. In a corner was a kitchen stove.

In addition were a table and three chairs. On a table I noticed a German magazine and a Bible.

"My mother and I pay seven dollars a month rent," said Miss Rose. "Our grocery and butcher bills run up as high as thirty dollars a month. We do our own cooking, or rather mother does it. I have to be at the mill until six. It is seven by the time I get home. Then I am so tired that I can hardly eat supper, much less cook it. We are paid so much per cut of sixty-six yards. The price ranges from thirteen to seventeen cents per cut, according to quality. I make on the average fifty cuts a week, or about six dollars."

Mrs. Mary M'Ghee, another of the bagging-girls, was even less happily situated than Miss Rose. With her father and mother and little boy she occupied two closet-like rooms in the rear of a cheap dwelling-house. The two rooms were a detached shanty several feet below the level of the street. They were damp and unhealthy. Mrs. M'Ghee said she knew not whether her husband were dead or alive. He had enlisted in the army eleven years ago. Being a "winder," she made less than Miss Rose, who was a weaver. Her wages averaged $4.50 a week. Her father earned $6. On this income ($10.50 a week) the four persons lived. Rent was $5 a month; groceries, $2.25 a week; meat, $2. On the remaining $4.88 the four clothed themselves, bought fuel, and all the other necessaries of life. Even with health and steady work they find it difficult to live at such rates. A month's sickness or loss of employment means starvation. No wonder hard-working people like these despair when they see that, with all their industry and close economy, they are unable to provide against sickness, old age, or other emergency.

The tobacco factories of St. Louis employ more girls and pay a higher average of wages than the bagging factories, but for several reasons, principally on the score of health, they are not as popular with the working-women. My lady assistant, who spent a week in the various tobacco-works questioning the girls, was completely prostrated by the work. In one factory as many as four hundred girls were working in a single hall. The temperature is always kept to a high point in these halls. The sudden change from the cold, pure atmosphere to the heated, tobacco-impregnated air of the factory was what made my agent sick. The employés usually discard ceremony, and work in the factory dress, or rather *un*dress, to suit the occasion. One unaccustomed to such sights is apt to be a little surprised on first entering a tobacco-stripping room, where are several hundred women and girls seated on the floor or standing at benches, with dresses unbuttoned, or opened in an exceedingly *négligé* way. For this hard work and exposure to the poisonous tobacco atmosphere a large number of girls receive as much as $5 a week, while a few get $10 and $11.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW NAILS ARE MADE.

A BIG STRIKE.—COAL-MINERS.—THEIR GLOOMY LIFE.—A MAN WHO BELIEVED IN INSULATION.—WHY THE POLAR-BEAR FROZE.—THE LADY COOK.—LIVING BY ABSORPTION.—A NIGHT ON PIKE'S PEAK.—A MORMON PEDESTRIAN.

THE nailer's occupation is, apparently, a good one. When work is brisk a nailer can make $5 a day. "When brisk!" there is the rub. How much time can the nailer average? Not more than six months in the year. Another drawback is the injurious nature of the work. The knives used to cut the dies that form the nails are ground on huge grindstones. The dust thrown off sifts into the lungs, frequently causing consumption and early death. One reason why the nailers can make as much as $5 a day is because they control the labor market in their branch.

"I had an intelligent man whom I wanted to become a nailer," said Mr. Powell, of the Western Nail Mills. "I took him into the mills to one of the nailers. Said the nailer, 'I cannot teach him; we do not open our trade to every one. It would ruin us.' I was unable to have the man taught in my own mill."

The *feeder* is employed by the nailer. He sits perched up on a three-legged stool manipulating the sheet of iron from which the nails are made. The strip of iron is fastened to a round stick the size of a broom-handle. By a continuous and rapid twist of the wrist the feeder inserts the bar of iron between the teeth of the machine. The teeth bite off at each turn a small piece of iron, which small piece, in some mysterious way, drops into a receptacle underneath a fully developed nail. A good feeder who sits steadily on his stool ten hours can in that time manage to shove through ten kegs of tenpenny nails. The self-feeding machine that is being introduced in nail-mills will do away with the feeder employed by the nailers. With the new machine only a small boy is required to occasionally insert a fresh bar, which the machine, of its own accord, begins, as soon as it is in place, to cut up into nails. This boy works for seventy-five cents a day. The feeders were paid by the nailers $1.50. The self-feeding machine has the advantage in still another way—it turns out fifteen kegs of nails to ten kegs the old way. The manufacturers prefer the self-feeding machine because it cannot strike.

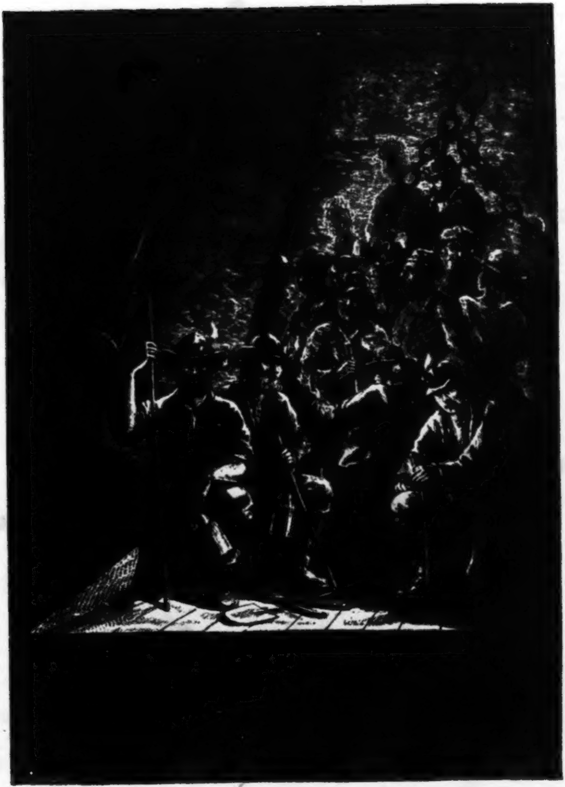
A peculiar feature of the great strike of 1885, when nearly every nail-mill in the country was closed for more than a year, was the action of the feeders. These men struck solely to sustain the nailers, who had gone out to resist a reduction in wages. After many months of loss and suffering, the nailers decided to give up the strike and go back to work. What was their surprise to find that the fight was no longer theirs! The feeders refused to go back. They insisted that the nailers should not accept lower wages. There was no talk of reducing the pay of the feeders. What they did was entirely disinterested, and they actually kept the nailers from working long after they saw that the battle was lost. This action of the feeders led to the rapid introduction of the self-feeding machines.

A nailer whom I visited at Belleville, Illinois, fifteen miles from St. Louis, had three sons. The sons and father earned together from $6000 to $7000 a year, yet never laid by a cent. They lived on a more costly scale than the majority of professional men, who usually save up a little for a rainy day. High wages seemed to make them reckless. Except as typical of a class, this would not be worth mentioning; unfortunately, only a small number of those earning high wages are thrifty and save. They are making such good wages that they do not think of "rainy days." By-and-by the rain pours in the shape of a strike, and then the nailer who has been making $6 a day is as hard up, and suffers fully as much as does unskilled labor when out of work. In another family I visited were two nailers who made during the busy season—six months in the year—from $6 to $7 a day apiece. The income of the father, grown son, and mother was $2028 for the six months. Said the mother,

"Formerly, before the reduction in wages, Will made one hundred dollars a week. Sixty dollars he paid his feeders, leaving forty clear for himself. This was his average the year around. Now he makes only forty-two dollars to fifty-two dollars a week during only six months, which is really as if he were making only twenty-one dollars and twenty-six cents a week."

In sharp contrast to the nailers are the coal-miners next door. Indeed, leaving the Western Nail Mills in Belleville, one need not even go next door to find coal-mines; there are mines under the mills themselves. Just at the end of the engine-room is a shaft, down which I descended into the very bowels of the earth. The miners, black with coal-dust, were on their knees picking away at the great solid mass of coal. The greasy lamps fastened to their caps dimly lighted the fantastic scene. The men enter the mines at half-past six in the morning, and do not leave until half-past five in the evening. Their dinner, which they bring down with them, consists mainly of bread spread with butter, sausage, and coffee. For their hard and disagreeable work they earn from $1 to $1.70 a day. They are paid one and a half cents a bushel. Said a miner,

"Taking it the year through, I am not able to earn more than a dollar for each working-day—six dollars a week. It takes one week's work (one-fourth of my wages) to pay the rent of a house 31 by 18 feet, cut into two rooms. On the balance, eighteen dollars, I must clothe and feed myself and family. Do my wife and daughters ever work in the mines? I guess not! Once two women started to work in these mines, but we would not stand it. It was taking bread and meat out of our mouths. Women always make wages low. My wife



COAL-MINERS GOING TO WORK.

takes in washing, and helps me out that way. Women working in the mines? Well, I should say not!"

He scouted the idea, not because such work is debasing to the sex, but because women, when they take up a thing, "always lower wages." Remembering the young girls in German and Belgian mines whom I had seen at this hard and coarsening work, I was glad they opposed women working in the mines, no matter what the grounds of their opposition.

Miners live so hidden from the rest of the world that they grow shy. At first they were unwilling to talk to me. When the shyness wore off, they crowded around as I reclined on a coal-bank wrapped in a rubber ulster. I questioned them about their work, and told them of the mines I had seen in England and Europe. They talked freely, and when I understood their situation, I was forced to the sad conclusion that their lot is but little better than that of the mules they drive. These patient animals, when they enter a mine, never leave it until they leave it to die. They have a stable deep under the earth, and after years of subterranean life become so accustomed to their new condition that they lose, so it is said, the power of sight, and if brought to the upper world are almost, if not entirely, blind.

One who studies the condition of coal-miners in America will feel as if he has descended a ladder the lowest rung of which is in the east and the highest in the west. The coal-miner of Pennsylvania is a very different creature from the coal-miner of Illinois, Missouri, and Colorado. In Pennsylvania, coal syndicates and coal trusts combine together to control the market and crush the laborer. The owners are protected by a high tariff on coal; when the poor miners try to protect themselves by combinations and strikes, they are crushed to the earth by the importation of cheap labor from Hungary and Italy. The millionaire employers bring these men over in gangs to take the places of American working-men, starving the latter into submitting to reductions in wages. These employers are willing enough to have free-trade in human labor, but on all the necessaries of life they want the highest tariff. The hard-working

Pennsylvania miners get from eighty to ninety cents a day, which does not enable them to buy enough of the coal they themselves dig out of the bowels of the earth to keep warm.

The miners of Missouri and Illinois fare better. There is comparatively an abundance of land. The Western miners can afford small gardens, and raise their own chickens and vegetables. The coal-miners of Colorado have an abundance of land, but they do not have gardens, owing to the lack of rain, and irrigation is too expensive. Rents in Denver are not very dear. A nice four-room cottage can be had for from $12 to $14 a month. Beefsteak costs fifteen cents a pound, eggs eighteen cents a dozen, milk seven cents a quart, a miner's boots cost $5, his duck suit $2.50.

It is easier to learn what a workman spends than what he earns. The half a dozen coal-mine owners around Denver unite in saying that their men earn an average of $3 a day. The men are equally as unanimous in declaring that they earn barely half that sum—$45 a month. They probably would earn the sum stated by their employers were the work steady. Blockaded shafts and other mishaps cause the miners, through no fault of their own, to lose nearly half time. Coal-mining is far from pleasant work; it requires both strength and skill; yet it is poorly paid in comparison with unskilled labor neither so hard nor disagreeable. A day laborer or teamster in Denver gets $1.50 a day; carpenters and bricklayers earn two or three times as much.

Denver is a cold place in winter. On one of the very coldest days of the season, when the mercury registered below zero, and a seven-inch snow lay on the ground, a card was brought up to my room in the Windsor. Following the card was a little man pinched and blue with cold, his nose red, his ears half frozen. He said he had heard I was a special labor agent. He wanted to lay before me a discovery that would be of inestimable benefit to the working-classes.

"People don't understand the power of electricity," said this gentleman. "They insulate themselves from the earth, cut themselves off from the electrical currents, thereby inviting disease and early death. I have studied this subject. The earth is our mother; she will supply us with electricity if we only stop insulating ourselves. You see my shoes? The soles are very thin. If you wore such shoes you would catch your death. I never get cold. Why?" Jerking off one of his dilapidated shoes, he pointed to a copper tack in the sole. "That's what prevents me from being cold. The copper tack keeps up the electricity; prevents me from being insulated. Children of the poor, who go barefooted, are healthier than the children of the rich, who constantly insulate themselves by wearing shoes. Put an animal on the ground and he will keep warm; raise him a few feet onto a board floor and he will freeze. In Lynchburg, Virginia, a polar bear froze to death because he was kept in a cage insulated from the electrical currents of the earth. In Montana animals remaining in the open air with their feet on the ground do not suffer. The few that are housed cannot stand the severe winters, and die of cold. In your intercourse with the working-classes you can spread this discovery, and save them the expense of thick shoes and socks. It will be a great thing for them."

This well-meaning man reminded me of a wealthy but eccentric Kentucky gentleman who held the theory that humanity can live by absorption, and tried to prove it by getting into hogsheads filled with mush. He stood in the mush up to his chin for several days, when his servants took him out by main force and made him absorb a little food in the natural way. On further reflection, he concluded that walking shortened life. For two years he lay on his back on a mattress, making his servants carry him and the mattress out to a wagon, in which he was hauled about the country to visit his neighbors, stretched at full length. This plan did not prove a brilliant success; the poor old man gave up the ghost not long afterwards.

As special labor agent I met many such eccentric persons. One day a woman called on me at my office in San Francisco, and stated that she wished me to investigate her case.

"Who are you, madam, and what is your case?"

"I am a lady cook, and my case is one of the most malignant persecution."

She then went on to tell how she was persecuted by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. She was a "lady" cook in a wealthy private family, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was doing everything in its power to make her lose her place. It was sending spies to watch her, to dog her footsteps, to make noises under her window at night.

"What object can the company have in persecuting you so?"

"Pure devilishness," replied the lady cook. "They have been treating me this way for the last four years. I can't keep a situation long, they dog me so;" and she burst into tears.

I saw the poor woman was slightly insane, and attempted to get rid of her by telling her that the case was out of my jurisdiction, that she would have to get a lawyer. At this she flew into a rage.

"I'd like to know what the Government is paying you for if it isn't to look into just such cases as mine? Here I am, persecuted and hunted by a rich company, and you won't do anything for me."

The lady cook refused to leave until I promised to investigate her case. I did make some inquiries, and learned that she had been boring the Chief of Police, the State Commissioner of Labor, and other officials with the story of her imaginary persecutions. She never called again, and I suppose is by this time in a lunatic asylum.

Denver is the centre of the tourist's operations in Colorado. It has a number of tolerably good hotels. The traveller, after each trip to this or that cañon or gorge, returns to Denver to rest and recuperate from the effects of greasy Western diet. Near Manitou, eighty miles from Denver, I went to the Garden of the Gods, a natural enclosure, with walls made of natural rifts of rock two or three hundred feet high. There are only two gate-ways through which entrance or exit can be made. Within this curious place are formations resembling birds, animals, men carved out of the solid rocks, or cast up in some convulsion by Nature herself. On the top of one of the gate-posts, a straight, upright rock near the entrance, three hundred and eighty feet high, I saw a small flag waving.

"How was that flag put there?"

"A tourist put it there on the Fourth of July," answered the guide. "He cut those holes you see there on the sloping side of the rock. It was slow work going up, but he made up for it coming down."

"How?"

"By falling," was the laconic reply.

The tourist succeeded in the foolhardy feat of climbing up that steep rock; when on top, his foot slipped or his head became dizzy, and he fell to the ground, a mass of pulpy flesh and broken bones.

The ascent of Pike's Peak, begun from Manitou, is usually made on mule-back. I made it on foot. The month was July. It was a hot day when I started, but the heat was soon passed. As hour after hour of hard climbing went by, village and valley were seen through a haze, growing dimmer and dimmer to the sight. I drew my coat close around me, shivering with cold. In places the trail is not two feet wide; on one side a massive wall of granite, on the other a yawning precipice. A single misstep would be fatal. The ascent led me up to a barren world of snow and ice, and a solitude of unbroken silence. The world of life and sunshine, of green trees and flowers, of beasts and men, lay in the distance, indistinct, undefined. Not even the eagle, said to love lofty flights, is fond of this frozen region. The pedestrian climbing up those rough rocks, covered with eternal snow, feels as if he were in a dead world; as if all life, save his own, were stricken from earth.

Two miles from the summit I encountered a blinding snow-storm. Fast and furious fell the white flakes, and bitter was the cold that July day. I could not see the trail. It was completely covered by snow. To follow it hap-hazard was dangerous. The slightest misstep might send me head-over-heels a thousand feet into some awful and unexplored chasm. However, there were those blessed representatives of human civilization—telegraph poles. I followed them. Imagine a narrow path-way set on end at a sharp angle and paved with jagged stones. This was the road to be got over, with only a row of telegraph poles as a guide. Some of the bowlders were so big and steep that my feet slipped back in the deep snow, as it seemed, faster than they went upward. Gusts of wind blew the stinging flakes in my face and eyes; when at last, after three hours' climbing up that rugged mountain-side, the dark outline of the signal-station faintly appeared, I gave a cry of joy. The signal-officer was standing in the door surveying the great white sea of whirling snow.

The United States Signal Service Station on the top of Pike's Peak is a low, gloomy-looking structure—a prison, the jailer of which is the inexorable winter that reigns from year's end to year's end. This low, flat prison is made of granite, and anchored and bolted to the granite bowlders. The wind whistles and howls around it day and night in one eternal winter. No trees, no leaves, no birds, no beasts, no life except the one lone man whom the Government employs to do the signal service. Mr. Litzel, a young man of about thirty, had charge of the station. He had a good, intelligent face, with that care-worn, depressed expression which comes from unbroken solitude.

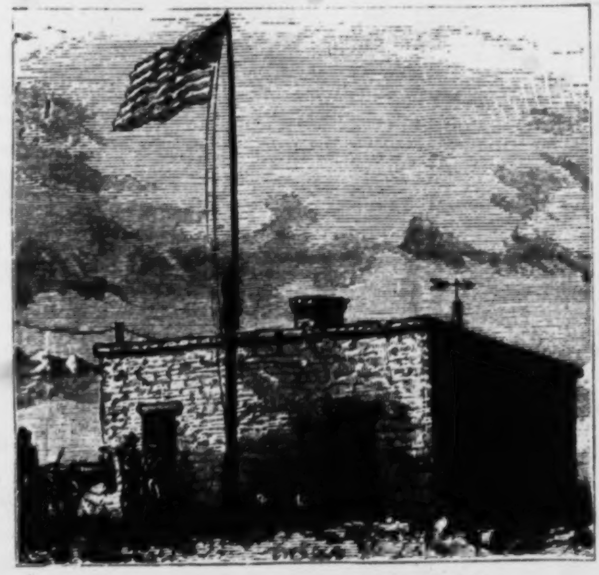
"You don't often see snow in July?" he said, after I had thawed out before a blazing fire.

"Not often. You don't yourself, do you?"

"In summer, two or three times a week; in winter, all the time. Snow is my only water supply. That boiler there," pointing to the stove, "is full of melting snow. Even in the heart of summer there is always enough snow at my door to furnish all the water needed."

"Does not life become weary and desolate up here on this lonely peak, so far from the busy world?"

"So much so, I sometimes fear it will drive me crazy. My official duties are light; they require only an occasional inspection of the instruments. The rest of the time I have nothing to do but read. Too much reading becomes wearisome. Sometimes I stand at the window with my telescope; the wind without is keen, and cutting as a knife. I can see the houses of Colorado Springs, twenty miles away, see the visitors sitting in their shirt-sleeves sipping iced drinks to keep cool, and the ladies walking about in white summer robes. Then I lower the glass—the summer scene is gone; green trees and animal life, men and women, fade away like creatures in a dream, and I am the only living thing in a world of eternal ice and snow and silence."



THE SIGNAL-STATION ON PIKE'S PEAK.

The criminal shut up in a penitentiary to expiate his crime is more pleasantly situated than this prisoner on top of Pike's Peak. He is banished from the world, and to serve what good purpose?

"Except to gain knowledge of Pike's Peak," said the signal-officer, "there is no use for this station. Pike's Peak is altogether too much out of the world to afford much useful knowledge regarding parts of the world where men dwell. The wind may be blowing from the north up here, when below it is blowing from the south. It may be cold here, and warm and dry in the valley. Moreover, my reports are too old to be of use in making weather predictions. The telegraph line is not operated. In summer I send down reports every two weeks. In winter I send none; for during the winter there is no communication with the world. No human being can come up to me, and it is almost impossible for me to go down to the world, so deep is the trail covered with snow and ice."

There is about an acre of rough, jagged bowlders on the summit of the peak. The sides of the peak tumble steeply down to the valley below. The house of the observer is set near the edge, looking down into what is called the "Devil's Punch-bowl." One winter night the storm blew the observer's wood-pile into this black and fearful bowl, and tore off a part of the roof. The snow came down. The cold was intense. It was certain death to remain without fuel. To attempt a descent in the storm was a fearful alternative. The officer, however, made the endeavor, and looked upon his safe descent as almost a miracle.

As the sun sinks in the west the shadows of the peak gradually reach out to the east, a huge black mantle that finally enshrouds the valley in darkness. The sunrise is even a grander sight. Mr. Litzel called me at four o'clock in the morning. All was yet dark. The Devil's Punch-bowl looked black as midnight, but far in the east a faint dawn heralded the day. Soon a narrow rim of fire pushed up; the rim grew larger and larger, until it shone a huge red orb, which slowly and majestically rose in the sky, lighting up the lofty peaks while the valleys were still wrapped in darkness. It was full five minutes after the sun fell on us before its light kindled the valleys below.

It costs the Government twenty dollars a cord to transport wood to the top of Pike's Peak. The signal-officer charged a dollar for a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

The journey west from Pike's Peak is through rugged gorges three thousand feet deep. Originally these gorges were only fissures cut out by the mountain torrent, the walls of granite rising on either side three to five thousand feet high. Mules and men were let down from the summit of the mountains by stout ropes. A path-way along the side of the bubbling stream was hewn and blasted away, and now trains of palace-cars fly through those once inaccessible cañons.

After scaling Marshall Pass, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, the train descends into the great Desert of Utah. Two hundred miles before reaching Salt Lake City an accident occurred. A bridge fell in, and the engine and several cars tumbled into the water. The engineer and fireman were drowned, some of the passengers were injured, and all badly scared. For two days we remained there on the open plain, with nothing to eat except crackers and tea, which the railroad company supplied from the nearest section-house. The immigrants were loaded with huge bundles of bedding, pots, kettles, pans, and other kitchen effects. They also had food supplies, and were not a little envied by the first-class passengers, who for the time being had to live on crackers and weak tea. Had such an accident happened to me on my tramp trip in Europe, I would have suffered little inconvenience. I constantly carried in my knapsack a coil of bologna-sausage and a stock of black bread. This, with grapes and figs bought on the way, formed my sole diet on a tramp from Buda-Pesth to Constantinople. After two days of weak tea and crackers on the burning desert of Utah, we started across a temporary foot-bridge to board the train that had been sent from Salt Lake City to meet us. A dapper young man undertook to show the ladies across

"There's no danger—no danger at all!" the dapper young man jauntily declared as he briskly started to trip over the rickety foot-path to encourage the more timid ladies. Unfortunately for his good intentions, his foot slipped, and he tumbled into the water. When they fished him out he made no more offers to show the ladies how to cross.

In Salt Lake City I saw the sights usually shown tourists. I also saw the champion pedestrian of the world, as he called himself. I had gone out to look at the grave of Brigham Young, and on the way fell in with a Mormon pedestrian. It came about that I told him of my tramp over Europe.

"Pshaw!" said the Mormon, "that's nothing. I have walked over every continent on the globe. Fifty thousand miles would fall short of the distance of my tramps around the world."

"How did you happen to walk so much?"

"Had to," was the reply. "During the war a shell wounded me in the leg, giving me creeping paralysis. I consulted the best physicians, and all agreed that my only chance was to walk it off. 'Walk,' they said, 'and you may keep the paralysis down. Stop walking, the paralysis will begin to creep up until it catches your heart, then death.' You may depend upon it," continued the Mormon pedestrian, with an oath, "that I walked that paralysis right down to the tips of my toes, and it hasn't had the strength to crawl up since."

I heard of one case in Salt Lake City where a young girl was courted by an already "severally" married man. The young lady liked her suitor, but did not wish to leave her mother. To settle the matter, the lover married both mother and daughter. Thus we see polygamy overcomes difficulties insurmountable to the monogamist. By marrying both mother and daughter the Mormon solves the mother-in-law problem, which for some men seems to hold such terrors.

CHAPTER XII.

THROUGH THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

BY BUCK-BOARD, BOAT, AND STAGE.—GOVERNMENT "REQUESTS."—A CONDUCTOR WHO WANTED TO EJECT ME.—THE CHINESE GARDENS IN PORTLAND.—UP THE COLUMBIA.—LOGGING IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—A FOREST FIRE.—WE HAVE TO CLEAR THE WAY.—THE INLETS OF PUGET SOUND.—A FLOATING PHOTOGRAPHER.

In travelling through the Pacific coast States, I was often obliged to conceal the fact that I was a Government agent, in order to escape swindling and overcharging. In one town where I desired to examine some court records, the county clerk demanded payment for permission to look at the papers—a right which all citizens have, but which this clerk thought a Government agent ought to pay for. The hotel-keepers often grumbled when they learned of my position *after* they had fixed the rate of board.

"Why didn't you say you were working for the Government? I would have charged a dollar a day more."

"Why? Does a special agent eat more than any one else?"

"Of course not, but the Government is able to pay more, and it ought to."

They were right as to the ability of the Government to pay more; at the same time, I did not like to pay more than other travellers, so, when possible, travelled incognito.

Officers of the Government, when travelling on roads that have been subsidized by lands or bonds, use what are called Government requests. I had a book of these requests, signed by the Secretary of the Interior.

When I wished to go to any point on the Northern Pacific, the Central Pacific, Southern Pacific, or any of the subsidized roads, all I had to do was to fill out my "request" and hand it to the ticket-agent, who gave me, in return, a ticket to the point named in the request. There was never any difficulty in large towns, but occasionally I came across small and remote stations, where the agent had never seen a Government request. In such places there was trouble. At one little town in Washington Territory the agent, after looking at the request and turning it over and over, said he "couldn't give no ticket on that piece of paper."

"Why not? It is issued in regular form."

"Never seed one of 'em before."

So I got on the train without a ticket. The conductor, when he looked at the written request, frowned.

"We don't take anything but tickets or money on the train."

"I have neither."

"I'll have to put you off, then."

I knew that if I paid the fare the Government would not refund, so told the conductor to go ahead.

"Now see here," said he, "there's no use in your making a fuss. That ain't no ticket. You've got to pay your fare."

"You are the one making the fuss," I said. "Your road has no right to demand cash fares from Government officers. I shall not pay."

"I'll attend to you in a minute, young man," he said, in high dudgeon.

"Any time will suit me," I answered.

He went off, but did not come back in a minute. An hour or two after, he stopped as he passed my seat, and said he had telegraphed the superintendent, who had instructed him to accept the request as if it were a ticket.

The most north-western town in Washington Territory, as well as of the whole United States, is Semiahmoo. From Cape Disappointment, where I found myself one morning, the miserable hamlet of Semiahmoo, stuck away off in the Strait of Georgia, on a point of land barely south of latitude 49°, on the very outer edge of the United States, is most easily reached by ship on the Pacific Ocean along the west coast of Washington Territory, and through the Strait of San Juan de Fuca. But I did not go that way. I went around the three other sides of the square, thus rivalling the ass in Euclid who travelled two sides of a triangle instead of one to reach his bale of hay. My route was not the shortest, but it was the most interesting. Glimpses of wild life, of rugged mountains, frontier towns, painted Indians, islands, rivers, and lakes well repaid me for that circuitous route over the North-west Territory.

The sail up the Columbia from Cape Disappointment was broken at Portland, where I went to see the Chinese Gardens, the name given to some eight or ten acres of low, swampy land rented by five Chinamen, and converted into a beautiful and productive garden. Each vegetable is planted in a separate bed; even the steep sides of the hollow are terraced, and green with rows of various vegetables. White men would scorn to live in such a place; the five Chinese tenants and their employés, who have turned this swampy hole into a fruitful garden, not only live, but thrive and make money by supplying the city of Portland with early and choice vegetables.

"This velly good place," said one of the almond-eyed men. "In China me velly poor, me only make five cent one day. Here me eat heap rice, heap nice garden. Velly good place."

My pigtail friend led the way across the drain ditches to his house, a tumble-down shanty, filled with all sorts of odds and ends—tin cans, baskets, and the ever-present opium outfit of pipe and glass lamp. While I observed how Ah Foo saved the dollar a white man would spend by putting a handle on an old oil-can, making that serve as a bucket, the heathen softly smiled and said,

"You no live here?"

"No, I come from New York."

New York is the only Eastern place Chinamen on the Pacific coast have heard of; with him New York is all the East. An

Easterner, to give a Chinaman any idea of his native place, must say he is from New York.

"How did you know I did not live here?"

"Melican man live here, he no come see gardens. Melican man from New York, he likee see 'em. Why don't you come live Oregon City?"

Oregon City is a village ten miles from Portland.

"Why should I live in Oregon City?"

"Oh, Oregon City velly nice town. You bring your mother from New York, and live in Oregon City."

On a second visit, Ah Foo again suggested the advisability of my bringing my mother from New York and settling in Oregon City. I wonder if the wily heathen had real estate there to sell?

A peculiar feature of Portland are the piles of wood that encumber the otherwise pretty streets. At every turn may be seen a winter's supply of wood stacked ten or twelve feet high in front of the houses. The inhabitants must imagine wood-piles ornamental, for there is no lack of backyard space, where they could be placed quite as well as on the streets.

The North-west country is noted for fog and rain. In Neah Bay the annual rainfall is one hundred and twenty-three inches—more than ten feet. As our boat started up the Columbia from Portland, from the way the rain came down I feared the annual supply of rain was to be condensed into that one day. Fortunately the rain ceased in a few hours, and disclosed to view the grandest river scenery in the world, not excepting even the famous Kazan defile on the Lower Danube. The rocky bluffs rise almost perpendicularly a thousand feet high; then, with only a slight angle, they slope gradually into the clouds, where their snow-capped summits become entirely lost to view. Mount Hood, which can be seen hours before it is reached, looks like a huge cone of snow. On the steep side of one mountain is a wonderful likeness of a human hand, as if in the early days, when the earth was young, and produced monsters in size, some monstrous man, while climbing up the height, had left his hand clutching the granite bluff, probably cut off by a foe, leaving the body to tumble down to death.

Breaks in these granite walls are utilized by loggers for lumber-shoots, some of which have slides several thousand feet long. One that I saw led into the water from the very summit of the mountain at an angle of almost sixty degrees. The great logs come rushing down this fearful shoot with the noise of thunder. Once a workman was making some repairs in the shoot. This was not known in the camp above. A huge tree was sent crashing down. The unfortunate man was never seen again.

Having passed the grandest part of the Columbia scenery, I took a buck-board barouche at a small pass in the mountains, and started overland for the British frontier. A long, winding road brought us to the summit of the high bluffs overlooking the river. In an hour more we reached a quiet little village two thousand feet above the sea—no whiskey, the people being prohibitionists, and little water, the town being on an arid plain. The people here seemed to take life easy; they walked about with their hands in their pockets, apparently with nothing to do. Between Spokane Falls and the frontier the buck-board barouche took us through a valley ranging in width from one to five miles, hemmed in on both sides by tall mountains.

The average traveller of to-day, accustomed to Pullman sleepers, can hardly conceive what fatigue and discomfort are comprised in a buck-board trip of only a few hundred miles. To go in a Pullman sleeper from New York to San Francisco, three thousand miles, really amounts to no more than shutting yourself up in a hotel for a week. On the other hand, bouncing up and down over a hundred miles of Western roads on a buck-board barouche is an experience I would not recommend a seeker after pleasure to try. The first day, you stand it pretty well; the second day, you begin to feel as if you had been ground and pounded into sausage-meat. I was glad when my duties in the North were concluded, and buck-board-riding gave way to boating. One small hamlet which I had to visit was reached by boat up a so-called river about thirty yards wide.

The stream empties into Puget Sound, and at low tide is not navigable. Once a day the miserable little boat stuck in the mud, where it remained fast until the tide rose and floated it off. The shaggy limbs of tall spruce-trees almost met over our heads, forming, with their festoons of that funereal-looking moss which hangs on the trees of Louisiana, a green and shady bower. Where the forest had been exterminated are waving fields of tule-grass. The general appearance of this section is not unlike Holland. The whole country has to be diked to avoid inundation by the sea at high tide. So far little has been reclaimed. There are some squatters, however, who have located claims, and set themselves to the herculean task of walling out the mighty ocean and uprooting the dense forest. This indomitable energy and patience, if applied in more civilized and productive fields, would bring a far greater return than is possible in this wilderness; but, fortunately for society, there is a pioneer spirit which pushes on and on, disdainful of hardships and dangers.

On the boat, which ploughed its way up the creek under the bower of moss and spruce-limbs, was the wife of one of the pioneer class, a plain, elderly woman, who had not been on a steamboat for years. At the first landing she turned in great alarm, and asked if the boat had not struck a snag.

"No," I replied.

"But why has it stopped in the middle of the river?"

When I called her attention to the fact that she happened to be looking from the wrong side of the boat, that on the other side we were snugly tied to the shore, she was relieved; the relief, however, was only temporary. At every turn, at every blowing of the whistle, she started, and wanted to know if we hadn't struck a snag. Yet this woman had bravely met and endured the dangers and hardships of a pioneer life.

The following bit of conversation shows that the spirit of inquiry is active even in the outposts of civilization. The hardy pioneers of the North-west Territory do not let their minds become rusty.

First Snohomish Passenger. "I left Snohomish a day before you. What's the news?"

Second Snohomish Passenger. "I don't know."

First S. P. "Well, something has happened, I'll be bound, if we only had the paper, and knew."

Second S. P. "Yes, I guess so. Something's always happening in Snohomish."

Something happened there on the night of my arrival. In the centre of the rough log-village was a man mounted on a wagon. Suspended from a pole was a blazing kerosene light. The man had on a plug hat and a clawhammer coat, and was surrounded by a crowd of fifty or sixty rude backwoodsmen.

"Come right this way, ladies and gentlemen," cried the man. "Step right up; come up with your aching teeth; bring up your old grinders. I'll pull 'em out free gratis for nothing; won't charge you a cent. No pain; pull 'em out soft and sweet. Come right along."

Numbers clambered up into the wagon, seemingly actuated by no other motive than to test the speaker's ability to pull teeth without charge and without pain. A man in the crowd with whom I was talking suddenly declared that he believed he would have a tooth pulled. After it was out I asked if it had ached.

"No; it hadn't hurt yet, but it mout have hurt soon. We don't git a chance like this every day."

After the dentist had pulled a tooth for nearly every inhabitant in the village, he proceeded to fill his pockets with the proceeds of the sale of a wonderful medicine, that was guaranteed to stop the aching of the jaws he had operated upon. A brilliant scheme! First he induced people to have their teeth pulled "free gratis for nothing," then he sold stuff at a dollar a bottle warranted to stop the pain of aching jaws.

Next morning, before leaving Snohomish, I discovered that our boat was tied to a sort of floating photograph gallery. I climbed over into it, and had a chat with the proprietor.

"An easy life," he said. "I raise my sail and go where I please. The rivers and Puget Sound together offer a coast-line of more than a thousand miles. I have been along it all."

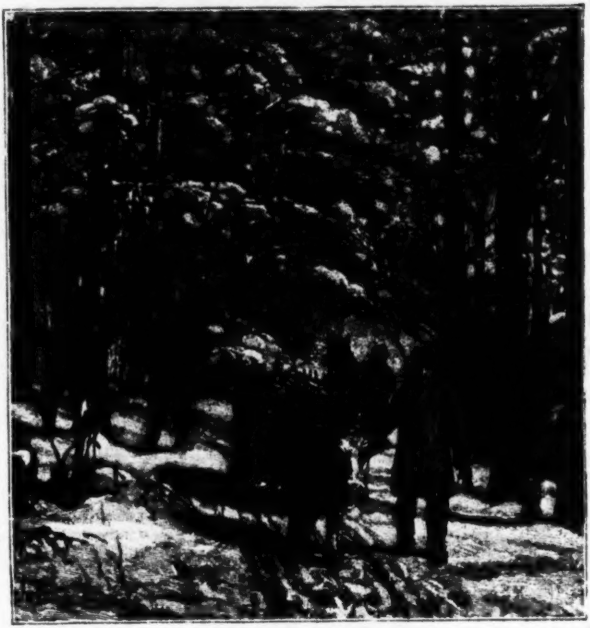
"Does it pay?"

"Of course it does; why else should I keep it up? It is the only chance these backwoods people have of getting photographs. They come from the logging-camps, from the Indian reservations, from, in short, every section of the country where I land. See here!" and he showed me great numbers of photographs of miners and loggers, Indian braves, squaws, and babies—in all their war-paint and savage trappings.

When a point was reached where the river was too shallow to float our little boat even at high tide, I went ashore and set out on horseback for the logging-camp, still some miles distant. The trail led through two walls of tall ferns, the boughs of the trees meeting overhead making a tunnel arched over by green leaves. It is said this region is not now visited by hurricanes. It has not always been exempt. In one place the forest looked as if it had been the scene of a battle of giants. Huge trees ten feet in diameter, torn up by the roots, lay prostrate upon the earth, or piled one upon the other in wild confusion. Windstorms producing this terrible result, however, are rare. A more frequent, and therefore greater, danger is fire. During the summer and early fall, all Washington Territory is overhung by the smoke arising from the forest fires which, once begun, continue weeks and months burning so fiercely that it seems impossible to check them. The flames leap across clear spaces of half a mile and more in width, set fire to the timber on the farther side of the clearing, and rage on furiously. A logger, who was fleeing from the flames as fast as his horse could carry him, had a box of matches in his pocket. The intense heat of the air ignited the matches, his clothing caught fire, and the poor logger was burned to death.

A logger-camp is necessarily on the very outskirts of civilization. A path ten feet wide is blazed through the forest to the banks of the nearest stream. In this path are put, at intervals of five or ten feet, logs like the sleepers of a railroad-bed.

These rude sleepers are well greased. Trees are then cut, and the trunks dragged by oxen over the greased sleepers to the water, where they remain until the winter rains fill the stream enough to float the trees to market. It is quite a sight to see twelve or sixteen oxen pulling a huge tree ten feet thick by one hundred feet long over the greased sleepers. To get a single log into the water sometimes requires several days. Once there, it is worth, if one of the long, straight kinds used for ship-masts, anywhere from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars. The average logger hiring out to the owner of a tim-



LOGGERS IN WINTER.

ber claim is paid from sixty to a hundred dollars a month. This is less per day than the Mississippi River loggers earn, though it is more per year. The Mississippi logger earns three dollars and a half a day during only seven or eight months a year. Even part of that period is so cold that the unfortunate logger, wading about in ice-water after logs, generally catches rheumatism as well as logs. In the remote logging-camps of Washington Territory the men can work, if they wish, the year round. This, however, is seldom done. Life in the backwoods, with no amusements or neighbors, becomes painfully monotonous. The average logger goes to town at least twice a year, where he too often gets drunk, and foolishly spends the results of his hard labor in the primeval forests.

A somewhat surprising fact noted is that even the smallest and most remote towns of Washington Territory have a free library and reading-room—not, of course, on a large scale, but enough to indicate the spirit of the people, which is apparently more liberal than in the "effete East." In a log church on an island in Puget Sound I heard a preacher discourse to his flock upon the propriety of enacting a Sunday law then being agitated.

"To require by law an observance of Sunday would be unjust," the preacher said. "You may be a Jew, and wish to observe Saturday; or a Mohammedan, and wish to make Friday your Sabbath; or an Atheist, and wish to keep no day at all. Wherefore, brethren, I think the law should leave this matter with each [illegible]'s individual understanding of the Word of God."

Where in the East can a preacher be found promulgating so liberal a doctrine as this?

Puget Sound is like a chain of Lake Genevas, only more grand, more beautiful. It has not only the steep mountain-sides of Lake Geneva, but is studded with islands, some of which shoot up into mountain-peaks direct from the water. A race of Brobdingnags might build here a noble Venice. The canals wind in and about a hundred isles just as the Venetian canals, only in Puget Sound they are on a grander scale. The islands are larger, and instead of being adorned with Italian palaces, are grand with rocky bluffs and precipitous heights. These canals, instead of being ten or fifteen feet wide, are (the narrowest) a hundred yards wide. Life on these grand canals is, in its way, as interesting as that which the gay Venetians see in their gondolas with tinkling guitars. I saw an Indian dugout, made from a huge log one hundred feet long and ten feet wide. Seventy-five Indians were in it, on their way from Alaska to the hop-fields of Washington Territory, where they earn during the season (September and October) $1 or $1.25 a day picking hops. The chain of islands for a thousand miles along the coast of North-west America almost entirely shuts out the ocean. At the end of the hop season the Indian paddles his own canoe back to Alaska as safely and easily as if on an inland creek.

The work which the Indians obtain in the hop-fields has produced a marked effect upon them. Many who come from the reservation merely to work a few weeks in September grow accustomed to work and fond of the profits of labor, and engage in steady occupations, voluntarily giving up the support on the reservations tendered them by the Government. On the streets of Seattle it is no uncommon thing to see an Indian walking along in a gaudy jacket and a plug hat; and his wife—no longer his squaw—wears a blanket and a bustle. The effect of mixing civilized follies with savage simplicity is funny enough.

Starting south from Semiahmoo, a queer little town built out into the sea on piles, I was landed at ten o'clock at night on a lonely island, there to await the chance of a fisherman's boat to carry me to Victoria, British Columbia. A walk of four miles through a dense forest brought me to the west side of the island; there I lay down, thinking of Robinson Crusoe and wondering if he felt any more lonely than I then did on that desert island in Puget Sound. No sign of humanity was visible, only high bluffs and snow-capped mountains, and a dark, dense forest. Next morning, strolling along the beach, I came across the ruins of a fisher's hut on a sand-hill a few yards above high tide. The roof was fallen in; on the rotten floor lay a lot of fishing-tackle—nets, old rubber boots, and half-decayed clothing. Back of the tumble-down hut was a lonely grave. It was not a cheerful place; I was glad when a fisherman's boat carried me over to Victoria. The entrance to that sleepy and thoroughly English town is through a narrow gate-way in the sea. Our little fishing-smack passed along at the base of high cliffs that hid all view of the town lying so snugly hid in the valley beyond. A sudden turn of the rudder brings the boat into a gap in the high cliffs, and we are in the harbor of British Columbia's capital.

Down the centre of the principal street of Victoria is strung a line of hansom cabs, just as they are strung out in the centre of High Holborn in London. An American whom I met on the dock was astonished at the difference between the people of Victoria and the people of American towns so near. We saw some men at work on the dock making repairs.

"By gosh!" exclaimed the American, "they commenced building that dock when I was here six years ago, and dash me if they've finished her yet."

In Olympia, a hundred-and-fifty-mile stage journey lay before me.

"What sort of a stage have you?" I asked.

"Why, a thorough-brace, of course," replied the agent.

"Oh, if it's a thorough-brace I'm all right," I said, and returned to the hotel. I had not the slightest idea what a thorough-brace was, and trusted to luck to come out alive from that perilous journey.

The road was over high hills and mountains. Only one stretch of level country was passed; this was marked by a peculiar formation of mounds, whether natural or built by Indians I do not know. These mounds are ten or fifteen feet high, and about fifty feet in diameter at the base. For miles and miles they are close together on either side of the road. When we entered the forest again, after passing the mound country, our progress was stopped by the huge trunk of a half-burned tree that lay stretched across the road. The thick growth of underbrush and trees on both sides of the road made it as difficult to make a détour around the fallen trunk as it was to get over it. Luckily, the driver had an axe. To work we went—chop, chop, chop. By midnight that big tree was cut through; then several hours' more hard work was spent with stout oak poles rolling the log out of the road. It was daybreak before we moved on. On the second day we emerged from the forest, and thence for forty miles our way lay along a smooth beach. The ocean roared in our ears, the surf broke under our wheels. Thousands of sea-gulls swarmed on that lonely beach. At the approach of the stage they rose in a cloud, flew ahead a quarter of a mile, where they lighted on the sand a moment, to rise again like a cloud over our heads as soon as the stage rattled up. I saw an eagle swoop down on a wild-duck and carry it up out of sight. The sea-gulls are not afraid of eagles; they permit them to approach without showing the slightest uneasiness. Sea-gull meat is so tough that eagles and hawks do not like it; hence the gulls' lack of fear at the approach of the king of birds.

I had been told that the town whither I was going was a small place; yet when the stage drove up, it was with difficulty that we made a way through the crowd that thronged the street. I went at once to the Court-house. Court had adjourned.

"Where is the judge?"

"Gone to the circus."

I went to the Post-office; it was closed. A slate on the door informed me that the postmaster would not be back until after the circus. A small branch railroad had just been completed to this town. It was the first circus that had ever been there, and the people flocked in for a hundred miles around. A motley crew of backwoodsmen stared at the glaring posters.

"What do you call them things?" said one, pointing to the picture of a panther.

"That's a Bengal tiger—a royal Bengal tiger," replied a rugged old logger.

"Are you not mistaken?" I said. "That is a panther."

The logger looked at me fiercely.

"A panther, is it? I say it's a Bengal tiger, an' I think I orter know. I've seed enough of 'em in Bengal."

I thought it wise to let it be a "Bengal."

Big tree-choppers lounged about, drinking red lemonade and playing with toy balloons like so many children. The whole town and country around was in a state of excitement. I had to wait until the show left before I was able to obtain an audience with the court officials.

The following "personal" items are clipped from the *Kitsap County Pioneer* of September 10, 1887. They are specimens of Washington Territory journalistic society notes.

> "Sachman Bros. & wives, & Johnny Sigo, took in the circus Monday."
>
> "The *Mason Journal* had a man shingling its roof yesterday. He fell from the scaffolding onto a stump & hurt himself."
>
> "G. Schultz has gone to Edison to chop for Gutherie's logging-camp. He will not be gone long, we hope."
>
> "John Blakely has gone to the Samish to work for Mr. Gutherie. Home is the best place, John."

This last item shows the fatherly kindness of Western journalism. What Eastern paper would say in that paternal tone, "Home is the best place, John?" How much good the New York *Sun*, *World*, *Herald*, and other influential journals might do for the hoodlum element if they would only feel a fatherly interest, and persuade the boys that home is the best place!

CHAPTER XIII.

ADVENTURES IN IDAHO AND NEVADA.

A RED-BEARDED MAN WHO DEMANDED AN EXPLANATION.—CLOTH AND PAPER HOTELS.—ROUTED BY ROACHES.—RUINOUS INTEREST PAID BY WESTERN FARMERS.—A HARDWARE DRUMMER DISCOMFITED.—A HOLE IN THE GROUND TWO THOUSAND FEET DEEP.—AN ENGLISHMAN WHO HAD BIRD ON THE BRAIN.—WESTERN STAGE-COACH DRIVERS.

A GOVERNMENT special agent is often called on to do peculiar work. Congress having passed a special act directing the Labor Department to gather statistics concerning marriages and divorces, I temporarily abandoned my labor investigations and began looking up divorce records, and the causes of marital infelicity in the North-western States and Territories. On the way from Portland to Idaho, the train stopped at Legrand for breakfast. The train porter had distributed to the passengers circulars describing the beauties of the "Cottage" restaurant. While standing on the platform debating whether I should go to the Cottage, another man stepped up and said,

"Don't go to the Cottage; it's the worst place this side of Jerusalem. The restaurant on the other side of the platform is only twenty-five cents, and is the best, into the bargain."

He had no sooner spoken than another fellow from behind cried,

"What in thunder do you know about the Cottage? You've never been there;" and he proceeded to wipe the station platform with the rival restaurant-man. Seeing he was the better fighter, I thought his eating-house might also be the better. If it was, heaven save me from the worse one! The breakfast was horrible even for that part of the country. I was sick for two hours after eating it.

Neither the train nor Pullman conductor had the slightest idea at what station one should get off to take the stage for Boise City, the capital of Idaho. I questioned a number of the passengers; the majority advised Kuna, a miserable little hamlet of four inhabitants—the railroad agent, the hotel-keeper, the store-keeper, and the stage-driver. It was nearly midnight when I was put off at Kuna, which is in the midst of an alkali desert. Six passengers also wanted to go to Boise City. The stage had seats for only five. We drew lots to see who should stay behind. I was one of the fortunate five. In company with a sheep-rancher, a school-teacher, and a couple of cowboys, I started off in the night across the weary wastes of alkali desert. It was pitch-dark; we could not see the dust, but we felt and tasted it. The school-teacher wore a rubber coat to keep the dust out. He said he had lived in Idaho for years, and had always to wear rubber to keep the dust from ruining his clothing. For some hours we rode on in silence; then it was broken by the cowboy. I felt something in the dark pawing in the neighborhood of my nose.

"What is that?" I asked.

"My tickler; take a swig;" said the generous cowboy, who seemed to be as much astonished when I told him I never drank whiskey, as if I had said I never ate bread and meat. He pawed around in the dark until he found the hands of the school-teacher. The latter drank, as I could tell by the gurgle; then the sheep-man took a pull.

"I say, pard, don't I hear water a-gurgling in there?"

"Guess you do," responded the cowboy, cheerfully.

"Well, why doncher pass her this way?" continued the driver.

The tickler was passed up, and the gurgling indicated a liberal quantity swallowed. This operation was repeated so often that I began to have fears as to our safety. The road in many places wound along steep bluffs, heights above and precipices below. Steady nerves and a clear brain were desirable in a driver on that road. However, there was no accident, and at three o'clock in the morning the stage rattled across the bridge over the Boise River into the Territory's capital—a busy, live Western town of three thousand inhabitants. The Government buildings, as the United States Assay House, the Capitol, Court-house, etc., are handsome edifices, made of stone and brick. The surrounding hills are bleak and bare. No trees or grass. The beautiful little capital, with its running streams of water in the streets, its trees and green grass, is like an oasis in the desert. On a green plot between the Capitol building and the Town School is a large equestrian statue of Washington. The statue, which was carved out of a huge piece of wood by a carpenter, is gilded, and presents a very striking appearance.

One of the divorce cases in Boise City was that of Judge X——, whose wife had run away with another man. There were a number of sensational episodes connected with the case, and the judge was told by some practical joker that I intended using it on that account and reporting it in full. I was astonished next morning to see a large, red-bearded man walk into my room at the hotel without so much as knocking, and inform me, with a resolute air, that he meant to have an explanation.

"What is there to explain?"

"What in thunderation has the public to do with my divorce?"

"Nothing, that I am aware of."

"Why, then, are you going to publish a report of it?"

"I am not."

When I explained that the investigation took no account of names, but was purely statistical, the red-bearded man was mollified, and extended a cordial invitation to "licker."

Placerville, a small village forty-five miles from Boise City, is in the midst of the mining district. The hills around this town are rich with gold. The precious metal is washed from the very surface of the earth. The miners live for months at a time in miserable cabins, eat bacon and beans, and once a year go to Placerville, where they pay up old debts, then do what is called "blow in" the rest of their year's income at poker. A game which was begun the night of my arrival (Friday) did not end until Monday morning. For sixty hours the players sat around the table, their meals being brought to them, and played until they were too exhausted to sit up longer.

Going from Boise City to Silver City in a hired team, we passed a saloon that apparently expected to draw on coyotes alone for patronage. There was no human life near: this pioneer dram-shop was set down in the midst of the desert. Our driver was about to pass by without stopping, when a seedy-looking man emerged from the saloon and said,

"Air you gentlemen goin' to Silver?"

"We are."

"Then I must tax you half a dollar."

"Tax us for what?"

"For the toll."

"Is this a toll-gate?"

"No, but the gate is up the road a piece. I came down here to get a drink. You can pay me here."

I asked the driver his opinion. He had never been over the road, and did not know whether there was a toll-gate or not. As the seedy man insisted, however, I paid his tax of fifty cents rather than have trouble. When we had gone some five miles without coming to a toll-gate, I set the man down as a fraud; but he was not. Six miles from the saloon we came to a small shanty that had a pole reaching out from one end across the road. It was deserted; but as we had paid the toll, we did not scruple to pass on. The driver got down, pulled the pole aside, and on we drove. The rest of the ride to Silver City was over rough hills and mountains. We passed pack-trains of donkeys loaded with ore from the mines, scaled the Owyhee Mountains, and at last reached Silver City.

The most conspicuous object in this place, as in most of the "cities" of Idaho, is the cemetery—a bare plot of ground almost in the heart of the town.

"Why are the cemeteries placed so near town?"

"So as to be handy-like," answered a red-nosed inhabitant.

After coming this long journey, I found only eleven divorce cases. To get the information concerning those eleven cases cost the Government nearly thirty dollars. There was no Court-house proper. The papers were in an old assay office. The District Court clerk, who was also the Wells Fargo agent, gave me the keys to the office. I went up to the deserted room, and rummaged around in the dust until I found the papers of the eleven couples who could not live happily together. Some time previous to my visit the Court-house had been set on fire by a man condemned to death, and burned to the ground. The murderer did not escape. He and a Chinaman were roasted alive.

The one hotel in Silver City is what is called a "cloth and paper" house. The partitions are made of rough boards covered with cheap cloth and then papered. When I lighted the candle in my room, which was a mere closet, a swarm of big black roaches scampered out from their hundred holes and seemed inclined to dispute possession. I set a newspaper on fire and tried to smoke them out. The smoke hurt the roaches less than it did me, and I was compelled to share my room with them.

During the night four inches of snow fell. The month was August. Our cloth and paper house did not keep out the cold. Not prepared for cloth and paper houses and snow, I almost froze that August day. It was snowing when we took the stage for Weiser City. The passengers, in summer clothing and linen dusters, shivered and shrunk up with cold. We were a dismal-looking set. The stage stopped at Kuna. Four cowboys slept in the room where I slept. Their snoring during the whole night was worse than the buzzing of a saw-mill. The next night, at Weiser City, we had a different sort of entertainment. A travelling dentist was operating on his patients. Their groans and grunts came to me through the thin board partition. The last person operated upon was the hotel chamber-maid. While filing and filling the chamber-maid's teeth, the sympathizing dentist tried to alleviate the pain of his patient by talking love. Tap, tap, tap went the dentist's hammer, and between the dental taps the dentist's voice threw in words of love which no doubt made the operation less painful.

A man at the hotel, an agent of a Boston loan company, was travelling about looking at the farms, to see if they were good security. He said that the farmers pay as high interest as eighteen per cent., and that the lowest they pay is fifteen per cent. On this subject an editorial in the *St. Louis Republican* says,

"There is not a single one of the twenty-nine agricultural States that is not, to a greater or less extent, under mortgage to the money-lending creditor States. These mortgages on farms and railroads represent an enormous aggregate. In Kansas it is estimated that one-half of the entire wealth of the State is mortgaged to the industrial States; and even the older Western States—Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota, Michigan, and Indiana—are mortgaged to the extent of twenty to thirty-three per cent. of their farms and their railroads. It is stated that the insurance companies of Hartford, Connecticut, hold $70,000,000 in Western farm mortgages; that the loan companies hold one thousand mortgages, representing $76,000,000; and in the little State of New Hampshire Western farm mortgages to the amount of $35,000,000 are held. If the whole debt claimed by the manufacturing States on the farms and railroads of the agricultural States could be ascertained, it would probably be not less than $3,000,000,000, bearing an annual interest of $180,000,000. . . . It is no wonder the manufacturing States have grown enormously rich under the Federal policy of the last twenty-six years. They have shaped that policy in its two most practical features—revenue and finance—and shaped it with such effect as to make themselves owners of one-half of the entire wealth of the country, and to force the agricultural States to pay them $180,000,000 a year in interest alone."*

New England, with its twelve votes in the Senate to the two votes of any other State (New England is, to all intents and purposes, one State—one in interest, in feeling), has long enjoyed a monopoly of power in shaping the policy of the Government, and, as we see, has exerted that power to impose robbing tariff laws on the people, under the specious plea of protecting them.

There was only one divorce case in Asotin, Washington Territory. Asotin is a remote place, difficult of access, but the Government wanted that divorce reported. Accordingly, I took the train to Riparia, thence took a boat up Snake River to Lewiston, and there took a team for Asotin, which has one hundred and twenty-five inhabitants, and had one divorce case. The office of the court clerk is a shanty set in the centre of a watermelon-patch. I went to the shanty office, dined on watermelon, then started for the Court-house. The North-west is so vast, and the people are so migratory, that great distances are not considered. Sheriffs think nothing of bringing jurors and witnesses fifty or a hundred miles: a mile or two deserves no notice. Court-houses are sometimes set upon high places difficult of access. The Court-house in Asotin is on the top of a mountain six or seven hundred feet high. I was three-quarters of an hour reaching it.

"It's good to take the wind out of the lawyers," said the district clerk, when I asked why the Court-house was built on the top of that lonely hill.

Snake River, in some places, is lined on both sides by bluffs of basalt rock a thousand feet high; in other places it has mud-banks about as picturesque as the banks of the Mississippi. It was in one of these mud-bank districts that I saw a hardware drummer put to flight by a rough backwoodsman. A warehouse in Lewiston had been set afloat in the flood during a big rise in Snake River the preceding spring. The warehouse drifted eight miles down the river to a village called Alpowa. There, running against a rock, it was demolished, and the two heavy iron safes sank in deep water. No effort was made to get the safes out until the flood subsided; then it was discovered that an enterprising ferry-man had already hauled them out, and refused to let the owner have them until he was paid salvage. When our steamboat ran her nose into the mud-bank, and the purser went ashore for the safe, the old ferry-man was firm. He stood by, shot-gun in hand, ready to shoot any man who attempted to touch "them safes." Then it was that the hardware drummer, who had been boring the passengers with his efforts at wit, came to the fore.

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* According to the Michigan Labor Commissioner, February, 1888, the mortgages on farms in the single State of Michigan amount to $64,000,000, paying an annual interest of $5,000,000.

"I say, old man," he called out, complacently, "let him have the safes. Don't you know the company is going to give you a Christmas present of a hundred dollars?"

"I knowed you belonged to the donkey tribe," said the ferry-man, grimly, as he slowly raised his gun to his shoulder; then he added, "Git off that deck, or I'll give you a good hundred shot, as sure's my name's Bill Plover. Git!"

The way that hardware drummer dodged out of sight was funny. We all laughed, although any of us would have trotted off as fast as the drummer, had two gun-barrels stared us in the face, and two eyes glared at us as they did at that facetious gentleman.

Lewiston was formerly the capital of Idaho, but the people of Boise City made a raid on the town one day, took the records by main force, and removed them to Boise City; since which bold move the latter town has been the Territory's capital.

Mr. O. K. Ben, who drives the stage from Lewiston to Mount Idaho, a distance of seventy miles, is noted for fast driving. I saw along the road-side the skeletons of the poor horses he had driven to death. At Craig Mountain, where the second change of horses was made, a young fellow about eighteen years old, wearing a slouched hat, the broad brim of which drooped down over his back, eyed me suspiciously. Presently he drawled out,

"Air you the gentleman what drives the Dayton stage?"

"No, I am not."

A sigh of relief came from under the slouched hat, and the young man continued, in a more friendly way,

"Well, it's darned lucky you ain't."

I asked him to explain, but he refused to say anything further. When we were on the way again, the driver told us that the boy in the slouched hat was sunk up to its brim in love with Miss Selina Smith. The Dayton driver had once driven Miss Smith across the mountains, and the lovelorn youth, imagining that the driver was trying to cut him out, became madly jealous, and had been on the lookout for his supposed rival ever since.

"If you'd told him you was the Dayton feller," said our driver, "he'd have popped away at you sure as shootin'. He keeps a six-shooter ready for that Dayton man!"

I made up my mind that I would never aspire to the affections of Miss Selina Smith, and under no circumstances would I ever escort Miss Smith across the mountains.

At 7 P.M. we reached Mount Idaho, a very pretty little place at the base of a high mountain. The hotel in Mount Idaho was about the worst I ever saw. The room was a little box. The dust on the pillow was so thick that it choked me as my head fell on it. There were no sheets, only dirty-looking blankets. The prospect of staying there three days was not inspiriting; so I resolved, if possible, to examine the court papers that night, and leave by the stage at four o'clock in the morning. After disposing of a sloppy supper, I went to the house of the district clerk. He had just gone to his ranch, fifteen miles away. If I could not do the work that night and take the stage next morning, I would be obliged to stay three days. There would be no stage until then. I went to the auditor, and told him that I must get into the Court-house that night. The auditor hunted up a crowbar and a chisel. By nine o'clock the door was forced open, and the record of divorces lay before me. I often felt that it is ghoulish work at best to dig up the records of marital misery; it seemed particularly ghoulish and gloomy there in that silent and dimly lighted court-room. I just did get through in time to take the stage when it rattled up to the door.

Walla Walla is a pretty town of over five thousand inhabitants, yet has only one hotel, and a bad one at that. The night before my arrival the Court-house had almost fallen down. It was a three-story building. The jail was on the ground-floor, and the county officials had their offices on the second. The court-room was on the third floor. The crack in the wall began in the rear near the roof. The floors of all the offices were sagging badly, and there was no knowing when the rear wall would spring out farther and fall in a heap. I hunted up the clerk, and asked him what was to be done.

"You can't get at the papers," said the county clerk, emphatically; "the whole thing may collapse at any moment."

"But I must see the papers. I can't stay here indefinitely."

"If you get into our graveyard I guess you'll stay here a pretty good while, and I don't know of a better way to get there than to go into the Court-house and let the roof fall on you."

I idled around the town a day or two waiting for something to turn up; but nothing turned up, neither did anything tumble down. Not a man went near the Court-house. It was completely abandoned. On the third day I went to the clerk, and told him I believed I would risk it. He said he didn't know of any law to keep a man from killing himself if he wanted to do so, and gave me the keys. I walked up the steps as softly as possible, and entered the office over the jail. The floor was slanting in an alarming way; the crack in the ceiling overhead made me weak in the knees. I worked like a steam-engine until dark, and when safely outside felt like saying prayers of thankfulness. Next day I tried it again, and by hard work finished all the papers by noon.

In Virginia City the court papers were formerly kept in a cave blasted out of the rock under the Court-house. The Court-house itself was a frame shanty, and the papers were lowered into the cave every night to keep them safe. One night a fire burned down the shanty Court-house. The papers in the cave were all safe and sound, except that they got covered with soot and ashes. After working over them, I looked like a chimney-sweep or a coal-heaver.

The earth under Virginia City is honey-combed with silver-mines, some of them thousands of feet deep. The miners make $4 a day, and can work on Sundays if they choose. Many of the miners whom I saw were educated gentlemen, who preferred this work to book-keeping or clerical employments that are more confining and less remunerative than silver-mining. The men work in eight-hour shifts. They are allowed to go to the cooling chamber at frequent intervals. No one immediately overlooks or commands them. When they come out of the mines they dress like gentlemen, and have a good time. The ex-lawyers whom I saw two thousand feet under the city, naked to the waist, digging silver, said they liked that better than waiting for briefs that never came.

The Western stage-driver lives on the box seat of his stage, wears coarse clothing, eats bad food, smokes bad tobacco, and drinks worse whiskey. Were his wages three times what they are, he would wear no better clothing, eat no better food, smoke no better tobacco, drink no better whiskey. He is silent when not drunk, and is happy only when holding the reins of six or eight horses. He keeps at his feet a bag of small pebbles, from which ever and anon he calmly abstracts one and, without removing his pipe from his mouth, shies it at the head of one of his leading-horses. If he wants to turn to the right, he hits the left horse on the left ear; if to the left, the right horse on the right ear. The nervous Easterner, who thinks that a mishit might cause a horse to start the wrong way and dash the stage down some dizzy height, holds his breath at the apparently careless way in which the driver throws stones at his horses' heads. I never but once saw one of these Jehus startled from his stolid composure. He was sitting, as usual, in solemn silence on his box. The passengers were dozing, when, suddenly, all were aroused by an exclamation from a cockney tourist who was "doing" the West, and evidently expected to find wonders every minute.

"Look, Jack!" cried the Englishman to his companion. "Look at that enormous bird!"

Every head was thrust out, every eye, even the driver's, scanned the scene to get a sight of the "enormous bird."

The "bird" proved to be the head of a poor old horse poked up above the grass some yards distant. A few miles farther on a large jack-rabbit jumped across the road. Again the Englishman came to the fore.

"See, Jack, that hopping bird! Curious birds in this country, aren't they?"

The driver maintained his solemn silence, but I saw a shadow on his broad face. Even when the short-sighted cockney mistook a squirrel for a parrot, he did not relax his dignity; but when the sight-seeing Englishman saw a skunk with a bushy tail ambling along the road just ahead of us, and nudged his friend excitedly, and cried,

"Look, Jack! Look at that lame magpie on the road!" the driver, turning his eyes solemnly on the Englishman, said,

"It takes a tarnation fool to git bird on the brain, an' you've got it!"

Our innocent cockney subsided for a minute or two. However, about dusk, when we overtook a gang of Chinamen, he called Jack's attention to that "band of Indians!"

CHAPTER XIV.

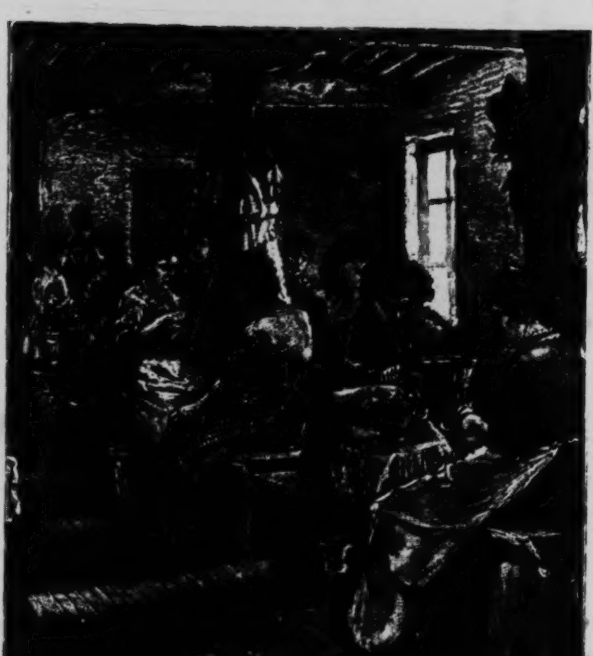
CALIFORNIA.

THE "LABOR QUESTION" ON THE PACIFIC COAST. — UNSETTLED CONDITIONS. — MILLIONAIRES, PAUPERS, AND DISCONTENT. — GREEK SCHOLARS AT WORK SIDE BY SIDE WITH CHINAMEN. — A WAITER WHO DOES NOT PEEL POTATOES. — CHINESE LABOR UNIONS. — THEIR STRIKES AND BOYCOTTS. — PHOTOGRAPHING UNDERGROUND DENS BY AID OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS. — FRIGHTENED MONGOLIANS. — AT A CHINESE FUNERAL. — BAKED PIG AND BIRDS' NESTS. — MUST THE CHINESE GO?

EVERY one knows that the conditions of labor are alike in no two European States. German wages and German life differ from Italian wages and Italian life; the Italian differs from the French, and so on. The difference in the wages and manner of living between the Eastern and the Western States of the American Union is as strongly marked as the difference found in European kingdoms.

I have spoken of sales-women in Eastern cities seeking in vain work at $3.50 a week of seventy-two hours. In San Francisco a sales-girl will turn up her nose at the proposition to work seventy-two hours for $3.50. Seven or eight dollars a week, with plenty of time for dinner, will come nearer to her demands. The house-servant who in New York earns $16 a month earns $20 or $25 in San Francisco. Young women in San Francisco upholstery establishments are paid $2 a day. When they work overtime, from 8 to 10 P.M., they receive $1 extra. Many in busy seasons earn $18 a week at work that is neat and not laborious. In woollen-mills, shoe factories, and other places where women are employed, as high or higher wages are paid than are paid in large Eastern cities.

Of half a thousand working-girls taken at random from various establishments in San Francisco, nearly eighty per cent. said



CALIFORNIA GIRLS PEELING PEACHES.

that they did not have to work; that they worked merely for pin-money, or to wear finer clothes. A compositor on whom I called in San José lived in a handsome cottage, surrounded by a lawn and a fruit orchard. The parlor was prettily furnished; a piano was in one corner; on the walls were mirrors and paintings. The father of the young lady is a well-to-do physician, able to support his daughter. She, however, chooses to work and be independent. Every morning, she goes down to a newspaper office, sets type all day, then in the evening receives callers, or goes to the theatre along with the rest of the society belles of the town. This, which is not an isolated case on the Pacific coast, can scarcely be paralleled in any Eastern city. I do not think women compositors can be found in any Eastern town of thirty thousand inhabitants who live in the style and mingle in the so-called fashionable society that this girl type-setter in San José does.

In the fruit canneries, which give employment to thousands of women and girls in California, I have frequently come across young women of family and education who were working temporarily in the canneries to make enough money to finish their education and fit themselves for school-teaching. Others were already school-teachers who were working during the vacation to make a little pin-money.

The cost of living in San Francisco is quite as cheap, if not cheaper, than in New York. Clothing is almost the only item that is more expensive, and that is becoming less so every day. A San Francisco working-man's cottage of four rooms, each ten by fourteen feet, may be had for $12 a month, water-rent free. In a restaurant he can get a passably good dinner for fifteen cents. I recall from the bill of fare of a certain working-man's restaurant the items of two eggs five cents, a mutton or lamb chop five cents, coffee and bread five cents. There were no plate-glass mirrors, and no waiters in swallow-tailed coats; but the food, reasonably well cooked, was such as a man of small means could well afford to live on. The San Francisco working-man has also the advantage of Eastern working-men in the matter of amusements. In the Tivoli he can listen, for twenty-five cents, to standard plays and operas, put on in the same style for which in other cities a dollar is charged. But the great advantage of California is its climate.*

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* In one respect the peculiar climate of San Francisco is anything but

San Francisco knows no extremes of either heat or cold. In winter, when workmen in Eastern cities spend a large part of their earnings for fuel, and yet are half frozen, workmen in San Francisco are enjoying a temperature just cold enough to brace up the system. In summer the New York workman wilts from heat, succumbs to sunstrokes, while the San Francisco work-

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an advantage to working-men or to any other class of citizens; for the climate undoubtedly has a great deal to do with the extraordinary number of divorces granted in the San Francisco courts. Coal costs from fifteen to twenty dollars a ton. As it is not very cold, economical housekeepers seldom deem it worth while to keep fires in their sitting-rooms. The mistress of the house, having household duties to perform, is stirring about, consequently can bear the cold of the room. The husband, just in from his day's work, wants to sit down and rest; but he feels chilly, and after supper takes a walk to get warm. In Eastern cities men sit on their front steps of summer evenings and chat with their families. It is too hot to go about. In winter it is too cold, and they are glad to get home and sit with the family around a bright fire. There is nothing of this in San Francisco. The husband, as soon as dinner is over, puts on his hat and takes a walk. His wife, when the house is put to rights, also goes somewhere to keep from becoming numb from cold. From 7 to 10 P. M. on almost every night in the year, Market and Kearney streets are so densely thronged that pedestrians are frequently compelled to walk in the streets and gutters. It is like Broadway at mid-day. A stranger seeing these crowds for the first time thinks that some unusual celebration is on hand. This constant, and in a manner necessary, gadding about is a serious blow to home life and happiness, and helps greatly to keep the divorce "mill" going. 4920 divorces have been granted in San Francisco in the twenty-one years ending with 1887—an average of 234 and a fraction per year. In the same period there were 49,277 marriages; thus one out of every ten marriages in San Francisco is dissolved by divorce. If the estimate be made for the last eight years only, it will be found that the number of marriages dissolved by divorce is nearly one in six. Who can say that the effect of the climate, as noted above, is not in part responsible for this abnormally large proportion? In Ohio there is but one divorce to twenty-six marriages, in Massachusetts one to twenty-one, in Rhode Island one to twelve. In France a Paris paper is alarmed because one out of two hundred and fifty French marriages is dissolved by divorce. What would the French editor say to one divorce to every six marriages, as in San Francisco?

man has to continue in motion to keep warm even in July and August. Why, then, is not San Francisco the paradise of working-men? Why is there full as much discontent on the Pacific as on the Atlantic coast?

It is the unsettled condition of affairs. In the East, every boy is told that he may become President, and live in the White House at a salary of $50,000 a year and perquisites. He is told how Jay Gould went to New York to peddle mouse-traps, and from mouse-traps went for larger game and became a millionaire. The Eastern boy hears of these things as he hears of Aladdin and his lamp; but when he quits school he settles down to his trade or profession, and, generally speaking follows that trade or profession for the remainder of his life, satisfied if he makes a decent support for himself and family. On the Pacific coast it is different. It is not school-boys only who dream of becoming presidents and millionaires, it is men. This dream becomes an agitating force which drives men on by day and night. Sudden fortunes are made and lost. Men do not aim at competence, but at wealth. In the Eastern States, if a man becomes a street-car driver he expects to remain in the business. In San Francisco the street-car driver of to-day may to-morrow loom out as a lawyer; the day after, a real-estate speculator or a doctor. It not infrequently happens that men educated in the East for the learned professions, on coming to San Francisco are forced to daily labor for a support. A few years ago, at a fashionable ball, one of the guests was obliged to leave before the dancing ceased. He was required to be on the street-car which he drove at five o'clock every morning. In the East this street-car driver had been a lawyer of promising ability. I do not know his subsequent history; but it would not be rash to surmise that he made a fortune in mines or stocks, or that he died a pauper, perhaps a suicide, such are the extremes of life on the Pacific coast. In a public gathering in San Francisco you may sit between two men, one of whom may have been a restaurant waiter, but has now an income of a million a year; the other may have been wealthy, but now lays bricks for a living. Another ten years may see their positions again reversed. The present bricklayer may be the rich man, the millionaire may resume his apron and wait on customers in a restaurant.

A seventeen-year resident of San Francisco, who has made and lost several fortunes, said he could count on the fingers of one hand the men who are rich now who were also rich when he came to California in 1867. The master-carpenter who superintended the construction of his house turned up six months later as a book-agent, and offered to sell "'A Complete History of the World' for the small sum of two dollars." A few months later the ex-carpenter and ex-book agent turned up as a fruit-tree nurseryman. In that capacity he chanced to make a hit; and having married the cook of the rich man for whom he built the dwelling, he and his wife now drive in their own carriage, and give entertainments that are attended by the *élite* of society.

On trips in the interior of California I have come across men who could read Virgil and Homer in the original, and solve problems in conic sections, working as farm-hands for $1.50 a day. One man, a graduate of Yale College, and once a well-to-do lawyer, was ploughing in the same field with Chinamen.

The remarks concerning the unsettled condition of labor apply even more closely to working-women than to working-men. The latter are beginning to realize that all cannot become presidents and millionaires, and are therefore beginning to learn trades with some view to permanency. As long as a woman is young, she hopes to marry well. Of several hundred working-women personally interviewed, few said they were working from necessity, and still fewer seemed to have any intention of making a life business of their trade. Many of these young women live in their parents' houses, and work to get spending-money, looking forward to marriage as their ultimate fate, and expecting their husbands to do the wage-earning. The average time which a girl in San Francisco works as a shoe-fitter is only three years, then she either marries and gives up work, or changes from the shoe to some other business, going probably to a woollen-mill or a canning-factory, or any place, so that it is a change. These remarks must be understood to refer to American girls. The Italian and other foreign working-people who have only recently come to the Pacific coast work as steadily as they did in their European homes. Their necessities force them to work; but their children slack off, and soon catch California ways and California independence.

Many labor leaders seem to believe that there is usually a glut in the labor market. Such does not seem to me to be the case in California. When I arrived in the Santa Clara valley I found that the public schools were closed to let the children help pick and preserve the fruit, which otherwise would have rotted on the ground for lack of labor to gather it. Chinese hands in fruit canneries earn $1 a day; white labor, being preferred, can earn $1 50. From close observation, it appears to me that much of the discontent of California laborers results from the fact that in "pioneer" times wages were very high—from $10 to $12 a day. Of course this could not last. Chinese being the first to pour in and reduce labor to something like its natural level, white men raised the cry of "Chinese cheap labor." Had Irish, German, Italian, or negro laborers come instead of the Chinese, the effect would have been the same; that is, wages would have fallen. But, instead of the intense animosity felt against the Chinaman for bringing about the reduction, the change would have been received as natural. The independence of labor in California is illustrated by an incident which I observed at the table of a first-class hotel.

Guest to Waiter. "Peel these potatoes for me, waiter."

Waiter. "I don't peel potatoes."

Guest (looking up surprised). "Take them to the cook, then."

Waiter. "The cook don't peel potatoes either."

Guest (angrily). "Well, take them away."

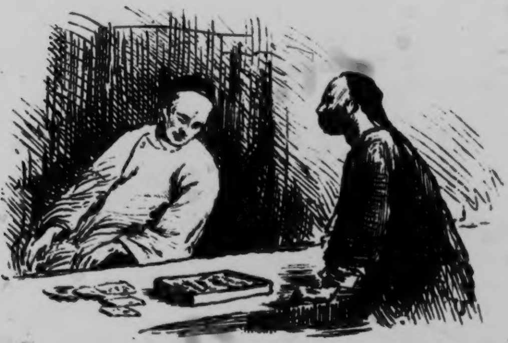
Waiter (urbanely). "All right, sir; we take potatoes away."

On another occasion I heard a guest at the hotel ask the waiter to open his eggs.

"That's something I'll do for no man," replied the knight of the napkin, and the guest had to open his own eggs.

Any description of the Pacific coast industrial situation without calling attention to the Chinese question would be incomplete. The main outcry against the Chinaman is that he works too cheaply. If that were a fact, it would be ground for complaint from the Chinaman's stand-point; but it is hard to see how it can be from the white man's point of view. Were it conceivable, through some extraordinary change in nature, that shoes, for instance, should grow on bushes, and be as plentiful and cheap as peanuts, does any one think that mankind would be injured thereby? There would be a *displacement* of labor; shoemakers would be compelled to do something else; but the energy now spent in shoeing the world would be released, and made free to be directed into productive paths. Mankind would have the shoes from the bushes and the product of the new labor besides. The net gain to the world would be enormous. In the same way, if shoes do not grow on bushes for nothing, but do grow out of the hands of Chinamen at a cost of next to nothing, the benefit to society at large would be proportionately great.

However logical this reasoning is, it does not apply to Chinese labor; for, as a matter of fact, Chinese labor is not cheap, and never has been, in California, whatever it might become should the State be flooded with Mongolians. Chinese day laborers on farms earn $1.50 a day. In the Eastern States the farm laborer makes only sixty-six cents. A New York housekeeper pays $16 a month for a German girl who can cook and do the washing besides. In San Francisco, a Chinese cook for a small family is paid as high as $35 a month. A seventeen-year-old boy of moderate capacity earns as house-servant $5 a week, and does no washing or house-work, only the cooking. In the house of an acquaintance, a well-known San Francisco physician, I saw a Japanese servant who, when not cooking the family's meals, reads metaphysical works or English history. This Jap told me that in Japan his father was a well-to-do manufacturer of table sauces. He had educated his sons in the best Japanese universities, and now they were taking a practical and economical way of seeing the world and learning foreign languages. Mewah stipulated precisely what his duties were to be, and beyond the stipulation he does not go an inch. It is not in the contract for him to answer the door-bell; accordingly, when callers come Mewah calmly continues his study of metaphysics, and lets his mistress or the maid go to the door.



LOTTERY SHOP.

The Chinese have their unions, their strikes, their boycotts, just as white men have. The rules which govern them are more strict. It is said that a Chinaman who disregards an order of his union is very severely punished. This keeps other members in good subjection and true to their unions. A cigar manufacturer who gave an order forbidding his employés from taking for their own use the finest cigars, found himself next morning without a single Chinese employé. The white employés were at work as usual. The Chinese would not return until a promise to exempt them from the rule was made. The anomaly was thus presented of a white employer giving his Chinese operatives privileges not enjoyed by the whites. In the same way, in a certain fruit cannery, where an order was given requiring the employés to stand while at work, there was a strike for stools. The white women failed; not so with the Chinese. They gained their point, and were allowed to sit while the rest stood up. The Chinese can do this because their organization is so perfect, and because of the "highbinders," who hold every member to rigid obedience to orders.

The "Hong Tuck Tong" (Cigar-makers' Union), of which the Honorable Mak Yau Lang is the leading spirit and director, numbers two thousand members. Each member pays an initiation fee of $1.50. The Tong does not attempt to regulate the hours of labor, but no member is permitted to work for less than the union rate, nor to work with any one who works for less. In a recent case forty Chinese struck because ten new hands offered to work below the union rate. The strike lasted four days, at the end of which time the employer gave in. The ten men were forced to join the union, and to pay a fine of $5 each. The hall of the "Hong Tuck Tong," where meetings are held to fix the wages for which members may work, is handsomely furnished. The walls are hung with labor mottoes in the Chinese language. The seats, unlike the rough benches one would find in a "white" hall, are of polished ebony-wood, ornamented with carving. At the end of the hall is a raised platform, covered with straw matting and provided with a complete opium outfit. Reclining here, with pipe in hand, the dignified Mak Yau Lang presides over the meeting and shapes the policy of his Tong (union). Yau Lang spoke freely of the union, and gave me permission to make a sketch of the club-room, but politely declined to sit for his own picture. He also objected to the artist's sketching the club's Joss, which was in a separate room adjoining the hall. In reply to my remark that the big Joss, the public Joss, had frequently been photographed, Yau Lang smiled serenely and shook his head.

"Joss no likee. Big Joss take care himself. Little Joss no likee."

There are few Chinese who do "likee." Bribes, entreaties, strategies, are alike vain. "Chinaman no likee picture," that is all that is to be got from them. When the photographer sets up his camera, or the artist pulls out his note-book and pencil, the Chinese vanish. In a Chinese overalls factory my photographer held sole possession for two hours, while the hundred operators skulked around the alleys and streets at a loss of $25 or $30, rather than have their photographs taken. Perhaps they fear that if the police authorities have their portraits they will not so readily escape identification in times of trouble as they now do.

The Kam Yee Tong (Clothing-makers' Union) numbers eight hundred and fifty members. A white manufacturer of overalls who employs members of the Kam Yee once succeeded in getting his men to work for ten cents a dozen less than the Tong allowed. He kept a false set of books, showing an ostensible payment of regular rates. The scheme prospered for a while, then it was discovered; the renegade members of the Kam Yee were fined and expelled, and the manufacturer was black-listed; that is, he was not furnished with more men by the union, but was left to the uncertain resource of "scab" Chinamen and white labor. Said this manufacturer to me,

"It has been a great blow to our company. We cannot get along without Chinamen. Since our fuss with the Kam Yee we have had to rely entirely on white labor, which often fails us. When a Chinese boss says that he will have fifty dozen coats by a certain time, we can rely on getting them at the specified time. White labor is not so reliable. If there is no strike, we may get the coats a week after they are promised; if there is a strike, we don't get them at all. The Chinese strike if the strict letter of the contract is not carried out; our white employés sometimes strike even though the very letter of the contract be complied with. Our white employés may be ordered to strike by other employés who have some real or fancied grievance to remedy. This is the reason we prefer Chinese. A manufacturer who wants coats made, or a farmer who wants a field ploughed, prefers laborers who are not under the government of other laborers, other unions whose orders, without a minute's notice, may annul our contracts and stop all work."

I do not believe that this employer really believed Chinese operatives superior to Americans. Strikes interfering with his white hands had irritated him.

The Chinese gold and silver workers have a union called the Hang Wo Tong, which is more exclusive than the other Tongs. To belong to this Tong an initiation fee of $10 must be paid, and the applicant must have served an apprenticeship of six years. When he has done this, he hires himself out by the year at the rate of $1.50 for each working-day. There are only fifteen Chinese holidays in the Chinese year, so that, unless sick or voluntarily idle, the Chinese gold and silver workers make $525 a year. The hours of labor are from 10 A.M. to 12 M. (half an hour for eating), from 12.30 P.M. to 4.30 P.M. (half an hour for dinner), from 5 P.M. to 6 P.M., and again from 8 P.M. until 11 P.M.—ten hours' actual work per day.

A Tong of more importance than any yet mentioned is the Chi Kung, of which Ah Fook is general manager. Members of the Chi Kung claim that their society corresponds to the white society of Masons; but those familiar with its secret workings say that the Chi Kungs, or "highbinders," as they are commonly called, are a set of thugs and black-mailers. Ah Fook levies a tribute of $5 a week on each gambling establishment in Chinatown. If a Chinaman is to be got rid of, the highbinders, for a consideration, will undertake the task of "removing" him. An officer of the secret police, from whom I obtained much information concerning the Chi Kungs, was himself black-listed, and a reward of $800 set upon his head. Being a cool man, a good shot, and always well armed, he has thus far escaped, although two or three night attacks and broken bones have resulted in the attempt of the highbinders to remove their enemy. A member of a Chinese union who disobeys orders is black-listed. If he makes himself specially obnoxious, his name is handed to the Chi Kungs; then that Chinaman disappears. Nobody knows what has become of him. Perhaps he has returned to China or gone to the Eastern States, or perhaps he is dead. People do not know and do not care; thus it is that the Chinese unions are enabled to enforce implicit obedience to their every mandate. White unions attempt something of the kind; the only difference is that they do not carry it to such an extent. The white scab is not blotted off the face of the earth, as is the Chinese scab, but he is "shanghaied," boycotted, and perhaps beaten and badly bruised, until he comes to his senses and joins the union.

A careful study of the situation in California will not induce a logical mind to object to the Chinese on economic grounds. No reasoning person can refuse to use shoes or blankets because they cost little or nothing, because they are made by cheap labor or improved machinery, or by any methods which would give them to the people for small sums of money; but there are other and deeper objections which underlie Caucasian antagonism to the Chinese—objections which every white man can appreciate and sympathize with. The Chinese Empire has four hundred millions of people. Suppose that ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty millions pour into our country and virtually bring China over to America, what would be the result? These people are, and always will be, foreigners—they have no assimilative power. Chinatown, in San Francisco, is felt to be a thorn sticking in the side of the body politic, keeping up a chronic irritation, creating, as it were, an incurable ulcer which every individual of the Caucasian race cordially condemns and despises. The race prejudice felt towards the Chinese in San Francisco is something which persons from the East wonder at. It is even more bitter, more intolerant than the race prejudice of the Southern whites against the negro.

Why is this? To an impartial observer the pure-blooded African, with woolly hair, ebony skin, thick lips, flat nose, and ill-shaped feet would seem more repulsive than the straight-haired, yellow-skinned Mongolian, who has small hands and feet, and usually an appearance of neatness. The Mongolian, also, has the advantage of having a civilized ancestry and a great government to back him; the negro has only savage ancestry and savage tribes at his back. The Chinaman comes of a people who have a literature of their own, also arts and sciences; the negro comes of a people who have not yet invented letters, who have no written laws or language, of a people utterly ignorant of the arts and sciences. Yet the Californian feels kindly towards the negro, while seeming hardly to look upon the Chinaman as human, with an immortal soul. I heard a man from Connecticut who had lived fifteen years in San Francisco, who ardently sympathized with the abolitionists, who believed in giving the negro freedom and the ballot—I heard this man declare that every Chinaman in California ought to be sold into slavery, that each should have a master, and be made to work under a master's lash. An ex-Indiana man said that any American who employed a Chinaman should be burned at a stake. Is this bitterness because the Chinaman has a foreign religion, and no powers of adaptation—no inclination to imitate his Caucasian superiors?

The gambling dens, the opium dens, the dens of prostitution, the slavery of women—all these seem independent of the law and of the State. These conditions seem to stir and keep alive the animosity of the white against the yellow race. In a lodging-room* sixteen by ten by seven feet, reached by an underground passage-way fifty feet long, I found two rows of bunks, one above the other, on each side of the room, separated by a narrow aisle. The first tier of bunks was one foot from the floor, the second two feet above the first, the smoke-begrimed ceiling three feet above the second. Here in this black hole in the ground were twenty-four human beings stretched on the bunks, either smoking opium or stupidly asleep from the poisonous smoke. The den rents for $6 a month, making the price for lodging for each person the small sum of five-sixths of a cent a night. For the hovels in Naples Italian working-men pay only $1, or, at most, $1.50 a month. But with all their crowding and packed way of living, the Italians cannot compete with the Chinese in the matter of cheap, crowded, and foul lodgings. There was not even a hole in this den to let in the pure air from without, or to let out the foul air from within. There was one grated window, which looked into the dark, dirty underground passage-way; and this was all there was to supply air to the twenty-four living men. I was told that many Chinese die of consumption. No wonder. Consumption is essentially a disease caused by foul air. When an Italian family crowd into one room, it is because absolute poverty forces them. Not so with the Chinese. Many who lodge in low, dirty dens underground are cooks and servants in families, earning $20 or $30 a month. Rather than sleep in a neat room in his employer's house, the Chinaman will take lodgings in an ill-ventilated subterranean den and sleep on a bunk, and become steeped with the fumes of opium.

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* See Frontispiece.

I had two balloons constructed, the one for oxygen, the other for hydrogen gas. A powerful lime-light was prepared, the gas being conducted through long rubber pipes to the cellars and subcellars in which the Chinese sleep and smoke and cook their food. It was the first time that a bright light had ever been thrown on those dark dens, whose inhabitants burn only the small lamps by which they cook opium before smoking it, and by which they light their pipes after it is cooked. The blinded, dazzled, half-stupefied inmates, thinking that their dens were to be blown up, scampered out as fast as they could, like scared rats. Officers were stationed at every exit which led to the surface of the earth. The photographer turned his camera upon the squalid scene, and by the aid of the powerful lime-light took the first views that were ever taken of underground Chinatown. When we emerged from the den, a crowd of several hundred infuriated Chinamen surged around us. We had been an hour or two below, and word had been passed among the inhabitants of Chinatown that the police were making a wholesale and extraordinary raid with burning lights and balloons. It was with difficulty that the officers cleared the way and afforded us safe retreat.

A Chinese working-man's trousers and blouse cost $1.50; his shoes, $1.40. The outlay for clothing often does not exceed $5 a year. Lodging costs another $5. Here is the table of earnings and expenses of a Chinese broom-maker:

Condition.—Earns ninety cents a day, $315 a year. Lives twenty feet under level of street, in a cellar room six feet high, ten long, and seven wide. Six men sleep in the room, the six paying $1 a month rent.

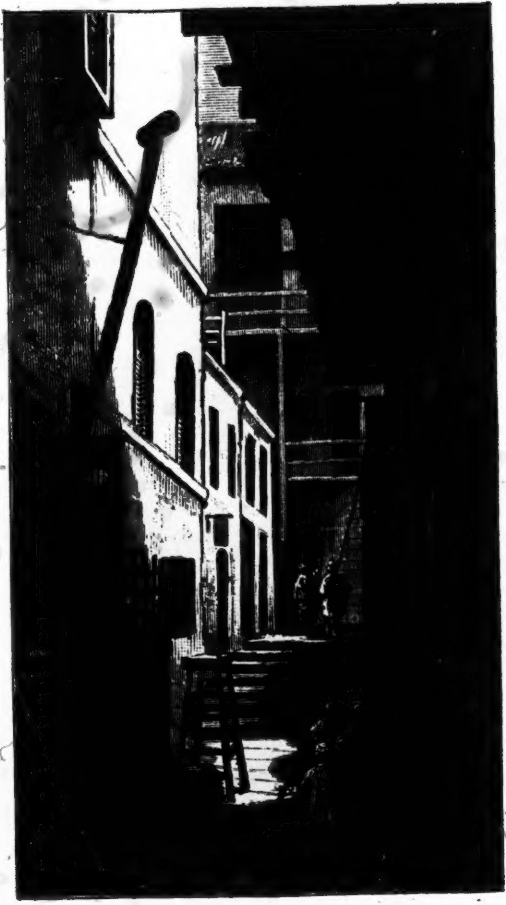
Diet.—Breakfast at 9 A.M.: Rice and pork. Dinner at 4 P.M.: Rice and pork. The broom-maker eats during the day two pounds of rice, ten cents; pork, five cents; oil, vinegar, etc., two cents.

Cost of Living:

Lodging, half a cent a day, equals, per year	$1	82
Clothing	5	00
Food at twenty cents a day equals, per year	73	00
Two queues at seventy cents each	1	50
Shaving head twice a month, per year	3	60
Total yearly cost of living, for necessaries	$84	92
Total earnings	315	00
Net savings, per year	$231	08

But to this actual cost of necessaries must be added the outlay for opium, a sum about equal to that spent for food. What is then left of his wages the economical broom-maker hoards until he has some hundred dollars, when he returns to China to pose as a wealthy man. The place where this broom-maker works is called the Quong Sang Lang Co-operative Broom Factory. The Chinese idea of co-operation, however, does not, I think, extend beyond the sign on the door. The men are hired and paid so much a hundred brooms, just as in any other broom factory.

No. 8 Bartlett Alley is a typical Chinese tenement rookery. Bartlett Alley is about the width of a boulevard in Naples;



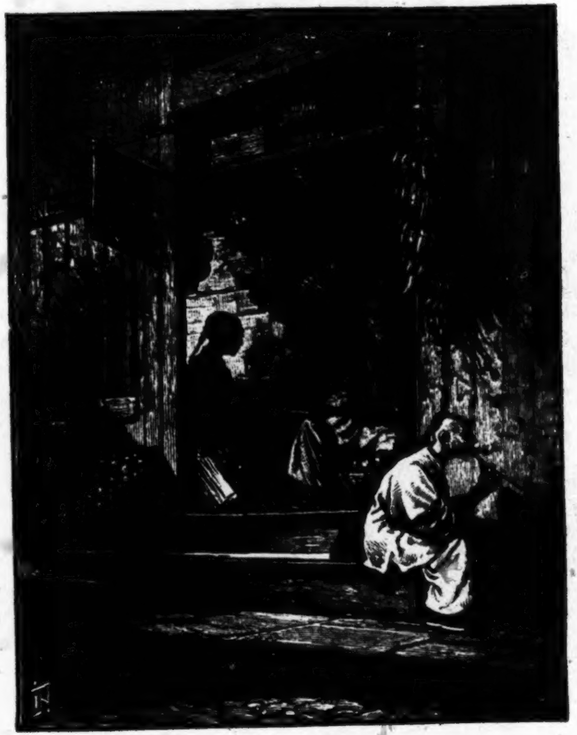
ALLEY IN CHINATOWN.

that is, about fifteen feet wide. No. 8 is entered by a passageway three feet wide. Seven feet up the narrow rickety steps, a sliding panel opens into the first small room, fitted up with bunks, and occupied by a family of eight persons. Continue up the steps to the top, and a court is entered, nine by eighteen feet. Eight rooms, containing, on an average, seven persons, open on this court. Ascend another narrow flight of stairs, and more layers of cramped, box-like rooms are found, each crowded with yellow-skinned Mongolians. A hole five feet square, in the centre of the court, lets light down into the cellar, thirty feet below. Here, deep in the earth, is a cellar, divided into a number of cells six feet high, seven feet wide, and ten feet long. In each of these cells, never reached by the sun's rays, without ventilation, sleep six human beings. Each cell rents for a dollar a month, so that lodging for one person costs per day five-ninths of a cent.

In the centre of the cellar, under the square hole, are long ovens of brick, with as many holes as there are cells. The tenants of each cell have the exclusive use of one hole in the oven. On that hole they set their kettle, build a fire underneath, boil their rice, and fry or stew their meat. The fumes from this underground kitchen have no escape; consequently, they hang around and permeate every sleeping-hole in the building. Chinese business places are on the same small scale. A shoe store, half a block from the lodging-house just described, is six feet deep, seven feet high, and two and a half feet wide. A ladder which is set out on the pavement during the day enables the two shoe merchants at night to climb up to their bunk over the shop. There, amid a pile of old shoes, rolls of sole-leather, pots, and kettles, they sleep apparently as contentedly as if in the Palace Hotel. Before climbing to their nest at night, pious Chinamen light a bunch of "punk," to keep the devil away while they are asleep. Punk, which burns very slowly, is an important adjunct to every Chinese workman's bench. If he has an imaginative mind, and sees spooks during the day, all he has to do is to reach over, light his punk, and the troublesome spook at once retires. This punk, which is supposed to have so good an effect in exorcising evil spirits, is made of camel's dung, and is imported in great quantities from China.

The bakery of Ngiw Ngwi Tai is in a cellar eight feet deep by thirteen feet wide. In the farther end of this dark cellar is a brick oven, where the dough is placed, and cooked by a charcoal fire, not under, but over, the oven, in a swinging iron basket. The dough is kneaded with a big bamboo cane. When Ngwi Tai has finished his day's labor he retires to a box in his bakery; his workmen sleep in adjoining boxes, and often on the work-benches, which are quite as comfortable, I should think, as the regular Chinese bed, that consists only of rough planks covered with straw matting, usually lumbered with opium outfits and other household effects. Nailed to the top of a Chinese bunk or bed is a stout sheet. In that sheet, three feet above his nose, the Chinaman stows away his extra clothes, shoes, pipes, and other articles. The roof of a well-to-do workman's bunk is often thus filled to a thickness of six or eight inches.

On one visit to Chinatown I saw a Chinaman come out of his door and hobble after another of his race. Just as the first came up, the second turned around, and there they stood facing. I thought there was to be a fight, but I was mistaken. The first Chinaman dropped on his knees before the second one, made some curious motions with his hands, then arose and went off. I inquired of Ah Sing, a neighboring merchant in "rats, skins, ants, and pomade," as the sign on the door read, what the first man meant by such conduct. Ah Sing said that Chinaman No. 2 was of rank in the Joss-house, and the kneeling of No. 1 was a supplication for favor for a deceased friend. I had observed Chinaman No. 2 give his kneeling countryman a handful of narrow strips of paper. Nothing was written on these strips of paper, but they were punched with an instrument making peculiar little holes; these holes doubtless conveyed some secret message to the divine Joss.



CHINESE MERCHANTS.

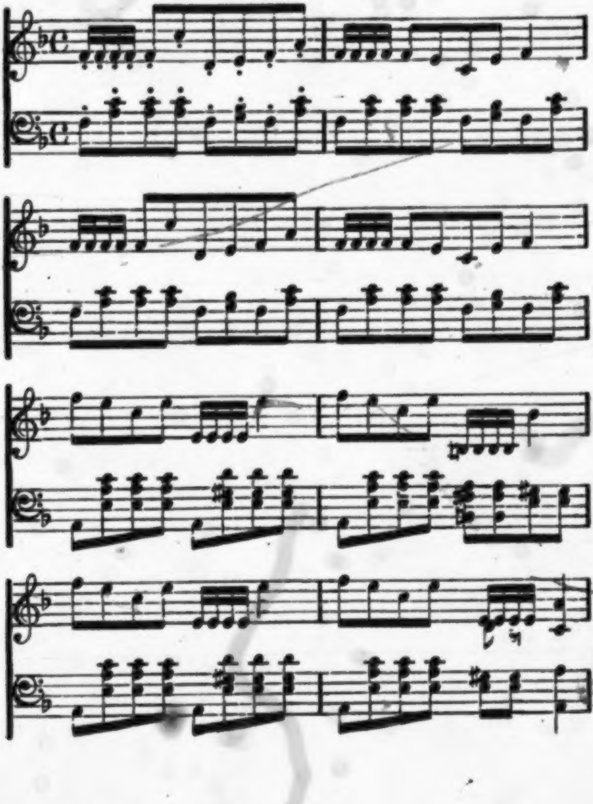
The funeral of the dead Chinaman took place shortly after, and the man who had knelt on the street climbed up and sat on the hearse by the driver. As the hearse was driven along the streets, the Chinaman scattered the punched slips of paper right and left on each side of the road. In the hearse by the coffin was a large basket containing a roast pig, some vegetables, and a lot of cooked birds'-nests. These edibles are laid on the grave for the benefit of the deceased during the time the Joss is considering the question of admitting him to the fields of the blessed. This is the idea of the Chinese; but, as a matter of fact, the edibles are usually for the benefit of San Francisco hoodlums, who like to hang around Celestial funerals and steal roast pigs from Celestial graves.

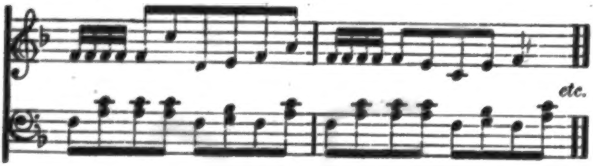
The number of Chinese in Chinatown is said to be not less than forty thousand, and, despite the Restriction Act, the number is increasing. Chinatown in San Francisco is as much a Chinese city as if in China; the merchants, doctors, restaurants, theatres, are all Chinese. There is not a Caucasian in the quarter excepting policemen and tourists. There are several theatres, the Po Wah Ying (the Grand Theatre) being the principal. The stage has no wings or curtains; the actors, supes, and orchestra are all on the stage together. The property-man walks about during the most thrilling parts of a scene, looking at the audience, or giving a finishing touch to the arrangement of the furniture. When an actor is killed in the play, he lies on the floor a moment to illustrate death; then gets up and, in full view of the audience, watches the other actors.

A white man pays fifty cents to enter the Po Wah Ying; a Chinaman pays according to the length of time he purposes to stay. For ten cents he can stay so long; for fifteen cents, a little longer; for twenty-five cents, he can remain all night. The play usually begins at five o'clock, and well-to-do Chinamen pay a quarter, and stay from that hour until midnight. Yuen Sing, manager of the Po Wah Ying, was an actor of note in China. He was a female impersonator, and received the, for China, large sum of $6000 a year. The salary of an ordinary actor is only $350. The leader of the orchestra gets several hundred dollars a year more than the actors; and he deserves it, for he has to listen to his own music, evolved from a sort of fiddle with two strings—an infliction which would kill a Caucasian before the year was half through.

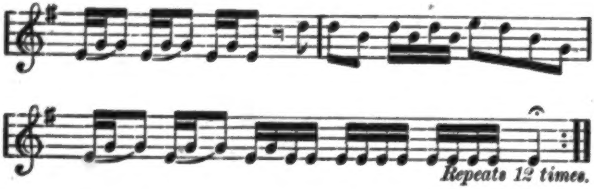
On the night of my visit to the Chinese theatre, I was surprised to see among the few Caucasian spectators Mr. Arnold

Strothotte ("Maurice Arnold"), whom I had last seen in Turkey, on the shores of the Bosporus. Readers of my "Tramp Trip" will recall the Dervish melodies which Mr. Strothotte furnished me (pages 192 and 193). At my request the talented young composer took out his note-book and jotted down the music played by the Chinese orchestra from their stand on the stage. The following air was played by Mr. Fong Fang on an instrument not unlike a zither:

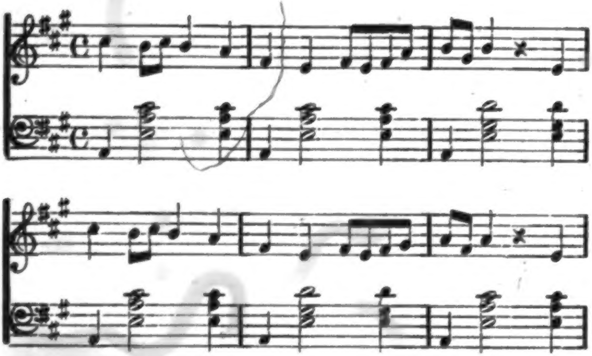


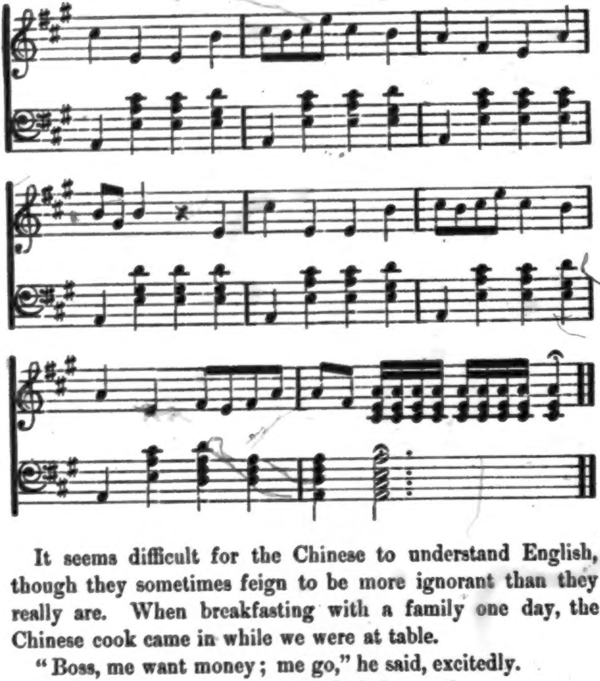


The principal refrain of the orchestra—a refrain played again and again, on wheezing Chinese fiddles—amid the clash of cymbals and gongs, ran thus:



The next air noted by Mr. Strothotte was that sung by the actors—the only air that is not calculated to drive a Caucasian musician wild:





It seems difficult for the Chinese to understand English, though they sometimes feign to be more ignorant than they really are. When breakfasting with a family one day, the Chinese cook came in while we were at table.

"Boss, me want money; me go," he said, excitedly.

"What is the matter, John?" asked the gentleman.

"Mellycan woman talkee too much; she too sassy."

The "sassy" lady had gently requested her cook to be careful and not burn the bread. The feelings of Celestial cooks are delicate. They fly up at a moment's notice, demand their money, walk over to Chinatown, and live on a few grains of rice until they find another situation.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the social and industrial condition of the Chinese in San Francisco. Without dwelling on the woman slave-trade, on the "Six Companies," who import labor under contract, and enforce their laws and regulations by courts and tribunals of their own, enough has already been said to prove the truth of the assertion that the Chinese do not assimilate with the Caucasians; and that their presence among us is the presence of a foreign substance in the side of society, with an effect injurious just in proportion as the number of Chinese is large. One hundred thousand, or even half a million, Chinese may not be felt, but let five, ten, or a hundred millions settle in America, and our civilization will be Mongolian, not Caucasian. Europeans who come to this country do not remain Europeans. They adopt our ideas, and their children forget that their parents ever lived in the kingdoms of Europe. They become Americans in language, customs, religion, but the Chinese cannot, or do not, change. When they come to America they bring China with them—bring the most odious features of their superannuated civilization—polygamy, the slavery of women, obedience to Chinese laws, and the opium habit.

The fear that large numbers will come, if permitted, is not absurd. When the first ship-load of negroes were brought from Africa and landed on New England soil, who fancied, or feared, that they would come to have the majority in number in some of the fairest States of this Union? Who imagined that they would become a political factor, causing fierce battles and the expenditure of billions of money, as well as the shedding of rivers of blood? Who then dreamed that the time would come when the negroes would outnumber the whites five to one, as in counties in Mississippi, and cause many of the whites to abandon the country?

As the negro has retarded development in the South by discouraging the immigration of the more intelligent peasantry of Europe, so the Chinese, if not restricted, will in all probability injure the Pacific coast, and ultimately the whole country, by keeping away intelligent and skilled white men and women.

CHAPTER XV.

CALIFORNIA—*continued.*

THE MYTHICAL CITIES OF THE GOLDEN STATE.—HOW LAND IS MONOPOLIZED, AND WHY WAGES IN THE FAR WEST ARE GROWING SMALLER.—A PACK-MULE TRIP OVER THE COAST RANGE MOUNTAINS.—A FRONTIERSMAN RIDING COW-BACK.—LOCATING A TIMBER CLAIM.—REAL-ESTATE SPECULATIONS ON THE SANDY PLAINS OF SAN DIEGO.—CALIFORNIA HOSPITALITY.—HYDRAULIC MINING.—HUNTING BEAR WITH SIBERIAN BLOOD-HOUNDS.

Travellers are accustomed to a certain kind of hospitality in all American cities, both large and small. The moment you arrive in a town you find a dozen men willing, eager, to have you accept of their hospitality, to have you ride in their carriages, sleep in their hotels, and eat at their tables. To this kind of hospitality—a costly kind to the recipient—I had long been accustomed in my travels through Europe and America; but I was unprepared for a kind of hospitality which greeted me in most of the California towns that I visited. On returning from the Court-house in San Diego one morning, where I had been looking up the divorce records, I was approached by a flashily dressed man, who took me by the hand as cordially as if we had been life-long friends.

"Mr. Meriwether?" he said, jovially.

I admitted my identity.

"From Washington, I see."

"How do you see?"

"From the hotel register, of course. My name is Harrington. We are always glad to see Easterners out here. Like to see 'em have a nice time. Going to stay long in town?"

"No, not very."

There was nothing in this reply calculated to encourage conversation, but Mr. Harrington did not need encouragement. He started off again as volubly as if I had begged him to continue.

"I have a nice team outside," he said. "Wouldn't you like to take a spin? Nice country, fine roads."

There was something flattering in the idea of making such an impression on the natives as to induce them on five minutes' acquaintance to take me driving. I got into Mr. Harrington's buggy, and soon was bowling along a dusty road, drawn by two ponies. They were scrubby ponies, but they travelled fast, and seemed accustomed to the lash of Mr. Harrington's whip and the chatter of his tongue. In San Diego the signs on every side pointed to boom and prosperity. New houses were going up, men were digging sewers and laying pipes and pavements. It seemed as if a lot of people had been disembarked there in the morning, and all were in a hurry to get a roof over their heads before night.

This bustle and life, however, was soon left behind, and we were on a houseless and treeless desert. San Diego has no suburbs. Mr. Harrington did not seem to be aware of this fact. He showed me rows of stakes planted in the sand, and talked eloquently of the beauties of the site and the climate, of the rapidity with which San Diego was growing.

"Why, sir," he said, in a burst of enthusiasm, "in five years the heart of the city will be where we are now. Stately buildings will rise like magic on these sand-fields. It is a great chance to make a fortune."

"And to lose one."

Mr. Harrington observed me with a pitying look.

"Lose a fortune? Well, of course *you* don't understand; you haven't been here long enough. There was a man who came here from Washington last week. He meant to stay only a day, and laughed when I told him he ought to make a little investment before going back East. But when he had been here two days he saw that it was not a laughing matter. I showed him a good chance. Yesterday he sold the lots I got for him, and he made fifteen hundred dollars by the speculation."

During the rest of our ride I looked at sand-hills, and listened to Mr. Harrington's tales of the fortunes made by tourists who merely stopped off, as it were, *en route* to San Francisco, and made a few thousand dollars in the course of a day or so, to pay the expenses of their trip from the East.

"You had better try your hand," said Mr. Harrington, after we had driven back to the hotel. "I know of several nice bargains, and wouldn't in the least mind putting you onto them. You needn't do anything more than pay a deposit. That secures the land; in a week you can sell for an advance of forty or fifty per cent. There's no easier way to get the expenses of your trip from Washington paid."

"No easier way except one," said I.; "that is, to have Uncle Sam pay them."

Mr. Harrington's face showed disappointment at this reply, which became more marked when, in answer to further arguments, I positively declined to accept his kindly proffered pointers in purchasing real estate.

Shortly after, in San Bernardino, the capital of Kern, the adjoining county, I was approached by another stranger in the same manner as that in which Mr. Harrington had made himself known to me. In many other towns I had similar experiences with showy, vivacious men who had teams, with which they were anxious to take me driving. It is hardly necessary to say that these men were real-estate agents. They "spot" every stranger from the East, and try to sell real estate composed of ten parts of land and ninety parts sand, climate, and "boom." The country for miles around Los Angeles is staked off into twenty-five-foot lots. Around San Diego and other cities in Southern California the land is appropriated, and held at the price which speculators think increasing population will soon make it worth. In Northern California, land enough to support ten millions of people is withheld from occupation by speculators awaiting increased population. I saw a "city" in

Colusa County that did not contain a single house or inhabitant; but in the real-estate circulars immigrants were told that the "city" of Fruto was a flourishing place, with hotels, express offices, telegraph offices, and banks. There was, in reality, only a stubble-field staked off into town lots. Farmers of small means go to California. They find city-lot prices asked for grain-fields, as in the case of Fruto; and being, of course, unable to pay any such prices, they crowd into San Francisco and the large towns. Thus it is that, even in California, the land of plenty, of vast territory and fertile soil, there are poverty and misery, and strikes against low wages.

This withholding of the land from occupation, both by speculators and by large ranch-owners, has so direct a connection with the "labor question" on the Pacific coast that I gave the matter particular attention. I went to a real-estate office in San Francisco and told the agent I was looking for investments.

"There are two kinds of investments that will pay big profits," said the agent. "Put your money in land or timber."

I had already seen enough of the way in which land was bought up and withheld from actual settlers; I now asked about the timber appropriations.

"The red-wood of Humboldt and Mendocino counties is very valuable. It takes a splendid polish, won't burn (it actually is an almost fire-proof wood), will make fine furniture, and is the only wood in California fit for building purposes. Locate a claim, and you will be a rich man in five years. You won't have to do a stroke of work. Simply wait until people are obliged to have your timber, then charge what you like."

The agent said that his charge for revealing the location of Government timber land was one hundred and fifty dollars—a mere bagatelle in comparison to the hundred or hundred and fifty thousand dollars that my claim would be worth in five years. I did not care to invest with the agent. The better plan seemed to me to go to the timber regions, see the settlers, and get their views on the question. I got a guide, a pack-mule loaded with hams, bacon, pans, pots, and a general assortment of provisions, and blankets, and made my start from a small railroad-station two hundred miles north of San Francisco. For an entire day the way lay through a vast wheat-field. We reached the foot-hills of the Coast Range early in the afternoon of the second day, and by the same night were on the summit. It was a welcome change from the intense heat of the valley. Ten hours before, we were baked in an atmosphere heated to the temperature of a Turkish bath; now we had to build a fire and wrap ourselves in blankets to keep from freezing. The first night on that peak of the Coast Range Mountains was a lonely one. A hundred miles to the east we could see the snow-capped summit of the Sierras. Above and around us was only a vast solitude. For a long time after I had wrapped myself in blankets and lain on the ground, I gazed up at the stars, going back in fancy to those days, the very infancy of the world, when Chaldean shepherds slept out under the stars, and made the first rude observations that in future ages were to develop into the grand science of astronomy.

On the next day we came across a cabin in the very heart of the mountains. The owner was a mechanic, as was shown by the ingenious way he raised his water from a spring several hundred feet below his cabin. A wire ran from the cabin to the bottom of the ravine. By drawing a bucket up and down this wire, tiresome trips up and down the hill were saved. When we first encountered the owner of this lonesome hut he was riding a cow; by his side rode a boy on a two-year-old calf. The man had a saddle, the boy was riding bareback.

"A new kind of horse," I said, pleasantly, as we drew up.

"'Tain't a horse, it's a cow," replied the mountaineer, with the utmost seriousness.

"Huntin' baar?" he continued.

"No; we are looking for timber."

The man on the cow whistled and stared at us.

"Huntin' timber? Well, you're in the wrong deestrict for timber. Timber land don't begin for fifty mile north o' here."

In the afternoon we passed an Indian "rancherie." A dozen Digger Indians, who were squatting on the floor of the low tepee, sat perfectly motionless as we approached. The Digger Indians are inferior to the Comanches and Arapahoes. They have a more dejected, cowed look. One old fellow was sitting on the ground in his bark hut, his head sunk on his breast, his energy and curiosity so small that he did not even look up when I entered. The only members of the community who appeared to have any life were the women. It must have been "bake day," for every woman was down at the creek making "penola," a kind of bread made of acorns. A fire is first made to heat the ground, then a basin of sand is built, into which is poured a mixture of pulverized acorns and water. This mixture is cooked to the consistency of thick mush by means of hot stones placed around the sides of the sand basin and in the mixture itself. The old hags whom we saw engaged at this work were evidently proud of their culinary skill. Every few minutes they thrust their hands into the paste, then withdrew them, and sucked off the paste and smacked their lips.

With the exception of these Digger Indians and a few trappers, I found the timber district the home only of bears and other wild beasts. There are few or no *bona-fide* settlers. The timber claims are made by speculators; many even evade the law by employing "dummies," who take up the land from the Government ostensibly for their own use, but in reality for the syndicate or capitalist employing them. In every instance where a genuine settler was seen an attempt was made to deceive me. Until I explained that I did not mean to locate a claim, that I was merely on a tour of investigation, I invariably found myself in the wrong "deestrict" for timber. The hardy frontiersmen who clear away forests and war with Indians and wild beasts feel a natural antipathy for the speculators who step in and, with the power of money, appropriate vast territories. They deceive whenever they can. Had I listened to them alone, I should have left California with the impression that it had no timber land at all.

The line of investigation indicated in this chapter was followed with some hardships, though, I must confess, with some interesting experiences and adventures also, and resulted in a table showing the effect on wages of the enormous land appropriations in California. As it is not meant to burden this book with statistics, the table will not be given. I shall simply state that a careful observation of conditions in all parts of the Golden State reveals a close connection between the question of wages and the question of land monopoly. Study the wages paid in California at different times, and in different portions of the State, study also the manner and extent of the land appropriations, and it will be seen that the one is a reflex of the other. Given the extent of land monopoly through large holdings and speculative syndicate purchases, and the condition of California labor can be told without further data.

Within the memory of men still considered young, laborers in California commanded from $5 to $10 a day. But those were days when there were no "cities" like Fruto; when there were no fifty-five-thousand-acre ranches; when every man was free to command his living from the boundless territory around him.

The owner of a ship on the ocean can make men work at what wages he will. What if they are not content? Men cannot live on the water, so they are compelled to stick to the ship, be the wages big or little. And so ashore, if syndicates and capitalists are permitted to monopolize the land, laborers, since they cannot live in the air, will be forced to crowd into cities, and work for wages fixed by the keenest sort of competition.

The most casual observer in California can see practical illustrations of this principle. He may go to the depot in San Francisco, and see every day immigrants from Europe, and from the Eastern States of the Union. These immigrants will tell him that they did not come to California expecting to live in a city; but they were unable to pay speculative prices for farm land, and thus had no other alternative than to crowd into San Francisco, Los Angeles, and the smaller towns, adding in that way to the already keen competition existing in those places.

In returning from my pack-mule trip to the red-wood timber lands, I passed through what was formerly the richest part of California. From one red sandy hill pointed out to me was once taken in four days $108,000 in gold-dust. Millions of dollars' worth of gold-dust still remains in these sand-hills, but no one can legally mine it. The reason of this is because the only method by which the fine dust can be obtained is the hydraulic method. That method washes down such immense masses of débris that the valleys and rivers become choked. Some years ago the town of Marysville stood on a bank twenty feet above the Sacramento River. Now the river has become so choked with mining débris that its bed is higher than its surface formerly was, and Marysville is saved from destruction only by a high dike, or levee. For a long time the inland towns suffered from inundations. The dikes around Marysville broke once, and the muddy waters of the Sacramento flooded the town to a depth of ten or twelve feet. Finally, the Bay of San Francisco itself showed indications of filling up and becoming unfit for navigation. This aroused enough opposition to the hydraulic mining process to procure the enactment of a law forbidding that process under penalty of heavy fine and imprisonment. Since the enactment of that law there has, of course, been less hydraulic mining; but where such large interests are at stake perfect enforcement of the law is difficult, if not impossible. I saw big iron pipes forcing water to the tops of high hills. When I asked why water was conveyed to the tops of such barren-looking hills, miners laughed, and said it was for "irrigation." A bitter warfare is waged between the valley people, to whom hydraulic mining means drowning, and the miners, to whom it means thousands of dollars in gold-dust.

One night, on my return trip from the timber land expedition, as I was going along at a pretty sharp gait, looking for a suitable place to camp for the night, I heard a roaring noise that came from the side of a hill half a mile away. Red lights flickered on the hill, and through curiosity I turned my horse's head and rode over to ascertain the cause of the noise and the meaning of the lights. It was a weird scene. A dozen grim, determined-looking miners were directing a stream of water a foot thick against the side of the hill. On my approach they shut off the water, and one of them shouted to me to hold up my hands. I had heard of the reception given "valley" spies by men engaged in hydraulic mining; but as I was not a spy, I felt no alarm when confronted with the command to hold up my arms. One of the grizzly-bearded fellows disarmed me, then demanded who I was, and what I was doing in the mountains. I told him. He was dubious at first, but my letters and credentials compelled his belief.

"It's dern lucky for you that you ain't a spy!" he said. "Them valley fellers have been a-spyin' aroun' a leetle bit too much. We ain't agoin' to let all this gold go to rot, an' if we ketch any spies we're agoin' to let daylight through 'em!"

I had been warned not to go where men were mining against the law, lest I should be taken for a spy. Several men had lost their lives shortly before, and the Marysville jail was full of miners guilty of using the hydraulic process, and of maiming or killing men sent to watch them.

Sportsmen may like to know that the Coast Range of mountains abound in game, both large and small. During part of my trip I was accompanied by an old frontiersman, who had three Siberian blood-hounds. These savage animals were splendid bear-hunters. Two were kept chained together; the third roamed about until he found a bear-trail. We waited until his yelping told that a bear was scented, then unchained the two hounds, and set out on the chase. The old woodsman said that Plato never gave a false alarm. When he gave a loud, long yelp there was sure to be a bear within a mile or two. It was wonderful to see the savage dog nosing about, crossing and recrossing his tracks, following every step of the bear until at last he came into the presence of Bruin himself. The woodsman endeavored always to be present when the bear was treed, for Plato would not hesitate to attack the ugliest grizzly; even a Siberian blood-hound is no match for a thousand-pound California bear. With Plato and the two other hounds we managed to get a bear and several deer in one day.

Sportsmen desirous of capturing good game, and of having an enjoyable camp-out, should try the Coast Range. Take the cars from San Francisco to Cloverdale, thence by stage to Ukiah. From Ukiah the trip into the mountains must be made on horseback, with pack-mule and camping outfit.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAILORS' WOES.

RAILROADS VERSUS PEOPLE.—TWO OPPOSITE VIEWS.—ORIGIN OF THE LABOR BUREAU.—CARROLL D. WRIGHT, COMMISSIONER AND STATISTICIAN.—THE SEAMEN'S STRIKE.—HOW POOR JACK IS TREATED.—EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONY GIVEN IN THE OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION.

I CALLED, one Sunday, on two prominent California lawyers, one a railroad lawyer, the other an anti-railroad lawyer.

"The people," said the railroad lawyer, "forget the great benefits the railroads confer. They forget stage-coach days, when fares were twenty-five cents a mile; above all, they forget that a road over a sandy desert cannot be operated as cheaply as the New York Central, with millions of population along the line. The Central and Southern Pacific railroads traverse, for the most part, barren, desert country. The Southern Pacific crosses the entire length of the Arizona Desert. Can two-cents-a-mile fares be expected in such a country? In 1883 the total number of passengers carried by the lines I have mentioned was nearly nine millions. The total mileage for one person would have been 291,109,508 miles. The traveller of this distance could have gone to the sun and back, then taken a trip to the moon, returned, and travelled half a dozen times around the globe, and gone half-way back to the sun again. How impossible would this statement have been twenty years ago, before these roads were built! They have opened the country, made the desert bloom, and added millions to the wealth of the people."

"'Added millions to the wealth of the people!'" said the other lawyer. "What about the millions added to the wealth of the railroad kings? Such men are dangerous to the State.

They ought to be banished, as the Romans banished men who were declared public enemies. If any one of these railroad kings wanted to put you or me in prison, he could do it, and no power could save us. Grand-juries would indict, petit-juries would convict, and judges would sentence. When a man makes himself dangerous to the railroad kings they first try to buy him out, and they generally succeed. But should they fail in that, he is got out of the way in a far more disagreeable manner. Dennis Kearney made himself dangerous to the railroads. He spoke to the people boldly — told them how they were being crushed under the heels of monopoly. There was danger that if the people were awakened they would pass laws to compel the roads to pay their taxes, and make just return for valuable franchises and rights. The railroads found it necessary to put Kearney out of the way. He was offered two alternatives—either to retire on a pension, or to retire within the walls of the State-prison. Not being made of the stuff of which martyrs are made, he accepted the former. A dozen indictments were hanging over his head. He knew that the power behind the throne would convict, justly or unjustly. He took the money of the roads and was silent. Legislators pledged to make the roads pay their taxes have been elected. One man made a bitter speech on the floor of the House denouncing the conduct of the roads. At the conclusion of his speech he was called into one of the anterooms by a well-known railroad agent. He was gone twenty minutes. Some powerful argument must have been brought to bear, for when he entered the House he voted against his own bill. Some day the judges and legislators will be strung up with ropes around their necks. I hardly expect any genuine improvement in the situation until some heroic measure of that kind has been adopted."

Many persons, when I apply for information, ask what the "Labor Bureau" is, what results it expects to accomplish, and what is done with the facts collected. A word or two by way of answer to these questions may not be amiss.

The province of a labor bureau is to gather all statistics relating to the subject of labor—the cost of production, the cost of living, the causes of strikes, of boycotts; the results effected, whether good or bad, by working-men's organizations, etc. This information, when gathered, is laid before law-makers to use as a basis on which to construct legislation. The first State to establish such a bureau was Massachusetts. Shortly after, Col. Carroll D. Wright, who in the State Senate had shown a liking and a capacity for framing measures looking towards the welfare of the working-classes, was appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts to the post of Chief of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. In this post Colonel Wright displayed much ability. His reports on the condition of factory labor, on the education of working-children, on working-women, and on other phases of the "labor question," were thorough and exhaustive, and attracted the attention of national as well as State legislators. He was deputed by the Government at Washington to visit Europe as a special agent to report upon the factory system there; and in 1885, Congress having established a National Bureau of Labor Statistics, the President appointed Colonel Wright chief of that bureau. Three voluminous reports have already been issued—one on Industrial Depressions, another on Convict Labor, and a third on Strikes from 1881 to 1886. Following these will come reports on the Cost of Production, the Distribution of Necessaries of Life, the Conditions surrounding Railroad Labor, and the Social, Moral, and Industrial Status of Working-women in Cities. It is not unreasonable to surmise that State Legislatures and Congress will be able to evolve better legislation on these subjects, with the mass of data thus submitted, than they could do without such data. The law under which the bureau is organized is a broad one, and with the consent of the Secretary of the Interior almost any question affecting the economic, social, and moral welfare of the people may be made the subject of investigation. The present commissioner is one of the most able statisticians in the Union; his reports furnish Congressmen with a good many of the facts which from time to time they throw out to the country in speeches on the floors of the Senate and House.

Since the above was written, Congress has passed an act establishing a Department of Labor. By this change from a Bureau to a Department the commissioner, instead of the Secretary of the Interior, is made chief, and his reports are made direct to Congress and the President. According to the act establishing the Department of Labor, its general designs and duties "shall be to acquire and diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with labor, in the most general and comprehensive sense of that word, especially upon its relation to capital, the hours of labor, the earnings of laboring men and women, and the means of promoting their material, social, intellectual, and moral prosperity."

Another section of the act specially charges the Commissioner of Labor "to ascertain, at as early a date as possible, and whenever industrial changes shall make it essential, the cost of producing articles at the time dutiable in the United States in leading countries where such articles are produced, by fully specified units of production, and under a classification showing the different elements of cost, or approximate cost, of such articles of production, including the wages paid in such industries per day, week, month, or year, or by the piece; hours employed per day, and the profits of the manufacturers and producers of such articles, and the comparative cost of living, and the kind of living. He shall ascertain what articles are controlled by trusts, or other combinations of capital, business operations, or labor, and what effect said trusts, or other combinations of capital, business operations, or labor, have on production and prices."

In discussing the features of this bill, which from the above extract the reader will see are very broad and comprehensive, Commissioner Wright said:

> "The old idea of securing information has passed away, and the importance of exact knowledge relative to industrial matters is clearly rec-

ognized. Labor leaders formerly felt it incumbent upon themselves to advance doctrines, reforms, and various schemes for the amelioration of industrial conditions. To-day these men recognize the fact that the working-men are best served by a study of all the facts relative to production. When bureaus of statistics of labor were first organized twenty years ago, the idea prevailed that their province was to discuss principles, and to adopt methods of reform, and to urge the same, not only upon public attention, but upon the minds of legislators. The difficulties which arose from this view did much to destroy the value of the work of such bureaus, because each man, or body of men, had its views, and an official bureau, if it adopted any one view, was bound to antagonize all others. Since the first half-decade of these bureaus, the line of action has been different; they have, almost without exception, directed their attention, not as formerly, to advocating pet theories for reform, but to the collection and classification of facts surrounding production.

"The recent long tariff debate developed the actual want of a higher grade of facts—facts not in the power of the bureau heretofore to secure. This want, stimulated by the requests of labor organizations, carried through Congress the bill creating the Department of Labor. It is one of the broadest scientific movements which Congress has approved of in many sessions. It is an immense step in the interest of statistical science. One of the chief functions of statistics is to remove apprehension from the public mind. Fear takes place when interested parties begin to cry down prices; industrial depression is feared, and all begin to work on the basis of restricted means. This leads to artificial industrial depression, which could not exist were the public clearly informed relative to the progress of the industries of the country. The act provides that the commissioner shall establish a system by which the progress can be indicated at intervals of not less than two years. The manufacturers will readily co-operate with the Department, and the result will be, that at short intervals the public can be intelligently informed of the progress our industries are making; or if they are losing ground, this information can also go to the public, and all govern themselves accordingly. The commissioner can, whenever an inter-State strike occurs, detail three or four of his most expert special agents to investigate such strikes. The moral effect of the immediate announcement of the cause and result of a great strike will be valuable. Altogether, I think the greater scope of the bureau will prove of no little benefit to working-men in particular, and to the country in general."

The efforts of labor bureaus have also, I am glad to say, direct as well as indirect effects. The good they accomplish is not alone in affording law-makers data on which to base laws, but oppressive evils have also often been discovered and killed by the light thrown upon them. Numerous cases could be mentioned where the impositions practised by unscrupulous employers upon defenceless employés have been exposed and stopped; but I shall pass these by to mention one case in which a whole class of labor received at least partial aid from the publicity given to their wrongs by a State bureau through its agents.*

The sailors of the Pacific coast, in the summer of 1887, sent a communication to the California Labor Commissioner, and to me, as the Special Agent of the United States Bureau, requesting that an investigation be held into the methods of shipping and treating sailors. The investigation was held; witnesses were subpœnaed from both sides, employers and employés, from all along the coast from Washington Territory to the southern point of California. From the mass of testimony taken, a most pernicious state of things was shown to exist. It was proved that a sailor, in order to obtain a berth, had to go through a routine that invariably robbed him of almost all his possessions save the clothing on his back. Witnesses testified that they had walked the wharves for weeks seeking places from captains who wanted men, but who refused to take them except through the regular channels; that is, through a boarding-house master. These boarding-house masters undertake to supply captains with men. They get sailors into their houses, make them drunk, charge them for goods never received, and when squeezed of all they have, bundle them off on a vessel, first taking care to collect and pocket the advance-money, for which they have extorted from their victims written orders. The printed report of the testimony taken in this investigation, and the publicity given to it by the press of California, threw consternation into the ranks of the boarding-house and shipping men, and resulted in the formation of a shipping-office in San Francisco, where sailors could apply with some hope of not having to go through the boarding-house or "shanghaing" process. That the reader may understand what is meant by shanghaing, that he may understand the treatment sailors had to endure, I will quote a few passages from the sworn testimony given during the seamen's investigation in 1887.

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* It is proper to state here that my connection with the Pacific coast sailors' investigation was entirely at the request of the California Labor Commissioner, and apart from my proper duties as Special Agent of the National Labor Department.

From the testimony of David McDonald:

QUESTION. What are the hours of labor at sea?

ANSWER. That is hard to tell. Probably ten hours, probably twenty hours, maybe forty hours. Last trip they worked sixty-eight hours, with seven hours' sleep.

Q. In what port were men obliged to work more than, say, twenty-five hours?

A. On Puget Sound.

Q. Why were they obliged to work so many hours?

A. When a ship comes to Victoria, we work all night there, then come right across to Port Townsend in one or two hours. Work is going on all the time when inside the Sound. We can't take any rest to speak of. We are obliged to keep on deck all the time.

Q. We would like to collect evidence as to the sanitary condition of sailors. State the size of room in which men are put.

A. In some boats there is a room six feet wide by ten long, accommodating ten or eleven men.

From the testimony of Joseph Kelly:

Q. How are you treated?

A. Sometimes very unjustly. If you have a grievance on board ship, and you attempt to have it corrected, and go to your superior officer, you are invariably told to go about your business and do as you are told.

Q. What as to the places in which the men sleep?

A. It is something terrible in some instances; and if I may be permitted, I would like for you and Mr. Meriwether to go with me and visit the places where the men sleep, and see for yourself. In some cases twenty men are crowded into a space of eight by ten feet and four feet wide. Twelve or thirteen men are obliged to sleep in there, with hardly any ventilation. There is no light at all in some of them; in others there is a side-light, but at sea it has to be closed. Hot pipes running through it make it almost unbearable.

Another sailor, Charles Lewis, testifying as to the accommodations in the forecastle, said:

"Take the *George W. Elder*, for example. There are twelve men in a room. The bunks are about six feet long. If two men turn out in the morning, nobody else can turn out to dress. You can't carry your valise to sea; you have to put it into the 'morning call.' There are twenty men that sleep in the 'glory hole' of the *Queen of the Pacific*. She is only about thirty-four feet beam amidships. When you come to her stern, why, of course, she narrows in. There are twenty men to sleep down there. The only ventilation has to come through a door that opens on the stern. In opens onto what is called the 'fantail,' which is where the propeller is. There are three or four steam-pipes down there belonging to her steering-gear; of course that makes it warmer than it otherwise would be. On the *Queen of the Pacific*, and three-quarters more of the steamships on this coast, the men have to stand up and eat. You know perfectly well that men running backward and forward on vessels would like to get a place to sit down and eat their meals. Another thing I would like to call your attention to is this: a couple of trips ago I worked a day and a half on the *Queen of the Pacific*. I asked for the day-and-a-half's pay. It was not much, of course, only a dollar and a quarter. The purser referred me to the main office on Market Street. I went there, and the cashier said, 'You can go down and get your time-check.' I went to the time-steward, Mr. J. Connell, and he said he would not give any of the men that left the ship their time unless he was compelled to do so by law."

Q. What reason did he give for doing that?

A. Because we quit at one o'clock on the day of sailing.

Q. Was there anything in the Articles calling for a forfeiture of wages in case you left?

A. No. We merely sign an agreement that we cannot claim more than twenty-five dollars a month. If a man works eight days and a half, he gets paid for eight days only. If he calls and complains to the Company, he is told, "If you don't like it, you can leave."

From the testimony of John Victor Peterson:

Q. Tell us how you were shipped.

A. I went into a boarding-house, McGaffany's, on Clark Street, a little street near Jackson and Pacific, to get a ship. McGaffany got me a ship.

Q. Did you pay him?

A. Yes; I paid him some wages in advance. I got sixty dollars advance from the ship, and McGaffany got forty-seven dollars out of that.

Q. How long had you been in his boarding-house?

A. Two days, and shipped the third day. I got two pair of overalls, two shirts—one of cotton and one of flannel—one pair of oil-skin pants, one pair of boots, four pair of cotton stockings, and four pounds of tobacco.

Q. How much do you think the clothes you got were worth?

A. About ten dollars. The board was not worth more than three dollars.

Q. How much was the tobacco worth?

A. Three dollars.

Q. How much did the boarding-house master get that he was not entitled to?

A. Fully twenty-five dollars. He said the clothes were worth that. I didn't want to take them.

Q. Why, then, did you take them?

A. I said, "I don't want anything." He said, "I'll go and buy them for you."

Q. But if you refused to take them?

A. Then I would have lost my job.

From the testimony of James Jackson:

Q. What is the manner of shipping men?

A. My experience is, that unless a man stops at a boarding-house he cannot get a ship.

Q. If you applied direct to a captain, what would he say?

A. His first question would be, "Where do you stop?"

Q. Why is it captains take men only from a boarding-house?

A. I think because they get a commission. I shipped here on a vessel called *The Tacoma*, of Bath, Maine. I went down to Mr. Roeben, and asked him if he had a chance. He said he could put me on. I had been around shore for some time, but couldn't get a chance, although they wanted men all the time; but they didn't want me because I wasn't stopping at the right house. Mr. Roeben told me I had to pay two dollars and a half; if I didn't pay, I couldn't go.

Q. Have you ever shipped direct without the intervention of any boarding-house master?

A. No; I do not think it could be done except in very small vessels.

From the testimony of John Lafferty:

Q. How are sailors shipped?

A. Well, going to a boarding-house. When you go there, if you've got five or ten dollars in your pocket, the master will keep you there. If you have no money, he will trust you for ten or twenty dollars in his house for board and drink until he can get a vessel and ship you. When you go to a boarding-house on the Pacific coast, and have money, the boarding-house master is in no hurry to let you go. He will keep you until you have spent it all and run up a bill, and then let you ship. The vessels notify the boarding-house master that they want so many men. The master pays the captain so much money for the privilege of shipping those men, and makes the men take their clothes and outfit from him. The captain can ship no man except from that master.

From the testimony of Anders Fureseth:

"In the seven years I have been here, I stayed four years at a boarding-house. In that time I had no trouble in getting a berth. But since I left my boarding-house, it has been next to impossible to get a chance. In 1885 I walked this beach six weeks. I turned out at half-past five, and walked from the sea-wall out to Fourth Street looking for a ship. Now, the answer I always got was either 'It is too early,' or, 'It is too late'—this as soon as I told where I was stopping. When I said I was living private, they would say, 'Well, Clausen gets men for me,' or Curtin, or any other boarding-house master. Sometimes it was a clothier; anyhow, it was always somebody else than the captain. One day I saw a captain who knew me. He said, 'I would like to have you, but you had better see Kane.'"

Q. Who was Kane?

A. A boarding-house master.

Q. What are the usual charges made by a boarding-house master?

A. It is five dollars for taking a sailor ashore, five dollars a week for board whether you stay the full week or not, five dollars for getting the sailor a ship, and five dollars for cashing notes, advance-money orders, etc. By the time I have been in his house three days, I have some tobacco, a tin plate, a pot, a straw bed, and some worthless clothing, and my fifty or sixty dollars advance-money is gone. One boarding-house master goes to a captain, and says, "Here is fifty dollars, if you let me ship your men." Another boarding-house master offers sixty, another perhaps eighty. The highest bidder, of course, gets the chance to ship.

Q. Is that paid to the captain?

A. Yes, to the captain. I know a hundred captains who take money in this way.

Q. How does the boarding-house master get his money back?

A. Say a vessel carries fourteen sailors. All of them fourteen sailors have been in the boarding-house master's house one week, two weeks, three weeks, maybe a month or two months. All of them sailors has some board-bill to pay. Some has drinks with their mates, and they are put down for four when they had one. Another night they get drunk; they borrow one dollar cash; it is put down five dollars. Count that up. There will soon be the sixty or eighty dollars the master pays the captain for the privilege of shipping his men. A few years ago I entered in a book every item I got, just to see what the boarding-house master would try to do. My account was two dollars and a half, and he wanted to make it out twenty-two dollars and a half.

Mr. V. Hoffmeyer, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, in summing up the case of the Pacific Coast seamen, said:

"The bill for his—the sailor's—stay in the boarding-house, or for the miserable rags he has got, follows him everywhere, and is always large enough to cover his earnings from the trip for which he has signed. In this way the large majority of sailors on this coast are virtually slaves of the boarding-house masters, sent out to make money for them, and obliged to give up their earnings on account of the combination which exists between the captains, owners, clothing merchants, and boarding-house masters. All the clothiers testify that they have agreements with the captains to supply them with men. Why should the captains go to the clothiers? It is clear there must be some inducement, and that can be none other than a consideration of money or goods. The evidence shows that the goods sold to seamen are charged at double or triple rates. John Munroe testifies directly, and bills produced have proven, that promissory notes are accepted, and that, in addition to the profits on the goods, usurious interest is charged for cashing the notes. We have further seen that the sailor is charged for the chance of shipping. The evidence shows that some captains pay off the men in some store. Why should this be so, were the captains not anxious to exercise a pressure on the men to pay the usurious charges of the merchants?

"It matters not where Jack goes, he is robbed everywhere. It is his money which makes the boarding-house and the clothing business so profitable, that in spite of a fabulous amount of bad bills, a large number are prospering in it and getting rich. It would be impossible to get all this out of Jack were he not kept in a position where he cannot defend himself. The sailors demand from the National Legislature an act which shall cover the following points:

"A law to prevent the giving of any advance-money.

"A law to make it possible for the sailor to ship himself, without the intervention of any boarding-house master or other person, by forbidding any one to appear with him before the shipping commissioner when he is engaged by the captain and signs the Articles.

"A law which makes it possible for the sailor to draw the full amount of wages due him in any port of discharge.

"A law providing that all cases for the recovery of seamen's wages in the United States courts must be given preference over all other cases, whether on trial or not, and be tried and disposed of within forty-eight hours subsequent to the filing of the libel, provided the seaman shows reasonable diligence in prosecuting the same.

"And now, Mr. Commissioner, we have presented our case for your consideration. In closing, permit me, in the name of our organization, to thank you for the hearty co-operation which you have given us throughout the whole investigation, and to express the hope that the efforts of the National and State Labor Bureaus will be made to assist the struggles of a craft on whose exertions the commerce of the world, and thereby the happiness of all human beings, mainly depends.

"With great respect,
"V. Hoffmeyer,
"Chairman Advisory Committee Coast Seamen's Union."

To supplement this dry testimony, I will give in the next chapter the story of an educated man, who, I believe, is thoroughly trustworthy. I met this gentleman, now a prosperous lawyer, on the island of Maui, in the Pacific Ocean. His experience is only the counterpart of that of many of the tars who ship from San Francisco after enjoying the hospitality of boarding-house masters.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

CRUEL TREATMENT AFLOAT AND ASHORE.—BEATEN WITH A BELAYING-PIN AND LOCKED IN THE DARK-HOLE.—HOW MEN ARE SHIPPED.

"When I left college," said the lawyer at Maui, "I found myself dead broke—not a dime in my pocket. I had ambition and thought of law. An uncle of mine gave me enough money to go West, thinking I could pick up a living while waiting for clients. I found picking up a living in 'Frisco wasn't an easy job. No clients rushed in on me, and it was not long before I became desperate, and went down to the water, not to drown myself, but to ship as a sailor. I had heard that sailors got thirty or forty dollars a month—big money to a hungry man out of work! Going aboard the first ship I saw, I asked if men were wanted.

"'Yes,' said the captain, 'the right sort of men. Any experience?'

"'No, but I can get experience.'

"'What's your boarding-house?'

"It seemed to me that this was an irrelevant question; but as the captain looked sane, I politely informed him that I lodged on Jones Street and got my meals where I could. The captain glanced at me carelessly, whistled softly, and said that he didn't believe I would do.

"I went to another ship, and, to my astonishment, the second captain asked me about my boarding-house. When I mentioned Jones Street, he also suddenly remembered that he did not need anybody just then.

"Going to a third ship, the same thing happened. I couldn't understand it. Finally, when the fourth captain asked about my boarding-house, I thought it was time for me to ask questions.

"'Please tell me what my boarding-house has to do with this business?'

"'If you ain't at the right boarding-house I don't want you, that's all,' said the morose old tar, turning on his heel.

"An old sailor who overheard this followed me a few steps. Rolling his quid to one corner of his cheek, he said, 'I say, mate, you ain't onto this 'ere boardin'-house racket, air ye?'

"I confessed that I was not. 'Perhaps they do not need any men,' I said.

"'No, it ain't that,' said the old tar, grinning; 'they're payin' big blood-money, an' a-findin' it hard to git 'em at that.'

"'Blood-money! What's that?'

"'You go to Sheeny Isaacs,' said the old fellow; 'he'll set you up, an' you'll catch onto blood-money soon enough. You needn't look for a berth long as you board on Jones Street.'

"This seemed odd, but I was determined to get through. Sheeny Isaacs's establishment was a rickety two-story old wooden house, with windows looking out on a narrow alley. The first floor was used as a saloon. Behind the bar stood a stout man with a bulby, crooked nose and a mean-looking eye. I stated my business to this man.

"'Ever been to sea?'

"'No, but I think—'

"'Oh, dot's all right,' interrupted the crooked-nosed man; 'I get you a place. Where your tings?'

"I was almost afraid to say Jones Street, lest it might prove a stumbling-block here, as well as heretofore. But Mr. Isaacs was not unpleasantly affected, as the captains had been, by the name. He went to the door, and calling 'Reuben!' a shabby-looking youth, with a flat, freckled face and sandy hair, put in an appearance, and was told to go and bring my belongings from Jones Street. They came, and I was installed in a room in which were four cots. I counted myself fortunate that only two of these were occupied. The worst thing about poverty is its dirt; if poor places could only be kept clean, one wouldn't so much mind. We might get on very well with crusts and plain mush, but when it comes to rooming with unwashed men and sleeping in dirty beds, one's very soul revolts. My breakfast was dirty water for coffee, fried steak, and gutta-percha bread. A day passed—two days, three days—and still I heard nothing of my berth. I spoke to Sheeny Isaacs, reminding him of my necessities. He eyed me with a curious smile, and asked me if I thought he was running his house for charity.

"'Certainly not; that is why I'm in a hurry to get work. I don't like to run up a board bill when I can't pay.'

"'Oh, dot's all right,' said Mr. Isaacs, with a grin; 'I gets my money all right. Take a drink?' laying his hand on a bottle.

"'No, I don't drink.'

"'Well,' he said, pouring out two glasses of whiskey, 'this is a goot time to learn.'

"He swallowed the contents of one himself, and as I wouldn't take the other, he poured it on the sawdust on the floor.

"'Dot's all right,' he said. 'Drink or no drink, all de same.'

"Then he opened his account-book and made a charge. I wondered if he charged himself with his own drinks, but afterwards understood the case better. Another and another day passed, and still no berth. I had another talk with Isaacs. He was very irritable; his oily smoothness was gone. A villanous gleam was in his eye.

"'You're a devilish fool!' he grumbled. 'You tink I start a ship off just to accommodate you?'

"'Then I must try something else. I can wait no longer.'

"'You can't go until you pay dot bill.'

"'How much is it?'

"'Fifty dollars and forty cents,' was the reply. Had he said fifty thousand dollars I would not have been more surprised. I could have boarded at the Palace Hotel for less money. I demanded the items. Without hesitation he produced them—

board one week, $5; drinks, $7.50; two pairs of boots, $12; oil-skin coat, $6. Underclothing, pipes, tobacco, and a variety of other articles brought the amount up to the sum he had mentioned—$50.40.

"'I have had none of these things,' I said, 'except the board.'

"'Dot's all right. You tell me you want to ship; I buys dem dings for you. Dot's de way beezness goes here.'

"'It's the way robbery goes, and you know it, you old scoundrel!' I cried, losing my temper. 'I'll see you in Halifax before I pay it.'

"The old villain called Reuben. From the door behind the bar Reuben came. He seemed to understand what was wanted. It was late at night; there was no one in the saloon. Reuben's first move was to lock the front door.

"'What's that for?' I demanded.

"'You don't go until I gets mine money.'

"'You mean to keep me prisoner?'

"'I means to get mine money,' he said, doggedly.

"The three of us stood still a minute. I did some mighty fast thinking in that minute. I had to deal with a brute who would scruple at nothing. Reuben was standing with his back against the locked door; the other scoundrel stood behind the bar. To rush at the door, hurl Reuben to one side and out, seemed my only chance. I made the venture, leaped forward, seized Reuben, hurled him aside, and that was the last I knew for some time. When I came to my senses it was pitch-dark. I thought it was dead of night, and lay still until morning should dawn. My head was swollen and sore, and matted with a sticky substance which I readily surmised was blood when I recalled the scene in the bar-room. Groping about the walls and floor, I found that I was in a cellar, with a rough board floor and brick walls; the door was heavy, and studded with nails. A dead stillness pervaded the darkness. I began to think that the villains intended to starve me. While lying on the floor, thinking over my unlucky condition, the door opened.

"'Dinner!' called a husky voice, which I took to be that of the red-headed Reuben.

"Springing up, I made a rush for the door, but it was closed and locked before I was half way. I greedily devoured the food and drank the water, and after that slept soundly. Twice every day after that came the cries, 'Breakfast,' and 'Dinner.' No matter how watchful I was, I did not succeed in catching my jailer. On the third day, as I afterwards learned, the door was opened a foot or so, and Isaacs, for this time it was he, proposed a parley.

"'Pay dot bill, and I let you out,' he said.

"'I haven't got it; I couldn't pay it to save my life.'

"'You no got money?' said Isaacs, softly.

"'Search me; take everything I have.'

"'Vell, I won't be hard on you,' he replied, and went on to say that the bark *Viela* was to sail for Melbourne on Monday, and that if I would sign an advance-money order on the captain, he would open the door on Monday morning, and let me out. I signed the paper.

"'Now,' said Isaacs, 'since you've sobered up and know what you're about, I'll send your trunk down to the *Viela* and to-morrow you'll go before the commissioner and sign the Articles, and go aboard. You've been on a big drunk, mine frent, and just got your legs on again.'

"All this was simply stunning. I resolved to say nothing until I was before the commissioner, and then I would denounce and expose this man's villany, and prosecute him to the extent of the law. Next day he and Reuben and another fellow whom I had seen quite frequently loafing about the bar went with me to the commissioner's. A gang of men were there before us. It took some time for them to get through, awkward as they were in the use of the pen. At last it came to my turn.

"'Sign here,' said the commissioner.

"I hesitated a moment. 'What's the matter?' asked the commissioner, impatiently.

"'Mr. Commissioner, I denounce that man as a robber and a would-be murderer.'

"The commissioner looked annoyed, as well as impatient. The half-dozen other persons in the room only stared at me. As to the villains who had come with me, they all three grinned as if at a good joke.

"'That man,' I said, trembling a little—for exposure in Isaacs's cellar had somewhat weakened me—'that man knocked me down, robbed me, and kept me locked in a blackhole.'

"'What do you say to this?' the commissioner asked.

"Sheeny Isaacs grinned.

"'The fellow's just out of a three days' drunk,' he said. 'These men can testify that he owes me a board and drink bill, and wants to dodge paying. Look at this,' showing the advance-money order I had been forced to sign.

"'Is this your signature?' asked the commissioner, looking at the order.

"'I was forced—he had me locked in a cellar. His bill against me is a fraud and a swindle. I only owed him for board—'

"'He ain't sobered up yet,' said Isaacs, gloating over the confusion I could not help feeling.

"'Isaacs,' said the commissioner, 'you mustn't bring your men here drunk again. I've no time for such rows.'

"'He's the worst case I've had in ten years,' replied the boarding-house master. 'I don't think he can keep sober as long as he's ashore.'

"'Will you sign or not?' said the commissioner. 'I can't wait any longer.'

"'Set your fist down and sail with me,' said a voice I recognized as that of the old tar.

"Up to that instant I had determined to fight it out; then I thought that the best thing I could do under the circumstances was to sign, and get out of the way. The rascals had me. There were no witnesses to my mistreatment. I had no money. I signed, and went out with the old tar into an anteroom, where there were ten or a dozen rough-looking men. A stout, weather-beaten fellow came in.

"'All here?' he said, gruffly. 'Get aboard, then.'

"We were hustled into a wagon and driven down to the dock, where a small boat took us aboard the *Viela*.

"The 'A. B. S.' (able-bodied seamen) were separated from those who shipped as 'O. S.' (ordinary seamen). These latter are questioned by the captain. 'Ever been to sea?' If the answer is yes, the next query is, 'Get sea-sick?' The 'yes' or the 'no' did not seem to make any difference. We were all turned over to the mate, and expected to obey orders which only an old sailor could possibly understand. Some were set to holy-stoning the deck, others to greasing spars and splicing ropes.

"'And you fellows,' said the mate to me and two others who were together, 'lay aloft and bend the top-sail.'

"I hadn't the slightest idea what was meant by bending a sail, and hesitated what to do.

"'Why don't you lay aloft and bend that sail?' roared the mate. 'Lay aloft with that landlubber and make him bend the top-s'l.'

"'Come along, mate; it'll be the best for you,' whispered one of the sailors; and I followed him as well as I could up the rigging to the top-sail. The *Viela* was now being towed out to sea, and the foot-rope on which we were standing swayed so that I expected every moment to be dashed to the deck, ninety feet below. I did little more than cling to the yard-arm while the two sailors stretched and fastened the sail.

"'It's all in knowing how,' said Jack. I dare say he saw death in my face, for I was deathly sick; the sea rolled horribly. I groaned, my fingers relaxed their hold; I would have fallen and ended all, had not the strong arms of the old sailor caught me and borne me safely to the deck. The first thing I heard was the mate demanding, 'What in thunder I was doing on deck?'

"'The landlubber's sea-sick,' said the old tar.

"'Sick!' giving me a kick.

"Somehow, the sudden and fierce resentment which this indignity stirred in me dispelled my sea-sickness. Rage gave strength for the minute. I sprang to my feet and leaped on the mate like a tiger. I was not in my senses, or I would have known that such an act would only result in my being subjected to worse indignities. I was knocked down with a belaying-pin.

"'Trice the cutthroat up!' roared the mate. Two great brawny men seized me. I was powerless in their grasp. My arms were stretched above my head, and fastened to the mast by a cord around my thumbs. First I rested the weight of my body on my toes. A minute of that made me feel as if I weighed a ton; then I hung for a moment by my thumbs, and this was even worse. In ten minutes, as I afterwards learned, I fainted from the intense torture, and hung, limp and senseless, sustained by the cord around my thumbs.

"'Baptize him!' ordered the mate, who stood by looking on. A bucket of water brought me back to life and agony. This was repeated several times, each faint lasting longer and longer, until it took four buckets to bring me to. When this point was reached, the mate ordered me cut down and carried to my bunk in the forecastle. When I came to my senses, I heard the sailors talking in a low voice.

"'He'll make a good sailor,' said one. 'He's got the grit.'

"'But didn't he maul the mate, though!' said another. 'He might 'a' got pistoled as well as not.'

"'Wonder the mate didn't shoot. Seen him do it for less,' said another.

"'He knowed the poor boy warn't in his senses for sea-sickness,' said a voice which I recognized as the old tar's. I opened my eyes and looked at him.

"'How are you now, mate?' he asked, in a friendly way. 'You'll be all right in a day or two. Sailors don't knock under for trifles, I tell you.'

"I was so stiff and sore that I could hardly move. My feet and hands pained dreadfully. The old sailor, when it was quite dark, brought me a bucket of salt-water to bathe them in, which gave me some relief. On the third day the mate came in.

" 'Come to your senses?' he said, sharply.

" I made no reply.

" 'You've laid up long enough. Get up; look about spry. You ain't a passenger!'

" I did not feel as if I could get up and look about spry; but when, shortly after, the stern command came, 'All hands aft! set the main-s'l!' I was forced to get up and work with the others. I did my utmost to 'look spry' and jump about, as if expecting the mate's lash every minute. The way in which sailors move under the sharp eyes of stern officers always seemed to me to come of fear of personal punishment. I felt that the mate was lying in wait to pounce on me. This feeling kept me in constant anxiety when in his presence. I had come to fully realize my utter helplessness to resist indignities, however cruel. The men were ready to obey all orders, even to murdering, or 'executing,' mutineers, as the captains prefer to call it. I thought of all this, and made up my mind to endure all, and give the mate no chance to punish again."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SAILOR'S STORY—*continued.*

PICKLING A CHINAMAN.—THE CREW MUTINY.—ESCAPE TO A TROPICAL ISLAND.—WORK SECURED ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.—THE SAILOR BECOMES A LAWYER AND WINS A WIFE.

"AN incident that made me forget my resolution occurred on the thirteenth day out. Ki Song Fat, the Chinese cook, in an unlucky moment was struck by the swinging boom and killed. A Christian seaman, when dead, is cast into the sea with scant ceremony; but the bones of a Celestial pagan are too sacred to be consigned to the deep—they must be returned to Celestial soil. A ship's captain who respects this sacredness and brings into port the remains of a Chinaman receives from the Chinese companies a considerable bounty. So, when Ki Song Fat died, the captain ordered Chips (the carpenter) to preserve him. Chips's ideas about embalming were crude. He got a barrel of salt-water, and made a strong pickle with lime, assafœtida, and I don't know what not. Then poor Ki Song Fat was doubled up and jammed into the barrel. Press as hard as he could, Chips could not get the head clear in, and at last he had to cut a square hole in the top and nail on a piece of tin, curving it so as to let the skull stick up two or three inches above the level of the barrel-top, making, as it were, a small round tin dome.

"The captain ordered the cask placed in the forecastle. The sailors sullenly obeyed. Sailors are always superstitious. They fear and hate to have a corpse on board, but they feared the captain more, and put up with the dead pagan until the pickle began to leak out of the cask and drip down on the men in their bunks. This was more than they could stand. They got together and held a secret conference, and decided that it was of no use to remonstrate with the captain; he was eager to get the bounty on the Chinese bones. They resolved to act for themselves. Four men were elected to do the job, and the others agreed to stand by them. The old tar was one of the four. In the middle watch the four men stole softly on deck. One had a pot of grease in his hand, with which he greased the pulley so that it would not squeak. A rope was made fast around the cask; it was hoisted slowly from the deck, above the bulwarks, and then shoved out from the ship over the water.

"'Let her go!' whispered Jack.

"There was a loud splash, and Ki Song Fat was gone forever. Unfortunately the mate, who was always turning up to see what the men were about, heard the splash, and ran forward, shouting, 'What's that?' When he found that Ki Song Fat, cask and all, was in the sea, he told the captain, who became furious. Early next day all hands were called on deck. The captain wanted to know who had disobeyed his orders and thrown the cask overboard. Not a sailor spoke. The captain stormed, and swore he'd punish every man if the criminals were not given up. The men remained silent.

"'Jack Grady, who threw that Chinaman over?' the captain then demanded, singling out the old sailor who had so often befriended me.

"Jack said it wasn't fair to force a seaman to blab on his mates. That wasn't what the Articles he had signed said he must do.

"'Then by ——!' swore the captain, turning purple with rage, 'I'll make you sign Articles to that effect before I'm done with you; see if I don't. I give you five minutes to obey my orders and split on the rascals. I'll show you who is captain of this ship!'

"He took out his watch and counted the minutes. Jack turned as pale as a weather-beaten tar could, and so did all of us. I am sure that I did, for I hardly expected the poor fellow to hold out and take the punishment alone for what we all had agreed to do. Five minutes passed in breathless silence; then, with an oath, the captain ordered the first mate and the cook to trice him up. The cook was not in the scrape, and the captain thought he would have no trouble in obeying his orders; and he didn't. Jack made no resistance—great, strong, manly fellow as he looked to be. Such is the habit of slavery. There was a whispered conference between the captain and the first mate. From the glance of the former's eyes, I knew they were talking of me.

"'Disobedience to orders is mutiny,' said the captain, 'and shall be punished as mutiny. Fetch the cat-o'-nine-tails!'

"When the mate brought the devilish whip, the captain looked at me, and with an oath ordered me to lay it on Jack's back. I was struck dumb at this order. To be whipped is about the worst indignity a man can endure; the next worst is to have to put this indignity on a fellow-creature, especially a fellow-creature who has been kind to you. I resolved to die before I would lay the lash on Jack's back. The poor fellow looked at me. I shall never forget the expression of his eyes. If ever eyes spoke, his spoke then of pity for me, not for himself. Seeing me shake and turn pale, the captain thought I was too frightened to obey his orders; so he ripped out more oaths, and told me to hurry if I didn't want to catch it myself.

"'Lay on, my lad,' said Jack, gently—'lay on; it'll soon be over.'

"'I'll die first!' I blurted out, bracing myself to endure whatever might come.

"'Clap him in irons!' roared the captain, 'and feed the lubber on hard-tack and bilge-water till he comes to his senses!'

"The men looked at one another, but no one moved. The captain fairly foamed at the mouth.

"'One word, captain,' said one of the men. 'We are all in this. None of us wanted that pickled Chinaman above us.

The brine leaked through on us all alike. We all wanted him overboard. Shall we iron our mates for that?'

"'You'll iron 'em for anything I like!' cried the captain, reaching for his pistols.

"One who has never been in a scrimmage such as I am now describing might suppose that the captain was taking small chances. The crew were desperate; they were a unit; yet, opposed to the captain, they were powerless. The cook and the two mates were with the captain. The four stood facing the crew with drawn pistols.

"'Put that man in irons,' repeated the captain.

"The men looked down the pistol-barrels that stared them in the face. There was no chance to resist.

"'We have to do it, mate,' they muttered.

"I quietly permitted the cook and two of the men to put me in irons and take me down into the hold. Three days' confinement, fed on hard-tack and cold water, was pretty rough, but I endured it. I would have endured it months rather than lay the lash on Jack's shoulders. How much longer I might have been kept in the hold I do not know. Rough weather came on; a gale blew so continuously that my services were needed in handling the bark—the more so as one of the ablest seamen we had was laid up with a badly sprained ankle.

"The cabin-boy, Mark Tillman, told me that the captain intended running into Kaola, one of the small islands in the mid-Pacific, for water. The life on the ship was so intolerable that I could think of nothing, dream of nothing, but escape. Mark, the cabin-boy, and I were of one way of feeling on the matter, and often talked it over. We knew that Kaola was in the tropics—we would not be frozen to death. But was it inhabited? Would we find food? I resolved to sound Jack, and see whether he would not join us in our attempt to escape. I thought it more than likely that Jack would be ordered ashore to seek for water. Strange as it may seem, he was unwilling to venture, and tried to persuade me from it. He said that even if I succeeded I would lose my wages. He thought that money was what I wanted. Besides that, I might starve to death on the island; and, worse than all, if I made the attempt and failed, the captain would torture me every hour of the voyage. The only answer to this was that he was already torturing me. Jack pooh-poohed the idea of my deserting in such a place, and said that a sailor's life was never made better by desertion; that I would soon get used to it; that by the time I had made two or three voyages I wouldn't mind the mate's oaths or the captain's tantrums. I saw that poor Jack had so long lived the life of a sailor-slave that he had come to think that there was no use in trying to do better. In this conversation I did not betray my little cabin-boy, and Jack left me with the comfortable idea that as he would not go with me I would give up the plan.

"The air was soft and balmy, the water smooth as glass, as the *Viela* glided lazily along towards the green mountains and the cliffs that rose majestically above the sea. The sides of these cliffs were soft and green, except where some water-fall, like a silver ribbon, trickled gently down the moss-covered rock, losing itself in the vast bosom of the ocean below. At first sight there seemed to be no harbor, but as the bark drew nearer, an opening in the rock leading into a ravine which extended to the top of a mountain became visible. Within a few hundred yards of this narrow valley or ravine the *Viela* anchored, and the captain gave the order to lower the long-boat. A cask was put in it, and the second mate, Jack, and Mark Tillman were sent ashore to look for water. I had a word with Mark before he started. It was agreed between us that he was to escape from the others and hide until I came. I knew that the captain did not mean to set sail until morning, and I determined to slip overboard and swim ashore in the night. I watched the boat start off with a wildly beating heart. A heavy surf was rolling, and it was not easy to land; so, when near the beach, they got the boat broadside on to the sea. There the water beat over her sides upon the men until, a heavy swell coming, the mate, by a dexterous turn of the rudder, headed her for the shore and rode in on top of the surf, landing high up on the beach. It was quite dark before we heard the returning boat. I was feverish with excitement, and stood by eagerly listening.

"'The boy Mark is lost,' the mate said to the captain.

"'What do you mean?' asked the captain, harshly.

"'He started off with others to find water, and never turned up again. We waited for him an hour, and yelled ourselves hoarse.'

"The captain was very angry with all concerned for letting the boy get out of sight. Jack said that he thought the boy had fallen to the bottom of a ravine. The captain swore savagely, and threatened to put the men in irons; he even went so far as to say that he believed some of the infernal scoundrels had killed the boy, and come to him with that fool-yarn about tumbling down a ravine. I heard no more. This was my chance. While swearing and blowing about the boy's loss, and while the men were getting the water-casks on deck, I quietly slipped down the ship's side into the water and struck out for shore. It was not a great distance off, and I made it without trouble. The moon came up soon after, and shed a bright light on the solitary scene. How to find Mark was the next question. As soon as I thought it safe, I set up such a series of yells and whoops as that island had never before heard. Much to my delight, Mark's answering yell soon came. We were glad enough to get together. We fell asleep, with a glorious feeling of freedom. No man can know what that feeling is, unless he has first been subjected to the painful and shameful tyranny of a master. When we awoke it was broad daylight. The scenery was enchanting, the air soft and balmy. Verdure and flowers were all around us. Birds sang and twittered in the boughs and circled overhead. The sky was blue and cloudless. All this was nice, but it was not long before we discovered that we could not live on beautiful scenery. We set about exploring the woods for wild fruits and nuts. We found a tree bearing large green balls resembling our mock-orange. Mark climbed the tree and threw down half a dozen of the balls, but we made no use of them. The skin had an unpleasant, acrid taste. This was the bread-tree fruit, of which I had often heard, but of which I knew nothing by experience. Had we cut through the green rind and known how to prepare the fruit inside, we would have had a nourishing meal. On further search we came across a banana-tree. This satisfied our hunger. We spent several days exploring before we saw any sign of human habitation. All the time, we subsisted on bananas and cocoanuts. At length, from the top of a hill, we saw a cleared space some ten or fifteen miles down the coast. We made our way towards this space. On reaching it, we saw a cluster of small white cabins. A dark, rather piratical-looking man stood in the door of one of the cabins. He stared at us as we approached.

"'We are lost; we are unfortunate sailors,' we said. 'Can you give us something to eat—give us work and shelter?'

"The dark-skinned man stared all the harder at this address. I repeated my request. The man called, in an unknown tongue, to some one inside of the cabin. Another dark-skinned fellow, with a black beard and a red handkerchief around his head, came to the door. Then both men stared, and jabbered in the unknown tongue, which we afterwards knew was Portuguese. Presently the second man, motioning us to follow him, led the way to the last cabin in the row. Before this cabin stood a white man, talking to another white man sitting on a horse. The piratical-looking fellow who had piloted us jabbered something to the white man, who turned and eyed us keenly. I tried my English on them, and was delighted to be answered in my mother-tongue.

"'Where are you from?' asked the white man on the horse.

"'We are Americans, from San Francisco.'

"'What do you want?'

"'We want work; anything to earn our bread.'

"'You can work in the field; we have nothing else.'

"We accepted; there was no alternative. For weeks and weeks we worked, side by side, with Chinamen and Portuguese. Our 'home' consisted of two bunks in a small hut already occupied by five Portuguese. The hard life was wearing even on me, strong man that I was; for poor Mark it meant death. One morning, when he attempted to get up, he found his back stiff and aching. He could not stand.

"'It's no use,' he murmured. 'I'm done for. I'll never stand it.'

"This was cruel. I could not bear the thought of losing the poor boy. I thought that if I could only get the manager to make him a 'luna' he might stand the fierce heat. A luna on a sugar plantation has a room to himself; he has a horse, and his work consists in seeing that the gangs of Chinese and Portuguese under him obey orders. Wearing a striped 'jumper' and a broad-brimmed hat, the luna rides about the field, directing the men by signs. A luna seldom understands the language of the field laborers. In the old time, in Virginia, I would have thought a luna's work hard; now I thought that if I could only get promoted to a lunaship, our lives and happiness would be assured. We would have a cabin to ourselves on the beach, with the surf breaking at our very door; we would have better food and more leisure. I determined to see the proprietor; in the worst event he could only refuse, and there was a chance that something might be gained. Colonel Thornton's residence was several miles from the sugar-mills. The road thither was beautiful. The tall ferns almost met overhead, forming a living tunnel of green, through which I caught now and then glimpses of the sea and of the white surf breaking on the rocks at the base of the cliff. Walking through the grove surrounding the owner's house, as I came up to it I saw a gentleman reclining on a cane couch on the veranda, smoking a cigar. A lady was sitting near him before a small easel, apparently at work on a picture. The lady was the first to see me, and I declare, as she bent her eyes upon me I felt hot flames run all over me. I felt a burning shame at being seen by so beautiful a creature in such a state as I then was, wearing the common field-hand's striped jumper, my hair long and unkempt and hanging over my shoulders for the wind to blow about; my skin burned black as a negro's, while she was fair as an angel, with golden hair. While I stood struck dumb, hat in hand, she spoke.

"'Father,' she said, softly, 'here's one of the Portuguese.'

"The father looked at me lazily. I had picked up a smattering of Portuguese, and held it a happy thought to pass as one, so I said,

"'Bons dias, senhor' (Good-morning, sir).

"'Oh, father,' cried the angel, in an excited whisper, 'he looks exactly like a corsair—a dreadful, wicked, handsome corsair. I want to sketch him, papa. Make him stand still, please.'

"'Sketch away, pet,' said the amiable papa; 'can you do it while I talk to him?'

"'Oh yes; talking won't matter, only make him stand still.'

"I stood stone-still; the fact was, I couldn't move. I was rooted to the spot in a dazed state of mind, while her lovely eyes glanced first at me, then at the paper, as her white fingers flew about with the pencil. I tried to muster up the few words of Portuguese I had learned, so as to say what I had come to say; but somehow they fled. I could recall but two or three, and those I repeated over and over.

"'Sim, senhor—sim, senhor; Muito seu criado' (Yes, sir—yes, sir; your most humble servant).

"'Não tenha vm mêdo! Que quer?' (Well, well, don't be afraid! What do you want?) said the colonel, impatiently.

"'Sim, senhor—sim, senhor.'

"'Just keep him still, papa; don't let him go. It'll be too lovely for anything. I'll hang it in the seminary library.'

"'Que quer? Que tem Vm?' (What do you want, my man? what is the matter with you?) said the colonel, in just about as bad Portuguese as mine. However, bad as it was, it had the effect of bringing me to my senses. I told the colonel in the words which I succeeded in mustering how poor Mark had fainted in the field, and how it would kill him if he were not given easier work. The colonel said that he would see about it;

to send the boy to him. I turned to go; the girl entreated her father to make me stay.

"'Stand still, my man,' he ordered, just as if I were a slave, though not unkindly. I stood still until she said I might go. The colonel took a silver dollar from his pocket and threw it at me. It fell at my feet, but I did not pick it up, and heard her say as I walked off,

"'Oh, papa, he would not have the money; he's too proud.'

"'Pooh! such as he aren't proud that way,' laughed the colonel.

"Mark went up to see the colonel, and was given some work about the house. Two weeks from that he brought me a message from Colonel Thornton that I was wanted at the house. I went. The colonel was in his office.

"'Mark tells me that you are an American?'

"'I am.'

"'A Virginian?'

"'Yes.'

"'Your name is B——?'

"'It is.'

"'I knew a lawyer of that name in Virginia. He fought by my side in the Confederate army, and fell in one of the battles before Richmond. Was he a relation of yours?'

"'My father was a lawyer, and was mortally wounded before Richmond, and was buried in the trenches.'

"'He was my friend and comrade. Why did you affect to be a Portuguese when here last?'

"'Was I fit to appear as a gentleman before a lady?'

"After that, fortune smiled on me. When the colonel learned that I had studied law, he used his influence with a lawyer in Honolulu to take me into his office. I began to make my way in the world, and two years afterwards, when I visited the island of Kaola, I was properly introduced to Miss Thornton, just returned from Mills Seminary in California. She is now my wife, and the corsair sketch hangs in our library, instead of in the library of the California seminary."

CHAPTER XIX.

A TROPICAL TRIP.

INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE.—A BURIAL AT SEA.—THE PASSENGER WHO WAS "A BIT PUT ABOUT," AND THE TALL MISSIONARY.—CURIOUS SCENE OFF THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.—LABOR ON THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—EFFECTS OF THE CONTRACT SYSTEM.—ILLUSTRATION OF GEORGE'S LAND THEORY.—LIFE AND LABOR ON SUGAR PLANTATIONS.

IN pursuing the investigation into the treatment and condition of sailors, I resolved to take a voyage, and by personal observation corroborate or disprove, as the case might be, the testimony given before the Commission. The publicity attending the inquiries of the Commission had made me too well known among captains and ship-men to hope to escape observation on any vessel sailing direct from San Francisco; accordingly, I decided to go to some other port and take passage on a sailing-vessel with a captain who would not be likely to know my name and mission. I elected to make the start from some Sandwich Island port, and so one afternoon I boarded the Australian steamer for Honolulu.

The Australian steamers that sail from San Francisco are built especially for the passenger service. They afford even more comfort than those floating palaces between New York and Liverpool. The *Mariposa*, which crosses the equator twelve times a year, is provided with large port-holes and one long, unbroken promenade, extending from stem to stern. To run this three-thousand-ton vessel from San Francisco to Sydney and return, a distance of 15,000 miles, costs $50,000. When the distance run per day does not exceed 325 miles, fifty tons of coal are consumed in twenty-four hours. By burning seventy tons, the *Mariposa* can make 393 miles a day. As coal in San Francisco costs $12 a ton, the extra cost of running full speed would amount to $240 a day, or about $12,000 for the round trip. The Atlantic steamers make faster time, and burn more coal. A 6000-ton Cunarder makes 450 miles, and consumes 350 tons of coal a day. The captain of one of these big steamers is paid $200 and more a month. The stokers, who do the hardest work done on sea or land, get $40 a month. These poor men are in the bottom of the ship, where never a breath of fresh air can penetrate, and where the heat, especially in passing through the tropics, is intense. Not long ago a stoker was overcome by the heat, and fell dead while in the act of wheeling coal to the furnaces.

On my "tramp trip," when at sea, I usually travelled third class. It was then my belief that the cabin could not be so interesting as the steerage. I have learned, however, that the tramp traveller does not have all the sights to himself.

There were many interesting people in the saloon of the *Mariposa*. As we were leaving the San Francisco wharf, a young man leaned over the railing and waved his handkerchief excitedly.

"Don't you feel a bit put about?" he said, seeing that I was watching him.

"No, not at all."

"What! are you glad to be leaving your friends?"

"No, but I came aboard of my own free-will. Didn't you do the same?"

"Oh yes; still, I can't help feeling a bit put about, you know;" and he waved his handkerchief again as the tears came into his big, weak, blue eyes. He explained afterwards that it was the first time that he had ever left home, and so, of course, he could not help feeling "a bit put about." We lay at anchor in the Golden Gate twelve hours waiting for the English mails, then set forth at night with the electric lights on San Francisco's steep hills beaming us a bright good-by. The second day out, the violent lurching of the vessel threw an old lady against the steps and killed her. I told the young man of this, but he did not seem at all "put about."

"Oh, she was a steerage passenger, wasn't she?"

It made all the difference in the world to him when I said no, that she was in the cabin. He took great interest in the case from that moment, and was promptly on hand at the funeral. A missionary read services for the dead as the body lay wrapped in a blue shroud. A cannon-ball was tied to the feet, and the corpse was ready to be plunged into the boundless Pacific. It was a sad ceremony to all of us; to the son, who was obliged to stand there and see his mother cast into the ocean, it was heart-rending. Twenty years before, he lost his father at sea. The mother had expressed a wish to follow her husband, and the son ever after had a dread of the ocean. He tried to persuade his mother not to take the voyage, but in vain. The old lady, as she mounted the *Mariposa's* gangway, said that she believed she was going to follow her husband. She did on the next day.

The tall missionary who read the services had a son twelve years old who told most interesting stories of life among savages.

"Your boy has a great future ahead of him," I said to the missionary. "He will be the Dickens of the Pacific!"

I imagined this a compliment, but the missionary looked at me as solemnly and reproachfully as though I had said that his son would become a thief.

"I have a higher ambition for Hiram," he said, solemnly. "It is my hope that he may become a missionary to the heathen."

After that I observed that Hiram was not allowed to associate with a person who not only read Dickens, but prophesied for him the same ungodly career. This good man had been all his life in remote and savage parts of the world. His reading while on the voyage was of other missionaries, their lives and deeds. His mind was in a rut, in a groove that shut out from his sight the good done by such great and humane writers as Charles Dickens.*

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* Some months after my return to America, I learned that my thought-

While sitting in my state-room one day playing my flute, a stout, paunchy man entered, and taking off his hat, made a profound bow.

"Kennen sie mich?" (Do you know me?) he said.

"No, sir, I do not."

"Was! sie kennen mich nicht?" (What! you do not know me?) "I am Gutberg, the composer." He threw back his head, folded his arms, and gazed at me with a look that seemed to say, "Behold and admire!" "Come, you know my music," he went on; "listen to this." Whereupon he began humming a tune, and marking time with wonderful flourishes of his arms. "Ah, I see you know that. That is my last composisition. I composed that in Mailand."

When I said that I had never heard his Mailand composition before, he left me in disgust, and never wasted another word on me during the rest of the voyage.

My cabin-mate, a Scotch parson thirty-five years old, was as unsophisticated as a boy. The inclination to "bamboozle" verdant travellers is often irresistible. At night, as we lay in our bunks, the Scotch parson innocently swallowed any marvellous stories I told about America, and at the climax would stick his semi-bald head through the curtains and peer up at me in the bunk above with such childish confidence that I

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less compliment to the missionary's son had borne unfortunate fruit. His parents one morning found, instead of their son, a note telling them that they were not to worry about him, that "he had left on the ship for Liverpool, where he intended to follow the profession of newsboy, and afterwards of journalist." "You will not find it difficult," wrote my informant, rather reproachfully, "to follow the various steps in this little fellow's move; how the young man, longing for the literary profession, and remembering the sublime dignity with which his father repelled your attempted compliment in predicting for his son as brilliant a future as Dickens, saw his path beset with difficulties, and concluded to break away from the paternal roof and restraint, and make the venture for himself. Hiram thought that, to reach the position at twenty-four which you enjoy, he could not begin too early; hence this move that has caused his parents such trouble and grief."

was always tempted to go on. I told him of the deadly antipathy borne by the people of Nevada towards stove-pipe hats.

"When they see a stiff hat they shoot at it. Of course it often happens that the bullet goes through your head instead of your hat."

"No, now, really? Why are such savage laws allowed?" said the parson, horrified.

"Oh, it isn't the law; only the custom."

"Do they shoot at the hats of passengers on the cars?"

"Not if they remain on the cars."

"How fortunate I did not get out!"

"You were, indeed," I replied. "A New York gentleman who was shot through the head instead of the hat was taken back to New York to be buried. All the epitaph put over him was, 'He wore a plug hat in Nevada.' So well known is the Nevada custom of shooting stiff hats that that was sufficient."

This story, and others like it, the Scotch parson received in good faith, as I saw from his notes, which he submitted to me for correction. The people of a certain small village in Scotland will hear some astonishing stories when their pastor returns from his trip to Australia.

The waiter at our table was a poor young man working his way to Sydney. Naturally, he was not very efficient, and there was much grumbling. The gentleman who sat next to me was the only one who made no complaint. After three or four days, I said to him,

"How is it that you say nothing? Is it possible that you like long waits and cold food?"

"I will tell you," replied the gentleman. "Three weeks ago I was on the *Germania*, from Liverpool. There was one weak-headed youth on the ship. He did his best, but that was very bad. All of the passengers were continually scolding him. One morning he came to my berth before I was up, and said, 'You ordered a bath at seven o'clock?' 'I did.' 'Well, sir, I am sorry, I am very sorry, but it isn't ready.' 'Why, what is the matter?' 'Another gent is taking a bath,' he answered. I told him not to mind, and he went away. A few minutes afterwards I heard him going through the same story with the occupant of the next state-room. By this time he was crying. The man in the next room was a little cross. 'Get away with your whining,' I heard him say. The weak-headed waiter left the room, went to the side of the ship, and began climbing up the rigging. I looked out at him from my window, and wondered what he meant to do. Before any one had the slightest idea of his purpose, he reached the top, and, with a cry, leaped into the ocean. The boats were lowered. With our glasses we could see his head bobbing about, but the sailors in the small boat could not see him, although only a few yards away, so heavy was the swell that it hid him from their view. They rowed all around him, and might have saved him a dozen times could they have seen him. I shall never forget the poor fellow's agonized look as he saw the men in the boat rowing around, and at last away from him, and realized that he was lost. I would rather put up with temporary inconvenience than grumble, and possibly cause another simpleton to drown himself."

After this there was less grumbling at our tyro waiter.

One of the *Mariposa's* passengers, a London guano-merchant, spends his life in sailing about the Pacific Ocean looking for guano islands. One night he favored us with a story of his wanderings.

"It gives one a queer feeling," he said, "to step on an island that no human foot has ever trod before. Next to that in interest is an island full of strange, wild-looking savages. On one of the Samoan group I once saw several thousand copper-colored natives assembled to catch the palolo. This singular sea-worm, the size and shape of Italian vermicelli, appears only on two days of the year. I was called away from my ship at three o'clock in the morning, and rowed to the reef, half a mile from the shore. There, wading about in water three feet deep, were thousands of natives, with lanterns made of dried pandanus-leaves, scooping up the wriggling palolo and dumping them into their canoes. At the first peep of the sun the worms disappear; the next day, at precisely the same hour, they swarm on the reef again; then they return to the unknown regions whence they come, not to reappear for a whole year. The Samoans eat the palolo, and declare that they are as good as any fish. I did not try them. They looked too much like long worms."

Of my cruise on a sailing-vessel from Honolulu little need be said. While I witnessed no instances of particular cruelty or mistreatment, yet observation and frequent talks with sailors both went to prove the general truth of the testimony given before the Commission, a part of which the reader has seen in a preceding chapter. Upon my return to Honolulu, I made a tour of the Sandwich Islands. This trip afforded me a view of labor under conditions entirely new to me.

The rapid decline of the native Hawaiian race has made the labor question on the Sandwich Islands particularly pressing. Once there were half a million natives; now there are less than fifty thousand. After a preamble reciting the decrease of population and the scarcity of labor, the Government issued a decree forbidding natives from emigrating "to California or other foreign lands, unless by some urgent necessity which must be shown to the Governor." Females living on other islands are not even allowed to visit Honolulu without a pass, which is issued only upon "showing reasonable cause for the desire to proceed to Oahu, together with the cause and probable duration of such visit." Any female living on another island and found on the island of Oahu without a permit is liable to a fine of twenty-five dollars.

In 1852 the experiment of importing labor was tried for the first time. Chinese coolies were engaged for five years, at $3 a month, in addition to passage, food, and clothing. Since that time the rate has risen to $16 a month. The Government undertakes to provide planters with labor. A planter goes to the Minister of the Interior and says that he wants so many field laborers. The Minister imports from China or Japan, or some of the South Pacific islands, the desired number of hands. The Hawaiian Government pays their passage, and guarantees three years' work at certain stipulated wages, generally from $15 to not above $18 a month. The Japanese Government takes an equally paternal interest in its subjects. It will not permit a subject to leave until he has received a three years' contract guaranteeing wages of not less than $15 a month of twenty-six days, ten hours to the day, and $1 a month for each child to the number of two, and $10 a month to the wife if there be one. This contract, which must be signed in triplicate, one copy being given to the laborer, one to the Hawaiian Government, and one left with the "Chiji of Kanagawa," further provides that fifteen per cent. of the laborer's wages must be paid to the Japanese consul, by him to be placed in the Imperial Treasury at Tokio, where it is kept at five per cent. interest, and returned to the laborer at the expiration of his three years' contract.

The sugar-planter pays the Hawaiian Government $30 on the arrival of each laborer; in thirty days an additional $25 is paid. The passage-money of women is not refunded to the Government. The planter refunds to himself the money which he pays the Government by deducting $3 a month from the laborer's wages until the whole amount is paid. The law enforces labor contracts the same as it does other contracts. A field laborer or mechanic who contracts to work for a certain length of time cannot, as with us, break his contract and quit when he likes. If he leaves, his employer can call upon an officer to arrest him, and compel him to return to work. In theory this may not be bad, but I think it is bad in practice. It is not in human nature for an employer to be as just or solicitous for the welfare of his workmen when they are compelled to stay with him, as when they have the ability to leave when mistreated.

The principal diet of the native Hawaiian laborers is "poi," a substance that looks and tastes like editors' paste after it becomes sour. It is cheap, costing as little as a cent and a quarter a pound, and never more than two cents and a half. The average cost may be put at two cents. One native eats a "pai-ai" (bundle) of forty pounds in seven days. He eats, besides, fish, pork, goat's-meat, and other food, costing in all about a dollar. Not much bread is consumed, poi acting as a substitute. Neither tea nor coffee is used, as a rule, though the natives are fond of both, and will work two or three hours extra for a cup of tea or coffee. In some districts, as in the Puna, on the island of Hawaii, the cost of living is practically nothing. Bread-fruit, bananas, cocoanuts, and sweet-potatoes grow wild. The native dives in the water, catches his fish, then goes into the woods and gathers his bread-fruit and vegetables. Nature supplies everything. Once a year the tax-collector comes around for the school and road tax, amounting to $5. A week's work loading a vessel pays that, whereupon the Kanaka retires to the woods again to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate.*

Compare their condition with that of the miserable peasantry of Europe, who, though living under the most advanced forms of civilization, yet are not as well provided with creature-comforts as the meanest inhabitant of Hawaii. In the Campagna around Rome shepherds work for seven cents a day. On this pittance they barely exist. They work hard, and receive a little bread and oil, and a hovel in which to rest the few hours when not at work. The Hawaiian does not toil, neither does he spin, yet he lives on a diet which an epicure might envy. These conditions, however, are changing. Fifty years ago missionaries came to Hilo, hung a bell in a bread-fruit tree, and gathered the natives around to worship. Since that time they have been undergoing a gradual process of civilization. The first missionaries, in 1820, had a hard time. It took six months to come around the Horn, and, once on the island, it was perhaps years before they would hear from the world. The mail was sent in whaling-vessels from New Bedford. The whalers went on their voyages in the north seas before touching at the Sandwich Islands. A missionary of that time, writing home, said, "There are two beds in a room twenty feet square to accommodate thirteen people. Yesterday the natives brought us thirty hats, one hundred tapas (a kind of cloth made by pounding to pieces the bark of a tree), one hundred cocoanuts, and a quantity of calabashes. This is our supply of furniture. The house is of grass, and a sharp rain may wash the whole away any moment." (The rainfall in Hilo is 144 inches a year.)

Circumstances have changed since that day; now it is not the missionary, but the native, who has the hard time. He is being civilized into poverty. Why is this? Why does the sum of creature-comforts decrease just in proportion as the sum of civilization increases? Certainly the answer to this, at any rate as far as the Sandwich Islands are concerned, is to be found in Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty." I doubt if there is any other country on the globe that affords so striking an instance of the effects of private appropriations of land. Within the memory of men still living, the Sandwich Islands had no civilized government; the land was practically free to all the people. Then, with a population of four hundred thousand, every one had at least a sufficiency. Now, with a population of only forty thousand, but with the civilized method of land appropriation, want and poverty are beginning to be felt. As late as twenty years ago there was no land appropriated by speculators on the island of Maui; then came a stranger from a foreign land, who, by means with which I am not acquainted, succeeded in appropriating twenty-eight thousand acres to his own use and profit. Necessarily, the opportunities of the natives were restricted by this appropriation. Henceforward, it is true, they could work in sugar mills and fields, but such work would be for this stranger, not for themselves, and they would be obliged to accept a part of their production instead of the whole. Just in proportion as the island is appropriated by land-grabbers does the condition of the people become harder and more poverty-stricken. In Hawaii a much smaller proportion of the land has been appropriated, and in Hawaii we find the condition of the natives proportionately more prosperous than in Maui.

A rich Portuguese in Hilo, Hawaii, has built ten cottages of three rooms each, with a veranda, which he rents for $6 a month. These cottages are occupied by Portuguese laborers, who earn $1 a day loading and unloading vessels. In Honolulu the same cottage would cost $10 a month. Good beef costs in Honolulu 10 to 12 cents a pound; flour, $6 to $7 a barrel. Everything, even sugar, comes from California—a great change since 1848, when California imported from Honolulu all her food supplies, including grain for cattle and horses. The only article California now imports is raw sugar, and possibly she may soon cease to import that, as Mr. Spreckels's project for beet-sugar culture in California seems likely to prove successful.

On the *Mariposa* I became acquainted with a wealthy Maui sugar-planter, and accepted his invitation to visit his plantations. The purser called us at two o'clock in the morning. Hastily dressing, we slid down the rope into the small boat, which four strong oarsmen pulled for the shore. The moon shone brightly; ahead of us rose the majestic crater of old Haleakala, the largest volcano in the world, ten thousand feet above the sea, and with a crater thirty miles in circumference. On a spur of the huge mountain rested a bright light, the morning-star. It seemed to rise up gradually into space. A coral reef almost enclosed the bay. The dark Kanakas rowed for the narrow channel, and entered it, with the foaming breakers dashing against the reef—so near us on either side that the spray of the waves fell on us like heavy rain. Mr. Cornwell, the sugar-planter whom I was accompanying home on a visit, had been absent two months. He [illegible] received with an almost royal welcome. His carriage was [illegible] on the beach; we jumped in, and were soon spinning along, enjoying the cool night air, and the superb beauty of the sea and the mountains bathed with silvery moonlight. Passing a clump of white cabins, a turn in the road revealed a strange scene—a low, spacious house, with broad verandas, lighted up with festoons of colored lanterns; a grove of richest tropical shrubbery, also hung with Chinese lanterns; and around a bonfire a dozen dusky men,

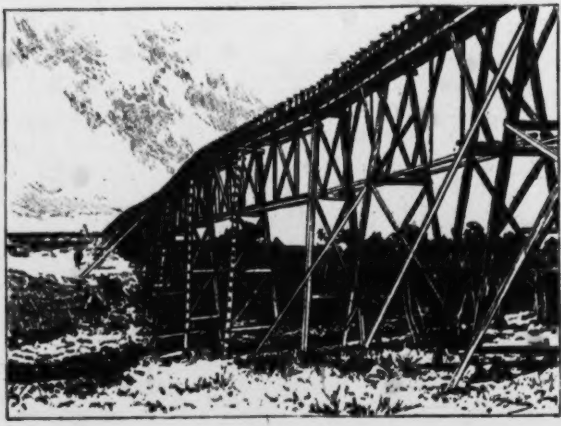
RAILROAD ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

with musical instruments in their hands. Our carriage whirled up. Bomb! went a small cannon, rockets darted up into the sky; the dusky men put their instruments to their lips, and the weird sounds of the Hawaiian national hymn greeted our ears. These men had sat up three nights, expecting their master. His coming was made a jubilee. They sang and played until five o'clock, when the first streaks of the morning sun appeared over Haleakala's lofty crest, and they retired to their cabins, laid aside their instruments, and prepared for their day's work. The regard which these simple laborers seemed to bear for their employer reminded me of the stories of Louisiana plantation homes of *ante bellum* days. They crowded around and pressed his hand, and beamed all over when he spoke to them and showed an interest in their welfare by kindly questions and smiles.

The Khedive of Egypt has a plantation that yields five thousand tons of sugar a year — a big plantation, yet small compared with that of Claus Spreckels, which in one exceptionally good year yielded fourteen thousand tons, and which yields, on the average, from six to eight thousand tons.

How many who drop a lump of sugar into their coffee or tea in the morning know anything of the strange life, the strange world, that produces that lump! To the million or so New Yorkers who rush along Broadway, New York is the world; yet the little lump of sugar they eat in the morning comes from another world, and, could it speak, would tell an interesting story.

Imagine a vast tract of twenty-eight thousand acres between two mountains—the one mountain covered with greenest verdure, the other a dead volcano, bleak, bare, and desolate. From springs in these mountains water is conducted forty miles to the cane-fields, converting into blooming plantations what a few years ago were arid wastes. Forty miles of railroad track traverse the fields, and four locomotives, with long trains of cars, transport the cane to the mills. In addition to the regular lines of railroad, sections of portable track are thrown in different directions as needed. A gang of Chinamen can quickly throw a mile or two of this track in any desired direction, thus enabling the cane to be brought by rail from even the more remote parts of the plantation. On the southern islands of the group, where water is more abundant, the cane is floated to the mills in flumes. These methods of transportation save at least three or four dollars a ton over the old way of hauling by ox-teams. When a car-load of sugar reaches the mill, it is unloaded directly into the roller-machines. They grind the cane, expressing 65 per cent. into juice. A second set of powerful rollers take the partially denuded cane, and express an additional 12 per cent., making a total of 77 per cent. The actual per cent. of juice contained in the cane is 88; but all over 77 per cent., or at most 78 per cent., is lost, the most powerful rollers being unable to squeeze the cane perfectly dry. Nineteen per cent. of the 77 per cent. of juice is sugar; thus, 1000 pounds of cane yields 770 pounds of juice, which in turn yields



THE WATER-FLUME.

147 pounds of sugar. In polarizing the crude into pure sugar, there is a further loss of about 3 per cent., so that the 1000 pounds of cane finally yields 142 pounds of pure sugar. This is packed into sacks and loaded into sailing-vessels that lie at anchor half a mile from the mills, ready to sail for San Francisco.

The Spreckels plantation is a world within itself. Almost every sort of labor is required to conduct its multiplicity of affairs. Civil engineers are needed to construct railroads and build bridges; carpenters to make houses; wheelwrights, machinists, sugar-boilers, and a dozen other kinds of mechanics, to ply their various trades. Of all the laborers, the most peculiar were those I saw from a locomotive as I was gayly riding through the fields. They were galloping up and down in one of the ditches that bring water from the mountains. The women had their gowns tucked up, and were riding astride like the men. One had a tin can in her hand, from which she was feeding a puppy as she galloped along, splashing the water right and left. These Kanakas were having a jolly time, doing nothing but riding about, and earning therefor a dollar a day. They are employed to ride in the irrigating canals, in order to knead, as it were, the bottom of the ditch, and prevent the water from leaking away. Of the fourteen hundred men on the plantation, only one hundred are Caucasians, employed as lunas (foremen), mechanics, and sugar-boilers; the rest are Japanese, Chinese, and natives. The head engineer of the steam-ploughs receives $175 per month, together with board and a pleasant cottage. Each of his two assistants receives $125 per month and board. The steam-ploughs, the wheels of which have tires three feet wide, go bowling over the ground in a most astonishing manner. They weigh twenty tons, and go through the fields in pairs four hundred yards apart. On each plough is a revolving drum, around which is coiled four hundred yards of wire cable. The ploughing-machine is drawn from one engine to the other by means of the cables. Five furrows are made; then the engines move forward a little, the five ploughs are drawn back again, making five more furrows. In one day two of these engines can plough twelve acres of the hardest land.

All white labor on plantations receives board and lodging, in addition to a salary. Carpenters, for flume-building, get $60 per month; head-carpenters get $120. In the mills, sugar-boilers are paid from $60 to $125 per month. The Chinese and Japanese, who actually produce the sugar, who plant the cane and gather it, who place it on the cars and bring it to the mills ready for the skilled labor to transform it into the sugar as we know it—these men do the hardest work, and receive the least pay. They earn $19 per month, and fuel estimated at two cents a day. The sleeping quarters of the Asiatics consist of the usual straw matting, spread on hard boards, arranged in bunks, about a dozen men sleeping in a room twelve feet square. Excepting this tendency to herd together, they appear cleanly in their habits. In riding about, I noticed numbers of Chinamen standing naked in the field, bathing in water obtained from a neighboring canal. The Japanese have no confidence in European doctors, and will not go to a plantation that does not provide a medical man of their own kind. The Japanese M.D. at Mr. Spreckels's is paid a salary of $100 per month. The foremen, or lunas, as they are called in Hawaii, live in cabins near the camps of the men whom they oversee. Each cabin consists of two rooms, one luna to a room. When a luna marries he is allowed an entire cabin, and $25 a month extra in lieu of board. The food furnished is better than might be expected. At a quarter to six, breakfast—of oatmeal, coffee, bread, and beefsteak—is served. At twelve o'clock, dinner of soup, roast potatoes, pie or pudding. Supper, at half-past five, usually consists of tea, bread, butter, and cold meat left over from dinner. Mr. Spreckels remarked that his men were more fastidious than he. They once refused to eat unrefined molasses, which he had been obliged to eat for two years when at school. The native Hawaiians are tremendous eaters. After disposing of a large calabash of poi, they come in and eat a white man's dinner with as much relish as though they had been fasting for days. They spend little for clothing—75 cents for a blouse, $1.50 for a pair of breeches, and perhaps $2 for shoes to wear on Sunday.

Mr. John D. Spreckels, the manager of his father's vast interests, though a young man, has much ability, and has come out of several trying positions with flying colors. Those familiar with labor troubles will easily understand that the manager of a great plantation, and of steam and sailing vessels that traverse the ocean almost from pole to pole, has no easy task. On the docks in San Francisco Mr. Spreckels was once attacked by an infuriated mob, whom he kept at bay with a revolver until the police came to his rescue. Even on the tropical island of Maui the strike fever once broke out, and Mr. Spreckels, being present, was called on to adjust matters. There were fourteen hundred men, whose places, should they quit in a body, it would be impossible to fill in time to save the cane. The men knew this, knew that their employer was unwilling to let $300,000 worth of cane go to waste, so they made the most exorbitant demands. Mr. Spreckels was equal to the emergency. He harangued them, and while talking his managers were busy executing his orders to lock up all the provision supplies. When this was done, Mr. Spreckels concluded his speech by offering the men the alternatives of going to work on the old terms or of leaving that day. The men now learned that if they had Mr. Spreckels, he also had them. Fourteen hundred people could not find provisions on a lonely island as easily as they might in New York. The lunas were well armed, and there was no chance of storming the storehouses. When dinner-time came around, the situation impressed itself on the hands, and they went back to work.

One morning, after an hour's delicious swim in the cool surf, I rode a few miles down the beach from the Spreckels plantation, to visit some native grass houses. One house that I visited was not quite six feet high. I was obliged to stoop when in it. The floor consisted of straw matting spread on the bare earth. A coarse grass hammock swung from the low ceiling.

Under the hammock was a mattress. Cocoanuts, gourds, and ragged clothing lay scattered about. The gourds were filled with poi.

"Do you eat this?" I said, pointing to the pasty compound.

The Kanaka did not understand. He pointed to his ear, and looked solemn. I rarely saw a Kanaka who was not solemn. I answered him by signs. Taking him by the arm, I led him to a calabash of poi, and putting my finger to my mouth, went through the motion of eating. He comprehended, and solemnly stuck his finger into the poi, then thrust the poi-covered finger into his mouth. All this he did with as much solemnity as though it were a funeral rite. I alighted at a cocoanut-grove not far away, and beckoned to a boy who was lying on the grass to climb up the tree and gather some nuts. To my surprise, as the boy drew near, I recognized in him a fellow-passenger from the island of Tahiti. He was in the steerage of the ship with an old woman, and when I first saw him was dressed in a shirt and breeches. At the cocoanut-grove he was attired simply and wholly in Nature's garb. He understood my signs, and with a bound started up the slim, smooth trunk of the cocoanut-tree, reaching the tuft of foliage fifty feet *above* the ground in almost the same time that a white boy would have gone fifty feet *on* the ground. The cocoanut, which was so soft that it had to be eaten with a spoon, was not as palatable to my taste as the stale cocoanuts in America. Perhaps this is because of my perverted taste. However that may be, certain it is that the nut fresh from the tree seemed insipid—on the same principle, I suppose, that fresh eggs taste insipid to Chinamen, who are accustomed to eggs ancient and strong.

CHAPTER XX.

TWO VOLCANOES.

A NIGHT ON THE VERGE OF SHEOL.—THE AWFUL FIRES OF KILAUEA.—IN THE IAO VALLEY.—THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.—WE BECOME LOST IN THE CRATER OF A VOLCANO.

TWELVE of the longest hours I ever experienced—always excepting a night I was kept in an Italian jail at Portici—were those spent in ascending the great volcano of Haleakala (House of the Sun). My guide, Haunali, and I set forth at three in the afternoon. The first two miles lay through fields of sugar-cane and across stretches of sandy desert. A fierce tropical sun beat upon us, while, to increase the unpleasantness of the situation, the trade-wind blowing in from the sea swept dirt and sand into our faces. Haunali was a fluent linguist. He had learned one word of English. That word he could speak with admirable facility and distinctness.

"How far is it to the cave?" I asked.

Haunali waved his hand, looked solemn, and answered, "Spreckels."

"Will we reach the cave before night?"

"Spreckels," replied Haunali, waving his hand at the green fields. We met a rude ox-cart, in which were heaped a woman, a child, half a dozen dogs, and some chickens.

"Are these people moving?"

"Spreckels," returned Haunali, gravely. This innocent native had Spreckels on the brain. I learned afterwards that he had once worked for the noted sugar-king. The advantage of having an intelligent guide who gives information like Haunali cannot be over-estimated. The Hawaiian language is so largely composed of vowel sounds that I thought it possible that Haunali might understand something of Italian, which also is a vowel language. So I said,

"Parlate Italiano?"

"Parlate Italiano," repeated Haunali, with excellent accent.

"Si?"

"Si."

He was a perfect parrot. Everything that I said he repeated with solemn gravity. The next traveller who secures the services of this intelligent guide will imagine that he was once a railroad car-porter. After creeping along through the sand, we at last came to a solid stretch. Spurring my horse, I cried, "All aboard!" and started off at a gallop. "All aboard!" shouted Haunali, and followed after. The expression caught his fancy, and every half-hour after that he cried out, "All aboard!" and started off at a gallop. We reached the base of the volcano about dark, and after eating of the lunch which we had brought, we began the long and wearisome ascent. The conversation with Haunali was of too profound a nature to be kept up under such circumstances, so we climbed on in silence, clinging tightly to our horses as they scrambled over the rough stones and lava. The shadows grew darker and darker. As we ascended higher, the clouds thickened; they seemed to rest on the side of the mountain in layers. We passed through a drenching mist; then came a short period of dry cold, then another drenching mist.

The cave, which we reached at midnight, is merely a small hole in the side of the bluff, protected overhead by a roof of lava—as though the molten mass, in its course down the mountain, had suddenly stopped short and froze in the air. Haunali gathered a meagre handful of brushwood, and we huddled up in our blankets and overcoats by a miserable little fire until it was time to start for the summit, still a thousand feet above us. At that height—nine thousand feet above the sea—the air is thin and cold; and I was glad when four o'clock in the morning came, when we set out for the summit. We were at least warm while walking. Two hours were consumed in making that last one thousand feet; then we stood on the brink of the largest crater in the world.

"Halcakala!" exclaimed Haunali, and then laid himself flat on his face and went to sleep. A less intelligent guide might have begun an argument on the tariff, or an untimely theological discussion, but Haunali did nothing so absurd; he simply informed me that I was on Halcakala, lest I might fancy that it was Vesuvius or Ætna. Then he subsided, leaving me alone to survey the wonderful scene.

The clouds were far below; the moon shone clear and soft on the vast world of desolation which lay beneath it. Before me was the brink of the huge crater, two thousand feet deep and thirty miles in circumference. In this dreadful pit a dozen cones loom up, with black mouths, whence once issued streams of lava and fire. Scientists predict a more violent state of action for this volcano. Whoever witnesses the fierce eruption when it comes will see a sight of unparalleled grandeur.

While I was gazing on the crater with the black cones and deep pits a rosy glow began to appear in the east, then a tip of fire. As this tip rose up, the round, red sun shed a fiery glow over the bottom of the crater, and over the sullen, burned-out cones. Darkness kindled into light, and the whole of the vast pit to its deepest bottom was red and alive once more. When the sun was up in all his glory, volumes of clouds began to roll in from the sea, covering the cones and frozen lava-streams as with billows of snow. The clouds heaped themselves up in white, rolling hills. At one moment it seemed as if I were standing on the brink of the Arctic Ocean; at another, a rift in the clouds presented a view resembling a Swiss avalanche, with a wall of snow five thousand feet high. On this snowy mountain my six-foot body cast a gigantic shadow. I raised my hand; the hand of the gigantic shadow stretched across the thirty miles of the crater. It is these marvellous cloud effects that make it worth while climbing Haleakala in the night. When the sun is an hour high the clouds dissolve, leaving nothing to be seen save the valley and ocean on one side, and the dead cones and crater on the other. From that height of ten thousand feet, the great plantation of Spreckels, with its long rows of cabins and stables, appeared to be a mere patch.

It was my intention to descend into the crater, traverse the vast fields of frozen lava, and look down into the bottomless, once fiery, depths of the cones; but an untoward accident compelled me to give up this idea. I told Haunali to bring the lunch.

"Haleakala," was the guide's pertinent reply. Then I pointed to my mouth, and repeated my command by signs. Haunali understood. He went off, returning in a few minutes, however, empty-handed as he went. After much sign-talking, he made me understand that the lunch was lost. I straightway felt twice as ravenous as I had felt before. The Kanaka had set the basket on the edge of the precipice; a strong wind blew it over, and our provisions were at that very moment scattered two thousand feet below us, at the bottom of the crater. One cannot enjoy hard climbing on an empty stomach. Half-way down the mountain we came across some ohela berries. These berries are like the huckleberry in size and taste. Before missionary days they were held sacred to the goddess Pele, and in those days no Kanaka dared to eat ohelas without first throwing a quantity into the volcano as an offering to Pele. Haunali and I were too famished to think of poor Pele. We devoured the berries eagerly, and found them delicious.

Some years ago, a writer, remarking upon the hospitality of the Sandwich Islanders, said that visitors took advantage of it to such an extent that planters fled from their homes to avoid unwelcome strangers. Since then, most travellers, when they enter a planter's house, begin by saying that they hope "they will not cause their host to flee." I wish to caution people against making this remark. It has been so often made that only by an effort can the planter refrain from "ringing his chestnut-bell" when he hears it. When I reached Mr. Cornwell's house I found no reason to apologize. Although a perfect stranger, I was received with open hospitality, and invited to remain until I had seen all the sights of the neighborhood.

Nothing could afford a greater contrast to the Haleakala trip than that made from Mr. Cornwell's plantation to the Iao valley. Haleakala is huge, sublime, desolate. The mountains which pen in the Iao valley tower thousands of feet almost perpendicularly; but they are picturesque rather than grand, for the wonderful green that covers even the steepest cliffs softens and beautifies the effect. The walls of the gorge lift themselves on either side as you climb the table-land overlooking the valley—walls so green that the eye never tires of resting on them. One rock which stands alone, its green head two thousand feet up in the clouds, is called the Needle. The natives say that when the great Hawaiian chief Kamehameha invaded the island he drove the Mauian army upon this cliff, from which, rather than be made prisoners, they hurled themselves into the abyss below. A great many bones were found at the base of the Needle, which the present king had removed to a cave farther up the ravine.

While we were reclining on a bed of ferns, gazing up at the great green walls, and at the silvery bands of water that trickled from the clouds down the sides of the cliffs, the servants were preparing our lunch. They first went on a foraging trip, returning with armfuls of flowers, guavas, bananas, and other delicious fruit, that grew wild in the neighborhood. The flowers were converted into "leis" (wreaths), and before we sat down each one of the party was encircled with fragrant roses. Even the horses and dogs were ornamented in the same flowery fashion. We were all a gay-looking set, as we ate our lunch that day in the Iao Valley by the side of a swift brook. The servants were South Sea Islanders. Ten years ago they were savages; now, except for the great holes punched in their ears, they presented little to remind one of the savage. They are powerful-looking fellows, with a dark, copper-colored skin which shines like polished bronze. I asked one of them how he liked the Sandwich Islands. "Good," he replied. "In my island, plenty to eat, but no work; only climb cocoanut-trees. Here, plenty eat and plenty work." It is unusual to hear of objections because of no work. While we were eating lunch it rained on top of the mountains. This swelled the numerous torrents, and made our descent difficult. The ladies from the plantations were compelled to mount the men's saddles, it being dangerous, if not impossible, to cross on side-saddles. So heavy and rapid is the fall of rain in these parts, that one half-hour suffices to convert a rivulet into a torrent. People have been known to be thus caught in the Iao Valley, and unable to return for several days.

The voyage from the island of Maui, or Oahu, to Hawaii is extremely rough, but the sea-sick traveller is relieved by frequent stoppages at island way-ports. You are violently sick for a few hours; then the steamer stops, and you at once go ashore and eat a lunch of the fruit offered by the natives; then go on board and lose the aforesaid lunch, and become miserable again. The places where we landed seemed most forlorn. The people sat about on the rocky ground, or on straw mats in their grass houses, apparently with nothing at all to do. Some naked men were swimming in the ocean catching fish, some were pounding poi. With these exceptions, I saw none who did not resemble Othello in the matter of their occupation being gone—that is, if they ever had an occupation to go.

For some hours the *Kinau* glided along on a smooth sea, near the base of perpendicular cliffs, that are a deep green, except where a silver thread of water trickles down here and there into the ocean. Off an opening in the huge wall the little steamer anchored, and landed those passengers bound for the volcano of Kilauea. To one accustomed to piers and still bays the landing of the volcano passengers will appear a simple matter, but it is far from a simple matter to make a landing on the rocky coast of Hawaii. The surf dashes high on the rocks. It seems impossible to land. It would be impossible for any one but a Sandwich Islander. Those amphibious beings, never daunted by heavy swells, pulled lustily towards the shore. When within twenty yards they turned their boat broadside to the sea. I thought they would be swamped; but not so. Just as a huge wave came rolling towards us, our dusky boatman at the stern gave a twist to the steering-oar and brought the boat sharp against the roll, and we were carried on the crest of the wave high and dry on the rocks.

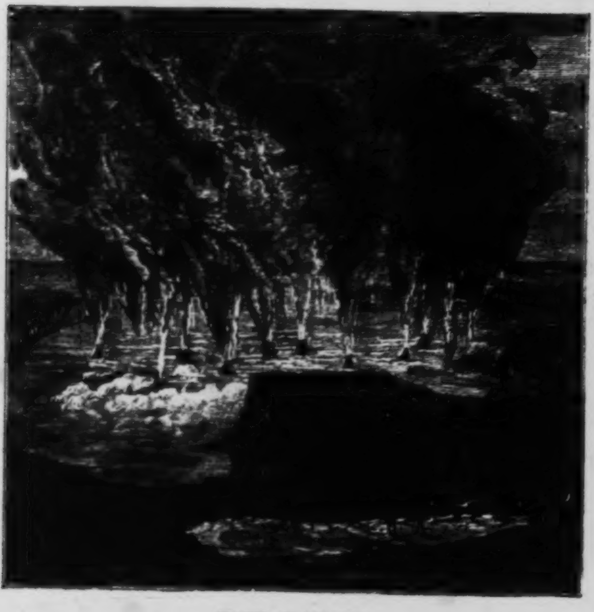
Fourteen miles, partly across lava-fields, partly through forests bewilderingly rank with tropical vegetation, brought us to the Volcano House, situated on the brink of the largest active volcano in the world. We descended into a vast pit five hundred feet deep, traversed three miles of lava, descended several hundred feet into a second pit, and at last stood on the brink of a lake of fire, the veritable hell of the theologians. It was grand by day; by night it was awful. The surface of the lake cools, forming a black scum. This grows until the greater part is covered; then there is a mighty upheaval. The black scum cracks, huge floes swim for a moment, then rise and plunge down into the seething mass, to be melted again. It is something similar to the breaking of the ice on the Mississippi, where huge blocks are thrown up, crackling against each other, and then are swallowed up under the water; only here the blocks are not ice, but congealed lava; and after grinding with horrible noise, the lava-blocks roll over, and are swallowed up with loud gurgles, not in water, but in hissing, red-hot fluid, whether lava or iron, or sulphur such as Sheol is said to have, I do not know.

At one end of the lake is a subterranean passage, towards which the molten mass tends with considerable current. The waves dash against the sides with wild fury, in their eagerness to pass on to the awful depths below. The flames fly high in the air; the surf is one blaze of melted lava. At the same time, in various parts of the lake, as if impatient of restraint, angry and urgent to rush through the subterranean passage, great waves of lava burst into the air, high fountains of fire, making, all in all, the most awful spectacle our earth has ever presented to man.

While we sat on the edge of the cliff looking down on the dreadful scene, there broke on our ears a sudden crash and roar, and we saw a frightful commotion in the boiling lake. About an acre of hardened lava on the opposite side of the crater had fallen in. We had walked over that lava not twenty minutes before. If that side cracked and tumbled in, why not the side we were on? I felt my hair jump up on end; and the way we scampered away from that Sheol was a sight to see.

The return to the hotel across the miles of lava and up the steep sides of the crater was a journey of great fatigue. One of the party broke down, and the guide remained behind to assist him, while the rest of us pushed on. We were seven. With our long rubber ulsters, our lanterns and staves and pallid faces, we might have been mistaken for escaped devils from the burning lake. Some one discovered that we were off the trail. Each of us started off to find it again. It was not easily done. Seven lanterns went bobbing about; seven voices every few minutes cried out, "Here it is!" only to find out that they were mistaken. The situation was at once alarming and ridiculous. To see seven persons poking about with lanterns and staves was ridiculous; it was alarming when we thought of the fact that any moment might find us on lava insufficiently cooled, through which we might slide down into some horrible subterranean furnace. Dense darkness reigned all around us. The rain fell so fast and so thick that even the fierce glow of the volcano, two miles distant, was barely visible. We called a council of war, and decided to search no farther. It was a miserable prospect, that of camping-out on the lava all night in a drenching rain, but it was safer than roaming about running such chances of instant and awful death. We sat down, a cluster of the sorriest, most dejected beings I ever saw. I do not know how long we were actually there—it seemed many hours; then a speck of light passed down a few yards away. We yelled in chorus. There was an answer, and in a moment the guide and the invalid of the party were with us. We had been all the while within ten yards of the trail. This time we did not try to go it alone. We stuck close by the guide, and by midnight had surmounted the lofty walls of the crater, and were once more beneath the friendly roof of the Volcano House.

The loneliest grave I ever saw was that of a tourist who died in the crater in 1871. He fell dead of heart disease just at the close of the fatiguing journey. He lies buried in the crater, with a low white cross to mark the place, only a short distance from the ever-rumbling fires of Kilauea. Ever-rumbling? That is a mistake. On the 6th of March, 1886, Mr. Maby, who keeps the Volcano House, saw no fire in the lake. Investigation showed that the lake had disappeared. It did not reappear



CRATER OF KILAUEA.

until the first of the following June. With such unimportant exceptions, old Kilauea's fires are everlasting.

Since the erection of the Volcano House, twenty odd years ago, a register of visitors has been kept. I made an estimate that not above five thousand persons, excluding residents of the island, have seen the great volcano since it has been known to the civilized world. Visitors are requested to record any remarkable feature of the lake that they may observe. Here are two specimens of the way in which this request is complied with, showing of how much value is the record of twenty years. On page 191, vol. i., dated July 19, 1887, Rev. Chas. Nugent, A.M., writes his name, followed by these words: "Formerly of Bridgeport, Ohio. My home is commonly located in San José, California; though as to residence, though not a Methodist, I am somewhat like the man who thought he had no native place because his father was a Methodist preacher. For the past year, I have resided at Poauhau, Hawaii."

How thrilling is this entry! how replete with scientific information concerning the volcano! My second extract is by Miss Bird, who wrote a book about the Sandwich Islands: "Isabella Lucy Bird, daughter of the Rev. Edward Bird, Rector of Wighton, Huntingdonshire, and Canon of Chester Cathedral. Last from Auckland, New Zealand, and arrived yesterday from Hilo, after a ride of eleven and a half hours."

If any one has written anything interesting or valuable in these registers, I failed to find it. The above two specimens are fair samples of the whole. The writers of all the others that I saw, like these two, used the opportunity to give their personal histories — as if strangers care to know the hour of their arrival, their pedigree, etc.

An Englishman of our party, possibly a little jealous for the fame of Old England that it was not blessed with a volcano to rival this, declared that he had seen better fireworks in London, "don't you know!" This reminded me of the Scotchman from the village of Peebles who said, "London is a fine toon, and Paris is a great city, but for pure pleasure give me Peebles!" Mr. Maby, the manager of the Volcano House, is a remarkably fine-looking man. He was once a circus acrobat; then he married a Kanaka woman, and settled down on one of the loneliest and grandest spots on the earth. Two hundred yards from his house steam and sulphur fumes come hissing through cracks in the mountain. A sweat-bath is erected over one of these fissures. I sat in this bath, and was steamed with sulphur fumes direct from the very bowels of the earth.

Kilauea is entirely different from Vesuvius. The latter, I think, realizes the idea that most school-boys have of mountains—a cone running up into a sharp peak. Vesuvius rises four thousand feet above the Bay of Naples. The summit is not above fifty yards in diameter. I once passed the night there, catching occasional glimpses of the boiling lava in the crater. Blocks of stone are discharged, and thrown up to a great height, every few moments at Vesuvius. At Kilauea there is no danger from this source. There are no loud discharges, no blocks of red-hot lava flying through the air. There is only a stormy lake, with dashing waves that can be viewed from points of comparative safety. On the return voyage from Hawaii, the place is passed where, in January, 1886, streams of lava gushed over the green cliffs into the sea. The crater of the volcano Mauna Loa, after a long period of quiescence, had broken out suddenly, and the streams of lava that poured down the sides of the mountain fell over the bluffs in such a mass that the water of the ocean for a considerable distance around became almost boiling hot. Hundreds of people came from Honolulu to witness the sublime spectacle.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN ISLAND OF LEPERS.

WRETCHES BANISHED FROM THE WORLD; THEY DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES, AND GIVE "COFFIN SOCIABLES" TO RAISE FUNDS WHEREWITH TO PURCHASE COFFINS.—FIGHT WITH A SHARK.—AH FOO'S EXPANSIVE FAMILY.

THE steerage of the *Kinau* reminded me of the steerage of a vessel in which I once travelled from the coast of Asia Minor to Odessa, Russia. The natives sat, or rather squatted, on the deck for hours at a time; a civilized man could not sit in such a position thirty minutes. The Kanakas spread their coarse mats on the deck and slept, when they were not smoking or playing the taro-patch fiddle—the national instrument of Hawaii. I spoke to a girl decorated with a leis of plumerias; she looked very handsome, with her flashing eyes. "I like the hula dance," she said, "because it is *our* dance. But it is not like your waltz. You would call it vulgar." I shall speak of the "hula" presently; the reader may decide whether or not it is "vulgar." Whenever the steamer stopped, the natives in the steerage stood at the railing to catch "alalauwa," a fish much liked, and eaten raw. As fast as the lines were dropped into the water the fish bit. In ten minutes a bucketful were caught, which forthwith the dark-skinned fishermen opened and ate raw.

At Hilo, Ululani, the Governess of Hawaii, got aboard, accompanied by her body-guard, consisting of one dapper little policeman dressed in uniform of white duck. The Governess, a great fat, coarse woman, dowdily dressed in a cheap cotton gown, was formerly one of King Kalakaua's household. When his Majesty tired of her, he appointed her Governess of Hawaii, with a snug salary of $2000 a year.

At Mahukona the *Kinau* stopped for a day, and a party of us took the narrow-gauge road for a ride along the cliffs overlooking the ocean. The Hawaiian Government subsidized the road, paying so much a mile, and the builders, taking example from the builders of the Union Pacific Railway, made the road as long as they could, so as to get all the subsidy possible. They will doubtless straighten the road out after a while, as did the Union Pacific people when the Government was squeezed of all its subsidy. At the end of the line, twenty miles from Mahukona, we took horses for a plantation five miles distant. On the way was passed first a roller-skating rink, then a statue of the great Kamehameha, the Hawaiian chief who conquered the neighboring islands and founded the present dynasty. This statue, made in Munich, was sunk off the Falkland Islands, on its way from Europe. For a long time it lay at the bottom of the ocean; then it was fished up and brought to this spot overlooking the place whence the savage chief started for Maui on his voyage of conquest. Within a short distance of the statue is a temple where Kamehameha offered sacrifices of warriors before starting. This temple consists of a circular wall ten feet high. It is said to have been built in one day, a line of men several miles long passing the stones from one to another from the hills where the stones lay to the site of the temple. It is quite a change from human sacrifices seventy years ago to the railroads and skating-rinks of to-day.

The coffee plantation that we visited was like the generality of Hawaiian plantations—a small strip of land that extended up the side of a mountain, affording a soil that is neither too wet nor too dry. The strips are usually owned by natives. They pick the berry, in size and color like a red cherry, carry it to their grass huts, and there, with a hammer or club, pound off the outer husk, and lay the berry on their mats as we see it, to dry in the sun. Half a million pounds of coffee are produced by the natives every year on these narrow strips of land.

On arriving at Honolulu, I rode to the celebrated Pali precipice. The way thither leads first through the beautiful suburbs of Honolulu, then winds up a high mountain, and through brushwood so tangled and interwoven that the light hardly penetrates it. As the road winds upward, the mountains become steeper and steeper, their sides a deeper and richer green, except here and there where silver lines of water trickle down the soft moss-covered precipices—ribbons of water which seem to drop out of the clouds that always hang over the mountain of the Pali. The view from the summit of the Pali bursts upon one suddenly, disclosing. two thousand feet below, the greenest valley on earth; beyond are the sea and the coral reefs and foaming breakers. A steep and dizzy trail winds from the summit to the enchanting valley. My eyes followed a long train of pack-mules, as they toiled up, laden with huge burdens of rice. It is near this giddy height, overlooking the ocean, that the old Hawaiian chiefs were formerly buried. The chiefs wished the place of their graves unknown. It was the custom to let a man over the precipice by a rope. When he had found a resting-place for the chief's bones, and had safely stowed them away, the rope was cut, dropping the miserable man into the ocean hundreds of feet below, where he could never tell the evil spirits of the whereabouts of his chief's last resting-place. Hawaii has improved since those days. Returning from the Pali, you pass the royal mausoleum, a solid structure of stone which holds the bodies of all the kings and members of the royal family who have died since the practice of concealing royal graves in the savage manner alluded to was abandoned.

Of the many picturesque and beautiful residences passed on the return from the Pali, the driver singled out one and said,

"That is the home of a Chinaman."

This added to its interest, and I looked again at the broad verandas, the bright-colored cupolas, the cocoanut and palm trees, and the rich array of flowers.

"He is rich in more ways than one," continued the driver. "He has seven daughters."

When I returned to the hotel I told Smith, a fellow-guest, of my trip to the Pali.

"Ah," said Smith, "then you must have passed the house of Ah Foo. A wonderful Chinaman—has eleven daughters."

A few minutes later I saw the hotel clerk.

"Been out to the Pali, eh? Did you see Ah Foo's house? The richest Chinaman in the islands; a wonderful big family, too; has fourteen daughters."

Ah Foo's family seemed to be increasing with alarming rapidity. To the next acquaintance I met I said nothing of my Pali trip, and so doubtless spared the unlucky heathen another addition to his already overgrowing family.

The amphibiousness of the Sandwich Islanders is well known. I saw an old Kanaka with no arms.

"Shark bit 'em off," he said. "I lost my knife, so, when he came after me, I dived under, hitting him a blow on the snout as I dived. They are very tender on the nose. The blow stunned him, and I swam on a few yards; then he came at me again, and again I dove under and hit him on the nose. I kept this up until, by an unlucky miss, my fist ran into his mouth instead of against his nose, and off went my arm. The other arm went off just as the surf rolled me on the shore. My brother came running down to the beach. Seeing what had happened, he put his knife between his teeth and plunged into the surf. In an hour he came back with the head of the shark, and laid it at my feet. You want to see a shark? My boy Paluhi is going to take into the water an old horse that died this morning of pink-eye. You go with him, and you will see plenty shark."

The coral reef runs within an eighth of a mile of the shore. Paluhi got ready his canoe, which had a curious contrivance to prevent it from capsizing. The trees in Hawaii are small; consequently, the canoes are rarely more than a foot wide. At each end of the canoe is a curved stick, standing out at right angles from the canoe. To these two sticks is fastened a long pole parallel with the canoe, and about three feet from its side, which serves to balance the craft. We paddled across the reef, and there floated about for some minutes without seeing a shark.

"No sharks are here," I said.

Paluhi grinned. "You wait."

Stooping over the stern of the canoe, he cut the throat of the dead horse; the water around crimsoned, and almost immediately I saw scudding towards us the fin of a shark. In the clear, blue sea I could see the monster as he swam under us, and as he turned on his back ready to bite his prey. Just as he was making a lunge for one of the horse's hind-legs, Paluhi, who was ready for him, hurled his harpoon. A struggle ensued. But for our balancing-pole we should certainly have been overturned, and most likely eaten by the huge and angry beast. The harpoon, a sharp iron barb a foot long, was buried deep in his body. His struggles grew rapidly fainter, and in a few minutes the Kanaka was able to draw him up and stab him with his sharp knife. By this time half a dozen sharks were swimming about, fighting over the dead horse. Paluhi cut the rope that held the horse, and letting him drift to sea, we plunged through the breakers across the reef, towing the dead shark, and followed by several small fellows who were anxious to make a meal on their deceased brother. A Kanaka armed with a good knife has no fear of a shark. Within the reef Paluhi gave a thrilling exhibition of Kanaka skill.

"Hi, hi!" he yelled, and sprang into the water. A monster, who was on the point of biting at the dead shark, seeing a foe was after him, turned on Paluhi. The slim, brown body of the boy and the huge body of the shark were plainly visible under the water. I shuddered at the uneven contest, the beast looked so much more powerful than the man, a youth of only eighteen. Paluhi waited until the shark turned, then coolly dived under, and with a dexterous lunge ripped open the belly of his foe. In another instant he was on the surface again, grinning, and holding aloft his bloody knife.

Thirty years ago there was one case of leprosy in the Hawaiian Islands; now about two per cent. of the native population are afflicted with this terrible disease. In Honolulu I learned that—

1, Leprosy is hereditary; 2, that it is *not* hereditary; 3, that it is contagious; 4, that it is *not* contagious; 5, that it is curable; 6, that it is *not* curable. And last, but not least, I learned that no one knows anything about it except that, whereas forty years ago it was unknown on the islands, it is now the scourge of the nation.

I procured a letter marked, "On His Majesty's service," permitting me to go through the Lepers' Hospital, where, in small white cottages, surrounded by green gardens overlooking the sea, the most miserable of humankind wait their death. I saw one poor girl who had been brought in only the day before. She lay on a pallet weeping. The nun in charge told her not to cry, but the unhappy creature could not be consoled. She was a comely, intelligent girl, apparently in a healthy condition. A slight swelling of the fingers showed the presence of the dreadful disease. She was an outcast from her home and friends. In a few years her fingers will taper down to the bone, and finally drop off. Her head will swell to bursting. She will suffer a thousand deaths.

Another pitiable case was that of a mother in whom taints were just discovered. I saw her parting from her husband and child. A close grating divided them. She could not even touch her child, though longing to press it to her heart before bidding it an eternal farewell. Other miserable wretches were also at the grating, bidding their friends good-by before being taken to the island of Molokai, to remain until death. One of these was a Philadelphian, a young man who seemed to me to be in excellent health; but the practised eye of the physician detected the taints upon him, and signed his sentence of banishment. Molokai, where he will pass the balance of his miserable existence, is an island, selected twenty years ago as the most suitable place to which to banish the unfortunates who commit no crime, yet are more dangerous to society than the worst criminals. The island is divided into two parts by a precipitous bluff two thousand feet high. This high rampart cannot be scaled. The sea girts the settlement on all other sides. The lepers can see a dim outline of Honolulu, but that is all. Once sent to Molokai, they remain until death. Each leper is furnished with seven pounds of fresh or salt meat per week, twenty-one pounds of bread or poi or rice, as may be preferred, and one pound of sugar. Five pounds of salt and a bar of soap are allowed once a month. When the Queen visited the island a year ago, one of the lepers, acting as spokesman for himself and his brethren, said,

"Of the seven pounds of beef, five are often made up of bone. This is enough for one person for only three days. The rest of the week he goes without meat. Some have to travel five miles for their rations. Those who are feeble and half-decomposed cannot go so far, or are too wearied to prepare the food after they have packed it across the rough roads and gulches to their huts."

The main body of the lepers live in huts provided by themselves. In a hut ten by eight feet, four lepers were living. This hut was made of pandanus-leaves, and covered with a thatch of ferns and sugar-cane blades. While the King draws a large salary and plays poker, the poor creatures on Molokai drag out a horrible and half-starved existence. They drop into the grave by degrees; first a finger, then a hand, then an arm, and so on. When the end of this disintegrating process is near at hand, the patient is required to dig his own grave. If any leper refuses to dig his grave when called on to do that duty, he is refused his weekly rations. Nothing is more pitiable than to see a man with only stumps of arms engaged in digging his own grave in a hard, rocky soil.

It seemed to me that the complaints of the lepers on this score were not unreasonable. They object, also, to paying for their own coffins. Their objections, however, have so far been without avail; and occasionally they give, as is shown by the register of the hospital, "coffin feasts," or sociables, to raise money to buy coffins, which the Government will furnish only upon the payment of two dollars each.

In 1866, Father Damien, a Belgian priest, voluntarily exiled himself upon Molokai to minister to the wants, spiritual and physical, of the patients there. He, of course, caught the disease, and is still living with them, though in an advanced stage of leprosy. There are many instances where wives and husbands accompany their afflicted spouses, thus consigning themselves to living death. That of Kaaukau, mentioned in an official report, shows the devotedness of some of this affectionate race. She was perfectly healthy, her husband was a leper. He was condemned by the Board of Health to exile on the island of Molokai. For four years the devoted wife put every particle of his food into his mouth. He begged her to leave his wretched carcass, and to return to the world and to her friends. She refused, and remained with him until he literally rotted away. Many of the patients prefer living in grass huts by the sea, where they can eke out their scanty rations by fishing.

Some years ago a medical expert was sent by the Hawaiian Government on a tour of investigation around the world. He visited places in China and other countries afflicted with leprosy.

"The Chinese," says this expert, "believing leprosy contagious, have an unspeakable horror of it, and act with the utmost inhumanity towards those afflicted with the disease. Parents consign their children, and children their parents, to walled villages, which are the usual appendages of cities in southern China. These dreadful places of misery are so horrible that many commit suicide to avoid entering them. The disorder is first manifested by a red spot appearing sometimes on the leg, but usually on the face. This spreads to a round patch or in irregular streaks. The skin begins to thicken, and looks as if stretched; sometimes it is smooth and shiny. The lobes of the ear become small. As the disease advances, the hair and eyebrows fall off, the tendons of the hands and feet contract; finally slow ulceration sets in, destroying the flesh and bones of the fingers and toes, leaving nothing but the stumps. A leper settlement two miles from the suburbs of Canton, on a slight eminence, in the midst of cultivated fields, accommodates five hundred lepers, with their children, born in the asylum. All persons recognized as lepers are sent to these asylums, of which there are three in the suburbs of Canton. Neither husband, wife, nor children are allowed to accompany the leper to the asylum, but they are allowed to choose for themselves new conjugal mates from among the inmates of the same. The children born of these unions remain in the village. The village forms a rectangle, surrounded by a brick wall twelve feet high, with a gate, which is closed at night. Within the wall a street fourteen feet wide—wider than a street in Canton—leads to the temple, or joss-house. From this street branch out narrow lanes three and a half feet wide. Each two lanes are separated by one low building, which is partitioned by a wall along its whole length, and divided into twenty-four apartments. In these small holes that entire mass of population is stowed away every night. During the day the gate is opened, and the lepers roam about at liberty to beg through the streets of Canton. They receive, besides, a small daily allowance from the Government, and the monopoly of the trade of coir-rope making."

From this extract from the report of the Hawaiian special agent, it will be seen that the Chinese do not regard the disease as very contagious. On the Sandwich Islands opinions differ; still, the contagious idea prevails, and lepers are banished to the lonely and horrible island of Molokai as soon as they are known to be afflicted. At the beginning of every school term a physician examines all the scholars. If any are lepers, they are immediately banished. If only suspected, they are sent to the Kapiolani Home. I saw in that place of probation a score of children who seemed as sound and healthy as any one, but they were "suspects," and will remain in detention until it is certain that they are not lepers. As this may take years to determine, it may be imagined how unpleasant it is to be even suspected of having the disease. In the hospital adjoining the Kapiolani Home are one hundred and four lepers awaiting transportation to Molokai. The visitor must be careful to brush away mosquitoes and flies when in this place.

A mosquito, by stinging your hand just after biting a leper, could communicate the malady. If this point be carefully attended to, there is little risk in making a tour of inspection. Those patients just arrived, and those in the incipient stages, seem to feel their unhappy positions very keenly. One of two women sitting side by side was only twenty years old, but looked eighty. Her face was bloated, and horrible with ulcers. The other woman was young, and apparently in excellent health. This woman was in the depths of despair; her bloated companion was talkative and jolly, and wanted to know how the King's birthday celebration was progressing.

Nothing is more heart-rending than the scene which occurs when the boat starts for Molokai. The friends assemble to take a last look, and to say a last good-by. Tears stream down the faces of the exiles, and of the mothers and children left behind; the boat pushes off amid weeping and wailing and cries of despair, carrying the poor wretches to their living island-tomb. On the day of my visit, two lepers had managed to hide themselves. The officers looked high and low. At last they were discovered secreted under the house, whence they were punched out with long poles and sent off with the rest. A law makes it permissible to offer condemned criminals the choice of immediate death, or inoculation with leprosy, for the purpose of affording medical observations. I heard of but one case where the latter alternative was accepted. The unhappy man was inoculated with the dread disease, and thus subjected to a hundred deaths instead of one. He was carefully attended and studied by the physicians as he gradually dropped to pieces, becoming first a mere stump, and finally a corpse.

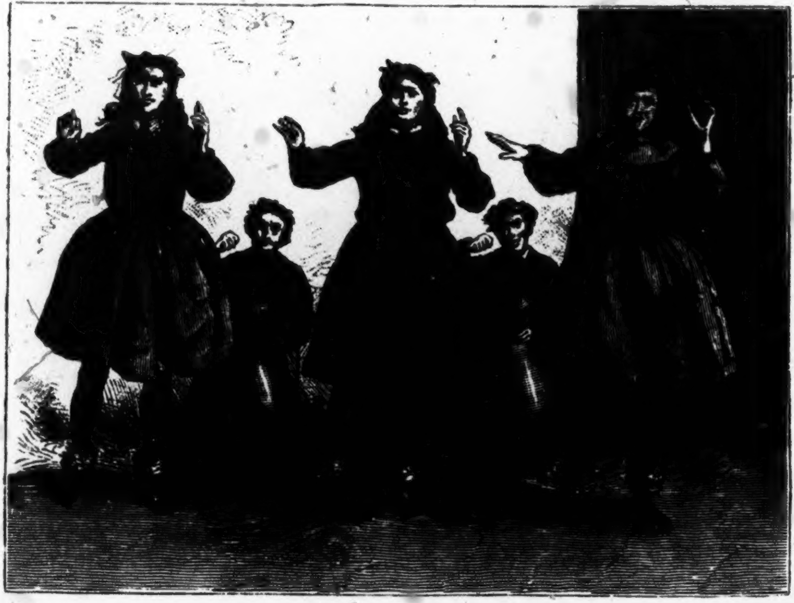
CHAPTER XXII.

BANQUETING WITH A KING.

ROYALTY'S HULA-HULA GIRLS AND THEIR VOLUPTUOUS DANCES.—TROPICAL ORGIES.—A PIG STUFFED WITH THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND SILVER DIMES.—WHY THE CAUCASIANS REVOLTED.—TRAVELLERS NOT ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE KINGDOM UNTIL THEIR DEBTS ARE PAID.

HONOLULU is well supplied with newspapers. There are three dailies printed in the English language, three in the Hawaiian, two English weeklies, one Portuguese weekly, and three monthly magazines. There was formerly a weekly story-paper on the plan of the *New York Ledger*, printed in Hawaiian; but that is not now published. The *Pae Aina*, one of the Hawaiian dailies, has a weekly circulation of four thousand six hundred copies. The natives are fond of reading. Most of them can write as well as read. The Government schools are free, and well attended. Most of the papers just mentioned are published by one company, which also publishes books. A work just out from their press at the time of my visit was a book by the Prime-minister on the volcanoes of the islands. The Hawaiian Minister advances the theory that the crust of the earth is about twenty miles thick, and that within the huge ball is nothing but a vast mass of gas, vapor, and molten lava. That the earth is a hollow ball does not seem improbable; but I do not understand how the Premier determines the thickness of the crust with such precision. Twenty miles is rather a thin crust for so large a ball as this globe of ours.

It was in Honolulu that I first had the pleasure of seeing, and dining with, a king. I had become acquainted with two intimate friends of the King, and one afternoon we all three jumped into a carriage, and were driven to the outskirts of the



HULA-HULA GIRLS.

town to a house a couple of hundred yards out on the sea, built on piles. As we drew nearer, a sentinel eyed our party closely, but recognizing my companions, permitted us to pass in. We ascended a narrow stair-way, and entered a large hall, the windows at both ends of which look out over the sea. Standing in this hall, we saw a large, fat, mulatto man, with kinky hair, and dressed in a suit of white flannel, receiving visitors.

"Your Majesty, permit me to introduce to you Mr. Meriwether," said my friend, the sugar-planter.

His Majesty graciously shook my hand, and then began to chat in a friendly way with the two sugar-planters. Visitors entered, among them the officers of an American war-vessel then in the harbor. On the walls were portraits of all the crowned heads of Europe, brother kings to our kinky-headed Hawaiian King. There were several tables in the hall, at which some of the guests seated themselves, first being adorned with the leis around the neck by attendants. Little piles of red and blue chips were stacked on the tables, and the gentlemen began to play, not forgetting, whenever they addressed the fat mulatto, to "Sire" him and "Your Majesty" him in the most approved courtly style.

While this free-and-easy game of poker was going on in the presence of Majesty, a curious show began. A troupe of men with guitars came in from an adjoining room, followed by several small boys, and by a bevy of young girls wearing short white skirts. The men seated themselves on one side, and began to play and sing a slow, melancholy ode. The girls in white robes—some of them quite pretty—advanced to within a few yards of the poker-tables and began to dance to the melody of the murmuring guitars. This was the hula-hula dance, once the national dance of the natives, but now forbidden by law, and only indulged in by the King, who here, as in most kingdoms, is above the law. I sat apart, by turns watching the hula-hula girls and the poker-players. The latter were too deeply interested to give more than a momentary attention to the dancers. At first the motions of the dancers were rhythmic and pleasing, but as they proceeded the character became more and more voluptuous, until the bounds of decency were passed. The coarse, fat King showed his appreciation and pleasure in the exhibition. His ugly eyes dilated. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he pulled out a roll of silver dollars and threw them, with a clatter, at the dancers' feet. The little boy attendants hopped about picking up the dollars. Now and then the players turned a moment from their play to look at the hula-hula girls and throw them silver coin. Attendants in white uniforms stood around, to wait on the King and his guests. After four hours spent in this way, all retired from the gaming-tables, to participate in a banquet that was like ordinary banquets, except that a live king sat at the head of the board. By each plate was a bowl, made of a cocoanut, filled with poi, a national dish for which I had no relish. After an hour's feasting, his mulatto Majesty and guests went back to the gaming-tables, and the hula-hula girls reappeared.

While this figure-head king plays poker and throws silver dollars at dancing-girls' feet, a few Americans and Englishmen administer the government of the country. The ministers are paid $3000 or $4000 a year; the King gets $25,000, besides a palace to live in, and other perquisites. King Kalakaua, when in Europe, was received as a brother by the crowned heads. Mr. Thurston, or Mr. Green, or any of the other men who actually carry on the government, would not be admitted through the back door of European monarchs. The revolutionists of last July carefully considered the question of deposing the king and establishing a republic. A long debate resulted in retaining Kalakaua as a figure-head, it being argued that the expense of the figure-head would be offset by the respect which European potentates would show a people who enjoyed the blessing of a king. The King still costs the Hawaiian people a pretty figure, though nothing like the cost prior to the revolution. When the last member of the royal family died, the funeral cost the tax-payers $17,000. One of the items was "817 suits of clothes for men, and 900 dresses for women."

The immediate cause of the revolution was Kalakaua's rascality in what was called the "opium bribe." A law had been passed to permit the sale of opium upon payment of a $30,000 license. Several persons competed for the license, and the price was run up to $70,000. At last a Chinaman, T. Aki, offered the King $71,000 if he would give him the license. The King accepted the offer, and then coolly turned round and resold the license to another man for $80,000. Here is the touching way in which Aki conveyed the bribe:

> "O Lord of Heaven! here is a small offering, a small pig for breakfast. It would be a good thing if my royal master would be pleased to accept this. And here is something small which will be laid beside you, a few ten-cent pieces—$30,000—as your servant has remembered and sent it, and may you be so gracious and kind to me. And as to those things that your servant spoke to your Majesty, his master, about, they will be faithfully carried out, because I am forever your servant; and may the bones of your servant be constantly revived by his high and royal master.
>
> "T. Aki."

On the seventh day from this the guileless Aki sent his Majesty another pig, with the trifling sum of $31,000 in ten-cent pieces. But he did not get the license, nor would Kalakaua return the pigs.* This created a great deal of comment. People talked, and the more they talked the more grievances they found they had. The foreign residents formed themselves into a league, armed and drilled themselves, and on one hot July day made demands which the King found he was unable to refuse. He yielded all that was asked, and for the first time in her history the little ocean kingdom became fairly and honestly governed; how long it will continue so is uncertain. Already the reform party is splitting into factions. One faction demands the dissolution of the military company, because the members refuse to take the oath of allegiance to the Hawaiian Government. They will not take the oath because many are Americans, and so would lose their American citizenship, which they are desirous of retaining, intending to return to the United States at some future time. The other faction desires the military league to continue in existence, with or without the oath, fearing that otherwise the King will regain his old despotic power.

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* Recently—October, 1888—the supreme court of the kingdom has decided that the King must refund the two pigs stuffed with $71,000. Poor T. Aki died of a broken heart over the loss of his fortune. The King, however, will pay over the money to Aki's heirs.

The Hawaiian women's costume, when they wear any costume at all, seems to be a loose "Mother Hubbard." The trade-winds blow over the Sandwich Islands, and the result of the combination is interesting. A dusky damsel who wishes to shop or visit a friend slips a Mother Hubbard over her head, ties a leis of flowers around her neck, and sallies forth. In two minutes a gust of wind comes along. The Mother Hubbard fills with air, and expands in an astonishing manner. Then it is that the traveller realizes how economical are Hawaiian women in the matter of underwear. I have seen women galloping along on horseback, riding astride, a guitar in their hands, and their gowns streaming in the wind like a banner.

"You like this better than the side-saddle?" I asked a maid who understood a little English.

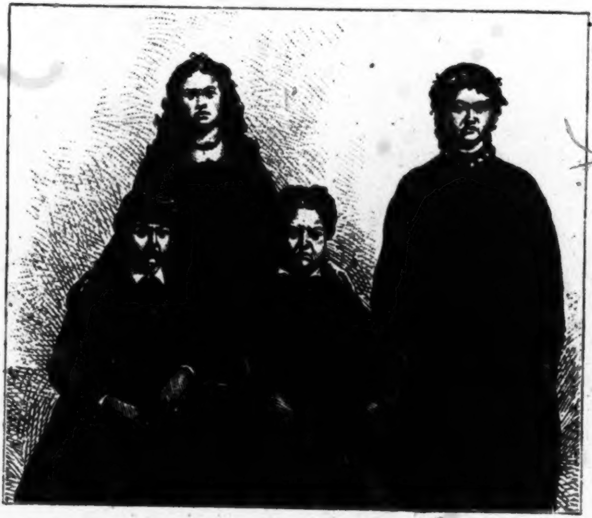
"Yes; for by-and-by horse get scared, and side-saddle no good."

"Why, then, don't you wear bloomers?"

Her English did not extend that far, so she smiled, and galloped on.

There was a prize-fight one night in the public plaza opposite the King's palace. The plaza was filled with a howling mob. The better to view their dark, strange-looking faces, I retreated a short distance up a narrow lane, and mounted a post that I found there planted against the wall of the King's garden. Scarcely had I gained this excellent point of observation than I heard some one bawling at me in a barbarous tongue. I did not understand, and calmly continued on the post, leaning against the King's garden wall, looking at the crowd.

"Hi, hi!" shouted the voice. Looking around, I saw a black soldier in a white linen uniform charging for me with fixed bayonet. As Mark Twain says, I did not run, but I sidled away with some celerity, and made good my escape by plunging into the crowd—an escape, as it afterwards appeared, from no little danger. The president of the Honolulu Young Men's Christian Association, who on the same night heard a noise in the King's garden, and climbed the post to peep over and see what the noise was, had a rifle-bullet whistle about his ears, and was arrested by one of the King's guard and ignominiously thrown into prison. He was liberated the next morning, though not without a sharp reprimand to curb his curiosity, and pry no more over his Majesty's garden wall.



HAWAIIAN FEMALE COSTUMES.

When one first arrives in the Sandwich Islands, the long string of vowels which one hears is quite as appalling as are the consonants in Russia. After a short stay, however, the rules of pronunciation are learned; then nothing is more enjoyable than to roll out strings of vowels to new-comers. This makes you feel very wise and superior, and quite charmed with the Kanaka language. An Australian whom I met on Oahu asked me if I spoke the language. I replied,

"Oahu Honolulu Pali Mahukona Waikiki Iao Haleakala."

The Australian did not know that I was merely repeating the names of places that I had visited. He went on his way, doubtless crediting me with being a proficient scholar in the Hawaiian tongue.

On the morning the Australian steamer was due I climbed to the summit of "Punch-bowl," an eminence back of Honolulu that was formerly the crater of a volcano. From this peak I looked down on the shady streets of the pretty Hawaiian capital, on the green valley and mountains, and at the black speck on the ocean, that slowly grew larger and larger, and finally developed into the great mail-steamer from Australia. Business in Honolulu stops on steamer-day. The whole town pours itself down to the dock, and when at last the steamer is anchored, what kissing and crying and laughing and howdy-doing take place! Among the two thousand people that swarmed about I noticed a young bridal couple descend the gangway. The bride was coming to her future home for the first time. A look of distrust came over her face as she saw the strange, dark-looking beings about her, but a glance at her young husband restored her. These young people were going to live on the island of Maui, where they must needs be very much wrapped up in each other, as there is nobody else there for them to be "wrapped" in. It is one of the loneliest spots I ever saw.

Descending from Punch-bowl, I passed a hut, from which emerged an old negro, black as ink, but with a snow-white fringe of wool on his head and under his chin. There was no Kanaka blood in him. He was unmistakably an American darky.

"Lors a-mussey, honey," was his greeting as I approached, "you's growed so I doan know you. You was'n mor'n dis high when I seed you las'," putting his hand three feet from the ground.

"You know we all grow, uncle," I said, apologetically, for having grown out of his recollection.

"Dat's de trufe; dat's de Gory Mighty's trufe. But dis ole nig, he doan grow no mo'. I'se de olest man in de worl'. I kum to dis yer islan' a hunderd year ago. Two year ago I wuz mu'dered by a good-fur-nuffin Kanaka."

"Murdered?"

"Dat's jes hit—mu'dered; dun dead fur foah long hours; den I kum ter life agin. Good-by, sah—good-by."

I was told that this old negro was ninety-seven years old. He came to the islands with the first missionaries, in 1820.

Before entering the Hawaiian kingdom, a tax of two dollars is collected from the traveller; to get away from the kingdom, he has to pay only one dollar. A receipt for this latter tax, however, will not be given if the applicant is in debt to any resident or native of the kingdom, nor will any vessel accept him for passage without a tax receipt; he is virtually, therefore, kept a prisoner until he has paid his debts. Fortunately for me, my accounts were all paid, and I had no difficulty in obtaining passage on the mail-steamer and returning to San Francisco.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

LABOR BUREAUS SHOW, BUT WHO WILL IMPROVE, THE CONDITION OF LABOR?—THE FIVE METHODS COMMONLY URGED FOR BENEFITING WORKING-MEN ONLY MAKESHIFTS.—THE REAL REMEDY.

SOCIOLOGISTS and statisticians, I hear the reader say, may show the crowded condition of the poor in cities—may show the low wages and high cost of living of working-men—may show how sewing and sales women work fourteen and sixteen hours a day for pittances scarcely sufficient to support life; they may show all this, and more; but, after all is said, what is to be done about it? How are these bad conditions to be bettered?

The province of labor bureaus is merely to discover and lay before legislators existing facts. Officially, I have no remedies to offer; but, personally, my studies of the "labor question," and my travels among the laboring classes, have caused me to consider several methods for bettering the present, in many respects unhappy, state of affairs. The two principal remedies which recommend themselves to me, and which will presently be stated for the reader's consideration, are not expected to be a panacea for all poverty and distress; for as long as all the world is not wise and strong, there must be some who will have more than their share of the ills of life. I do think, however, that were these two remedies adopted, the division of the products of labor would be fairer, and each citizen would come nearer to obtaining happiness in proportion to deserts than is possible under the present system.

Working-men are accustomed to being told to do a number of things in order to be prosperous and happy. The five things most often impressed upon them are: 1. Organization; they must organize into Unions. 2. Co-operation; they must cease giving the greater share of their earnings to "middle-men." 3. Education; they must educate themselves, improve their intelligence and skill, in order to command good wages. 4. Temperance; they must make the wages they do get go further by spending them on necessaries, not on whiskey. 5. Economy and industry; they must work hard and save, if they wish to have enough to keep the wolf from the door, and so be happy.

These five propositions, I believe, embrace the principal methods that are usually advanced as calculated to make working-men happy and prosperous. To none of the five have I any objection *per se*. In itself each is good, each is desirable; but working-men cannot learn too soon that each and all of the five methods mentioned are mere makeshifts. Not one of the five, nor all of the five combined, do more than attempt to remedy evils already created; they do not go to the bottom of the matter and seek to *prevent* the evil.

I will briefly review the five methods commonly urged by reformers and working-men.

1. *Organization.*—As a temporary expedient, organization undoubtedly protects the laborer, and lightens the load he has to bear. His unions are schools where he learns to think, to speak, and to act. That, in my opinion, is the main good accomplished by labor organizations. If they succeed in raising wages, the rise, in the nature of things, can be only temporary, for wages, like water, cannot rise above their level. Let any particular line of labor organize and raise wages above the general level; in a short time men are attracted into that line by the superior wages; great numbers flock into it, and so inevitably pull the rate of pay down to the general level again. Only in the very skilled trades, as bar mill rolling, nail-making, etc., is organization able to exact its full due, fearless of threats of outside competition. These are exceptions, however, and exceptions only to a limited extent; for even in the most skilled trades working-men may find themselves brought to grief by

outsiders, as witness the nailers in the troubles of 1885. Obstinate capitalists kept their mills closed all over the country for more than a year, in which time numbers of raw men were taught the art of making nails; and when the mills reopened, the old nailers found that, even with their strong organization and skill-protected trade, they were unable to raise wages above the general level, since there were plenty of idle men whom capitalists were willing to employ and keep, as was proved, fourteen months to learn the trade.

2. *Co-operation.*—This, as a plan for general relief, seems so inadequate that it hardly requires mention. Its benefits are, necessarily, limited. Unrestricted competition may be relied upon to furnish buyers with goods at prices that allow only reasonable charges for middle-men. The majority of people buy in small quantities; there must be a retailer to supply those small quantities, and of course that retailer must be paid. If consumers co-operate, and employ some one to direct the distribution of their goods, they will probably have to pay that director quite as much as independent retail merchants, with reasonable competition, charge for their services and risk.

3. *Education.*—Another temporary expedient. Let one be better educated than another, and he will command better wages. But how does this help *all?* If all are equally well educated, then none will have the advantage, and competition will prevent any from securing advanced wages. Ten years ago, in Japan, an English-speaking Jap commanded much better pay than one ignorant of the English language. Now, so numerous are Japs who speak English that that acquirement is of little or no service in commanding high wages. I do not wish to be understood as opposed to education, far from it; let every one acquire knowledge, and promote his happiness by that method just as far as he can. What I wish to point out is, that the advantages resulting from education are generally to be found only when the word "superior" is prefixed. The amount of knowledge you possess must not be simply great, it must also be greater than that of somebody else. As any per-

fect scheme of improvement must include not only you, but also that some one else, the plea for more education as a means of *ultimate* benefit to all falls through.

4. *Temperance*, and, 5. *Economy* and *Industry*, I consider together. That every working-man who practises temperance, industry, and economy will be better off than if he does not practise those qualities is a self-evident proposition. Unfortunately, it is not at all self-evident that every workman who is temperate, industrious, and economical will be *well* off. I know hundreds, and have seen thousands, of working-men who combine all of those three qualities without being in the least degree prosperous. Witness this extract from a report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor:*

"In Boston a large proportion [of working-girls] are workers in shops. We will take one trade, that of tailoresses and cloak-makers. They go to their work at seven, almost always without any warm breakfast; they work until ten, and then have perhaps a few minutes' rest, when a little teapot is set on the range and a lunch of dry food eaten; but in most of the establishments the girls do not stop work until twelve, when they are allowed from thirty to sixty minutes for dinner. Work ends at 5 P.M., and many of the girls take work home with them, work not ceasing till midnight. Room-rent costs not less than two to three dollars a month each, with often two or more double beds in the room. In good shops, and with brisk work, they can earn a dollar a day. Some machine-girls receive more; but the work is very wearying, and induces spinal disease. One of our largest, as well as kindest, merchant tailors testifies to a committee of inquiry that few 'machine-girls' could work over two years before becoming so broken down that they were ever after unfit for labor. In slop-work shops girls can seldom earn more than their room-rent, except by over-time work. In slack times their sufferings are extreme, girls having been known to work for weeks with only water and bread or crackers for food, and fortunate if able to procure an ounce of tea. In dull times many have lived for weeks on five cents' worth of stale bread per week while seeking work. Those women who take work home from the slop-shops, Provident, Aid, and other charitable societies, receive as follows: Shirts, four to seven cents; pants, fifteen cents, twenty cents, and thirty-seven cents; coats, fifty cents. Of the thirty thousand women in and about Boston who live by sewing, very few earn over $12 a week; the average wages do not exceed $2.75. Paper-box makers average about $3 a week. Very few working-women of any class ever have a good bed with sufficient bed-covering. Their wages will not allow them to purchase warm flannel undergarments, or serviceable shoes, water-proofs, etc. Few are ever exempt from disease caused by scanty clothing, innutritious food, and long-continued labor in deleterious conditions."

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* No. 1, 1870, p. 360.

Here are thirty thousand wage-workers who doubtless, as a rule, possess at least four of the five so-called requisites for prosperity; yet who among the thirty thousand, member though she be of labor organizations, industrious, temperate, economical, can be considered actually prosperous? When women work from seven in the morning until ten at night, when they are sober, intelligent, and economical, and still actually hunger for bread, the plea that education, temperance, and economy are the methods by which labor is to become prosperous must also fall to the ground. What, then, will be an ultimate, as well as a present, benefit to working-men?

In answering that question, I will first ask one. Why will sewing-women, cloak-makers, and so on, work for $3 a week? Is it not because of the over-supply of labor? Is it not because our cities are teeming with unemployed laborers, each grasping after work at almost any price, as a drowning man grasps at straws? If that is so—and the most casual observer must see that it is—will not the principal way of benefiting labor be by reducing the amount of competition? The problem resolves itself, primarily, into that of counteracting and preventing abnormal concentration of population in cities. Sociologists who devise means for the better housing and care of masses already concentrated in cities do well; but he will do infinitely more good who will devise a means of preventing the masses from ever becoming congested in the cities. In 1780 less than a thirtieth of our population lived in cities of eight thousand and over. A hundred years later, in 1880, nearly one-fourth of the population lived in cities of eight thousand and over. What is the cause of this abnormal congestion of population into cities? I lay the greater part of the blame at the door of the protective tariff system. The Federal Government has said to the farmer during the greater part of our national existence,

"Manufacturing is not profitable; farming pays well; we will take part of your profits to make up the manufacturer's deficit."

This, of course, is putting a premium on manufacturing (going to towns and cities), and imposing a penalty on remaining in the country on farms. Under this system farming has become so unprofitable, farmers pay so much for their goods and get so little for their products, that they are quitting their farms to go to the cities; thus overcrowding the latter, and lowering wages by excessive competition. If the farmer were allowed to buy his ploughs, harrows, threshers, lumber, shoes, blankets, and a thousand other necessaries without paying a heavy bounty on each article, farming might at least be fairly profitable, and the rush to cities would be checked. The sewing-women in Boston, whose wages, according to the Massachusetts Labor Bureau, "will not allow them to buy warm flannel under-garments," or a "good bed with sufficient bed-covering," will be benefited in two important ways: they will not have to suffer such sharp and unnatural competition, and "warm flannel underwear" and blankets, free from all tariff taxes, will be cheap enough for even their meagre purses. The great labor troubles of 1877 were a blessing in disguise. The artificial stimulus afforded manufacturing interests by the tariff had been in operation during a long period. For years the farming class, unable to make a living on farms, and attracted into the manufacturing business by Government bounties, had been crowding into the cities.* This created excessive competition. A crash was inevitable; it came, and thousands of tramps flooded the country. Manufacturing, for the time being, did not pay, and men went back to farming. A large percentage of the army of tramps settled in the wheat-fields of Nebraska and Kansas, and other parts of the West, and there was temporary relief. But the unwise tariffs are continued. The cotton-planter, who receives a minimum for his cotton in Liverpool, but pays a maximum for his cotton ties and a thousand other articles to American manufacturers, still finds farming unprofitable, and still continues to flee to the city. The wheat-grower gets a minimum for his wheat in Liverpool, and pays a maximum for grain bags, machinery, lumber, and a thousand other supplies in America; and *he* goes to the city. The fruit-grower gets so little for his fruit, and pays so much for protected tin cans, that *he* goes to the city. In short, from every quarter there is a rush cityward, which can only be checked by making farming more attractive and profitable. It would be more profitable were it relieved of paying the manufacturers' bounties; therefore, the first step, not only for cheapening the necessities of life to the working-man, but also of lessening the number of his competitors, is to cease governmental premiums to dwellers in cities and penalties to dwellers on farms.

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* The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, No. 4, page 416, says, "That the sons and daughters of New England farmers are unwilling to stay at home and follow the fortunes of their fathers and mothers, that the farms are being more rapidly sold than the public observes—these

I come now to my second remedy—a graduated land-tax.

At bottom, all wages practically depend upon the amount of unoccupied land that is easily accessible. Let land be scarce, either from density of population or from large private appropriations, and poverty is bound to follow. Unskilled labor can always command, at the least, wages equal to the amount that

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lamentable results are due to the fact that the low pay and scant opportunities of the New England farmer mean—poverty."

The same volume gives some exceedingly valuable and significant statistics upon the hegira from the farms of Massachusetts to the cities and factory towns. The same movement prevails in the rest of the Union. Wages in cities will constantly tend downward until that movement is checked by relieving the farmer of the heavy burdens at present imposed upon him.

can be derived from the nearest unoccupied land. In Portland, Oregon, the average wages of unskilled labor was for some time $2 a day. Several years ago, when employers cut wages to $1.50, the laborers resisted. In the neighborhood of Portland were marshy tracts which the laborers found, by draining and cultivating, would yield them, on the average, $2 a day. When the employers attempted to make the cut to $1.50, their men struck, and went to work reclaiming the marshes. Of course, no one was willing to work in Portland for $1.50 when he could earn $2 in a garden; hence employers were compelled to continue paying the old rate. A few years later, however, when they again made a fifty-cent cut, and when their men looked around for gardens to cultivate, it was found that all the gardens were appropriated. What could the laboring men in Portland do? They could not starve; there was no ground easily accessible; they did the only thing they could do—they accepted $1.50.

This is but an illustration of the important part land plays in the wage question. It is the most important factor. The thousands of unemployed men in San Francisco and other California cities are ready to work, are anxious to make a respectable, honorable living; but they are not allowed to go to a portion of the vast unoccupied territory around them and command a living from the soil, from Nature. No, that vast territory, though unoccupied, is appropriated, and the working-man must stay in the cities and starve, or accept the wages that are offered him. Along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, miles from any cabin or house, are town lots staked out and held, awaiting increased population. One town laid out on the edge of the Mohave Desert miles from any human habitation, has water-pipes laid on the principal streets, cement sidewalks, lamp-posts at the intersection of the well-graded streets, and even a street-car track—all this before there is a single inhabitant. These speculative schemes, of course, operate to keep working-men penned up in cities. In Colusa County, California, 477,000 acres are owned by one hundred and twenty-nine men. Dr. Glenn alone owns 55,000 acres.

"To cultivate these extensive tracts," says Ruskin, in his "Letters to Working-men," "much machinery is used, such as steam-ploughs, gauge-ploughs, reaping, mowing, sowing, and threshing machines, and seemingly to the utter extermination of the spirit of rural life. Gangs of laborers are hired during the emergency of harvesting, and they are left, for the most part, unhoused, and are fed more like animals than like men. Harvesting over, they are discharged, and thus are left at the beginning of their long winters to shift for themselves; consequently, the large towns and cities are infested for months with idle men and boys. House-breaking and highway robbery are of almost daily occurrence. As to the farmers themselves, they live in a dreary, comfortless way."

It is not alone in the monopoly-cursed States of the Pacific coast that land is becoming centred in the hands of the few. In 1881, Hamilton Disston, a Philadelphian, bought 4,000,000 acres of land in Florida, paying therefor $2 an acre. "The land," says *Harper's Weekly* of July 16, 1881, "was bought for speculation."

In 1882 the Texas Land and Cattle Company, of Dundee, Scotland, bought in one purchase 240,000 acres of Texas land. On April 20, 1882, it was announced through the public press that a syndicate had formed to purchase 7,000,000 acres of Texas Panhandle lands. A Mr. B. H. Evers, of London, bought, a few years ago, 1,000,000 acres of land in Mississippi. In 1881 a company was formed to buy 20,000 acres of farming land in Ohio. An Englishman by the name of Scully is said to draw an annual income of nearly half a million dollars from lands owned in Illinois. Englishmen own large land estates in Iowa and other middle Western States. In cities, single men, like Vanderbilt and Astor, own hundreds of lots and houses.* These instances suffice to show that there are even now vast territories in the hands of single persons and corporations, and that there is a tendency to continue in that direction. Would not a graduated land-tax check this tendency?

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* "Rents [in New York] are so enormous that the space of every woman employed by us may be said to represent simply so many cubic feet in gold coin." This statement of a New York manufacturer is quoted in Helen Campbell's "Prisoners of Poverty," p. 68.

The attempt to increase taxation as income and general wealth increases has, perhaps, properly failed to command approval because tending to put a damper on the ambition of men to become millionaires. A man who becomes a millionaire by building ten hotels, or by producing ten crops of wheat, is a benefit to society at large; and it would be against public policy to impose a heavy tax on an eleventh hotel should he build one, or on an eleventh crop of wheat. These things are produced; their quantity can be increased or diminished. It is better that they should be increased, hence should not be taxed more than necessary. But land is not produced. Man cannot increase or diminish it. There is a certain fixed quantity of land; hence it follows that the greater the share appropriated by one man, the less there remains to be divided among his neighbors; hence it is policy to restrict each man's appropriation of land within a reasonable degree. It would be better for society if each man owned exactly the amount of land necessary for comfortably supporting existence — this much, and no more. A graduated land-tax would in part secure this result. Let the rate of taxation on land rapidly increase as the amount held by one owner exceeds the fair and reasonable requirements of one family.

Congress, by its Homestead and Pre-emption laws, recognized the danger of allowing land to become centred in the hands of the few, and endeavored to avoid the danger by limiting the amount of land pre-empted by a single person to 160 acres. How futile this scheme has proved every one familiar with the question knows. "Dummies" are employed to take up claims. The title secured from the Government, these "dummies" sell out for a song to their employers. Thus recently, in Humboldt County, California, a single corporation bought the claims of one hundred and fourteen "dummies," and thus at one stroke 18,240 acres of public land, which Congress thought the pre-emption laws had secured to individual settlers, fell into the hands of a single corporation or owner. A graduated land-tax could not be escaped by "dummies." The moment that 18,240 acres became vested in the name of a single company or individual, that moment would the tax on all, except a small portion necessary for the reasonable requirement of one family, become so heavy that the grasping speculator would be either obliged to sell, or else cultivate it to the highest point, in order to be able to pay the taxes. It would be impossible for him to hold that enormous tract for future high prices, keeping in the mean time—perhaps for years—a host of men from making a comfortable and honorable living.

There would be no check on a corporation's putting a million-dollar factory on a piece of land, thus giving employment to hundreds, and adding to the general stock of wealth; but there would be a check on that class of corporations which buys up land in both town and country, to tie it up for years, awaiting increased population and increased prices. That such a check is needed, even in the sparsely settled West, is shown by the clamors beginning to arise in California and other Western States about over-population. Think of California, with a territory sixteen times greater than that of Belgium, but with less than a fifth of her population, as over-populated! Working-men's unions in San Francisco recently clubbed together, not only to prevent Chinese from coming into the State, but also to keep out immigration of all other kinds. "Every new-comer," they say, "competes with us, and lowers our wages; so let us keep out new-comers." It is not quite so bad as that; not every immigrant competes with the city wage-worker, for a few brave frontier life and the dampers put on farming by tariff bounties, and make for themselves a living from the soil. Nevertheless, it is true that a large number of the new-comers, unable to pay the fancy speculative prices for land, and also deterred from becoming farmers by the heavy tariff taxes, settle in cities and towns, and thus, as the trades-unions assert, by sharp competition reduce wages and the standard of living.

But whatever may be thought of the graduated land-tax idea, no one can successfully dispute that high tariffs are largely responsible for the concentration of population in cities. Let working-men once thoroughly understand that the keen competition they suffer—resulting in starvation wages—is the result of the very system alleged to be instituted for their benefit, and the whole protection scheme will burst like a pricked bubble. As long as ten working-men try to fill nine places, wages will be low. And, as I have stated, after a wide survey of the industrial field both in this country and in Europe, the only way to really and *permanently* benefit *all* is not by unions and organizations (good as those methods are as temporary expedients), but by making for ten men ten places instead of only nine places.

This can be done by checking the rush of farmers to cities, and by the prevention of an artificial scarcity of land through unjust land appropriations. With land open to settlement, the tenth man will command a living from the soil, instead of, as now, seeking to wedge himself into a place only large enough for nine.

There are two things I hate to see: I hate to see a billionaire, a man with more money than he knows what to do with, more food than he can eat in a thousand years, more clothing than he can wear if he lives to be as old as Methuselah, more houses than he can occupy if he multiplies himself a hundredfold. I hate to see a man thus overloaded with wealth.

On the other hand, I hate—it sickens my very soul—to see a homeless, friendless, foodless tramp: a poor devil, gaunt, ragged, cold, slinking through life despised, barked at by the very dogs in rich men's backyards. We think we live in a Christian country, call ourselves followers of Him who said,

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

If this was pitiful, pathetic in the mild clime of Palestine, how much more pitiful, how cruelly pathetic in this land of snow and ice and bleak winds! The same false conditions of society, of law, of government which creates billionaires also creates tramps. I utterly refuse to believe God ever intended either class to exist. I feel certain that when we have wiser laws, wiser customs, wiser and *juster* government, billionaires and tramps will alike cease to be. Under a wiser and juster condition of affairs, we will not see our women grinding out their lives making shirts at fifty cents a dozen; nor will we see little children tortured in the treadmill of factories—children who should live in the open air, playing on the bosom of Mother Earth. If there is a sight on earth to make angels weep, it is the sight of little children in factories, the martyrs of labor, the martyrs of poverty, of unjust laws, of unjust customs, of unjust and unwise government!

High taxation, in the shape of "Protective" tariffs, and large land appropriations may not play the important part in impoverishing the people which I think they do: what, then, are the principal factors which produce a society containing those two excrescences—billionaires and tramps?

Whatever those factors are, whether high tariffs and large land appropriations, or factors not suspected by me, they must be found, and either changed or totally eliminated.

That those factors will be found, I feel certain: I feel equally certain that, when found, they will be changed from factors of evil to factors of good. It cannot be that God intends some men and women to idle in luxury, while other men and women toil and starve. The day is bound to come when society, laws, government will be wise enough and just enough to permit each and every citizen to retain and enjoy the wealth he himself has created.

When that day comes, society will cease to be vexed with the "Labor Question," and the billionaire and the tramp will go.

THE END.

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